

LIFE

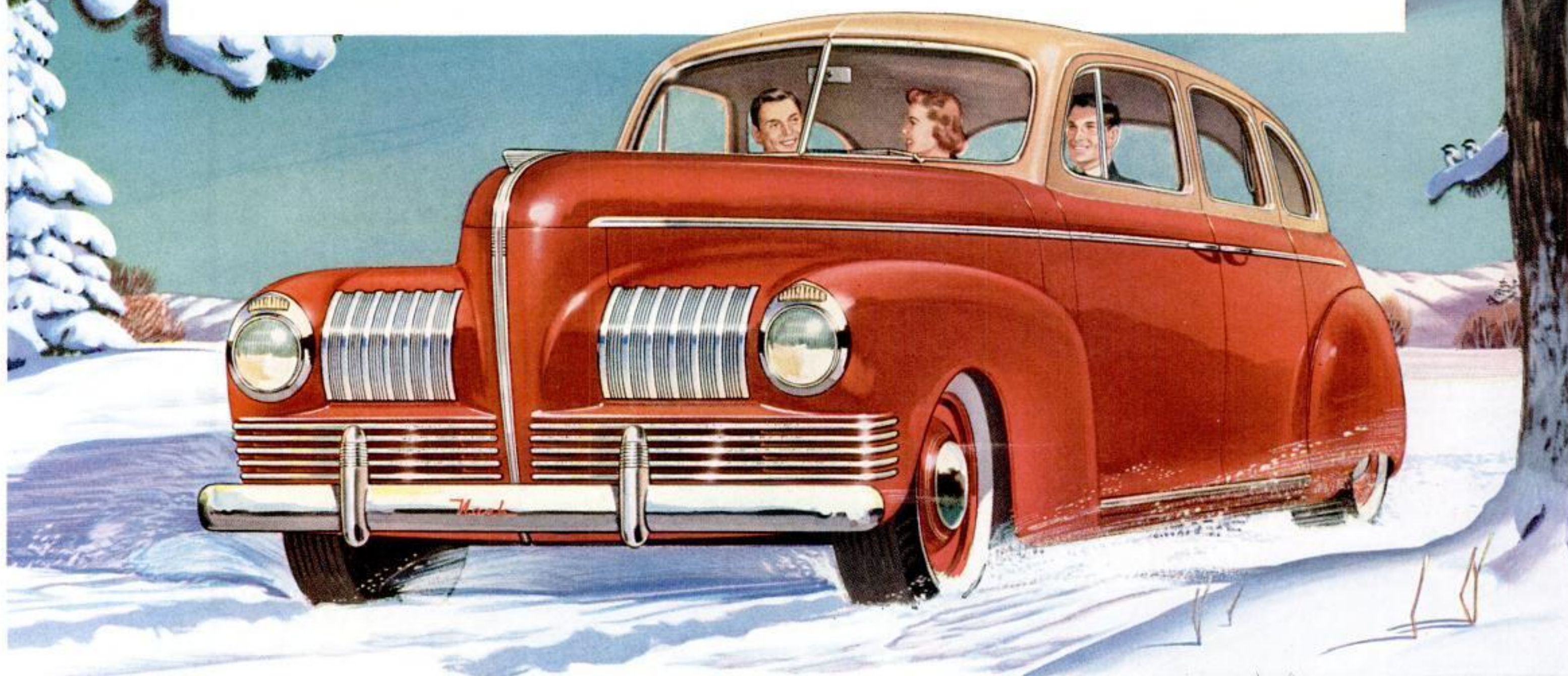


WINSTON CHURCHILL II AND MOTHER

JANUARY 27, 1941 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

Wink Your *Weather Eye* at Winter

IN THIS NEW KIND OF LOW-PRICE CAR



WHO—listen to that wind! Know where you ought to be today? Riding in a 1941 Nash, where you simply wink a "Weather Eye" at winter cold!

Actually, all you do is twirl a little dial—and presto, it turns into a balmy May day.



The mercury can skitter to 10° below—but the fresh, conditioned air will never change, the windshield will never fog.

That's Weather Eye magic, gauging and outguessing changes in weather!

The greatest health, comfort and safety motoring feature of the last twenty years—and now it's yours as an optional extra, even in a lowest-price Nash.

It's yours—in a beautiful, big, roomy Nash that can deliver 25 to 30 miles a gallon—over 500 miles on a tankful—with good driving.

—A Nash powered to whisk you from 15 to 50 MPH in 12 seconds, in *high* gear!

This sleek beauty is built on aircraft prin-

CHECK NASH AGAINST THE LOWEST-PRICE FIELD

- ★ **BETTER ECONOMY**—25 to 30 Miles on a Gallon of Gasoline.
- ★ **BETTER ECONOMY**—Two-way Roller Steering.
- ★ **SMOOTHER RIDE**—Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.
- ★ **ROOMIER**—Greater Seating Width.
- ★ **SAFER**—Welded Body-and-Frame Construction ... made rattle-proof, twist-proof.

ciples—of welding body and frame into one solid rattle-proof unit of amazing strength. So roomy—there's even a Convertible Bed.

And for the first time in the lowest-price field—a car with soft coil springs on *all four wheels* ... It rides like a dream—steers with such utter ease that all-day driving is no chore at all.



It's a new kind of car. You've never driven one like it.

Instead of keeping your old car garaged 'til Spring—why not trade now?

You'll gain three months of driving fun ... start saving as much as \$70 to \$100 each year. Why not go for a Weather Eye ride today?

Nash Builds Better "6s" and "8s" in the Three Major Price Fields—
Prices Now \$70 to \$159 Lower

The Nash Ambassador "600". America's new low-priced car. 6-cylinder Manifold-Sealed Engine. 195 inches over all. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Six—105 HP ... 6-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Six models.

The Aeropowered Nash Ambassador Eight—115 HP ... 8-cylinder Twin Ignition Valve-in-Head Engine. Five models.



Go NASH
AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE



See the Quality Chart— then Compare Prices!

★★ THE 1941 QUALITY CHART ★★

A Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-priced Cars in Quality Features

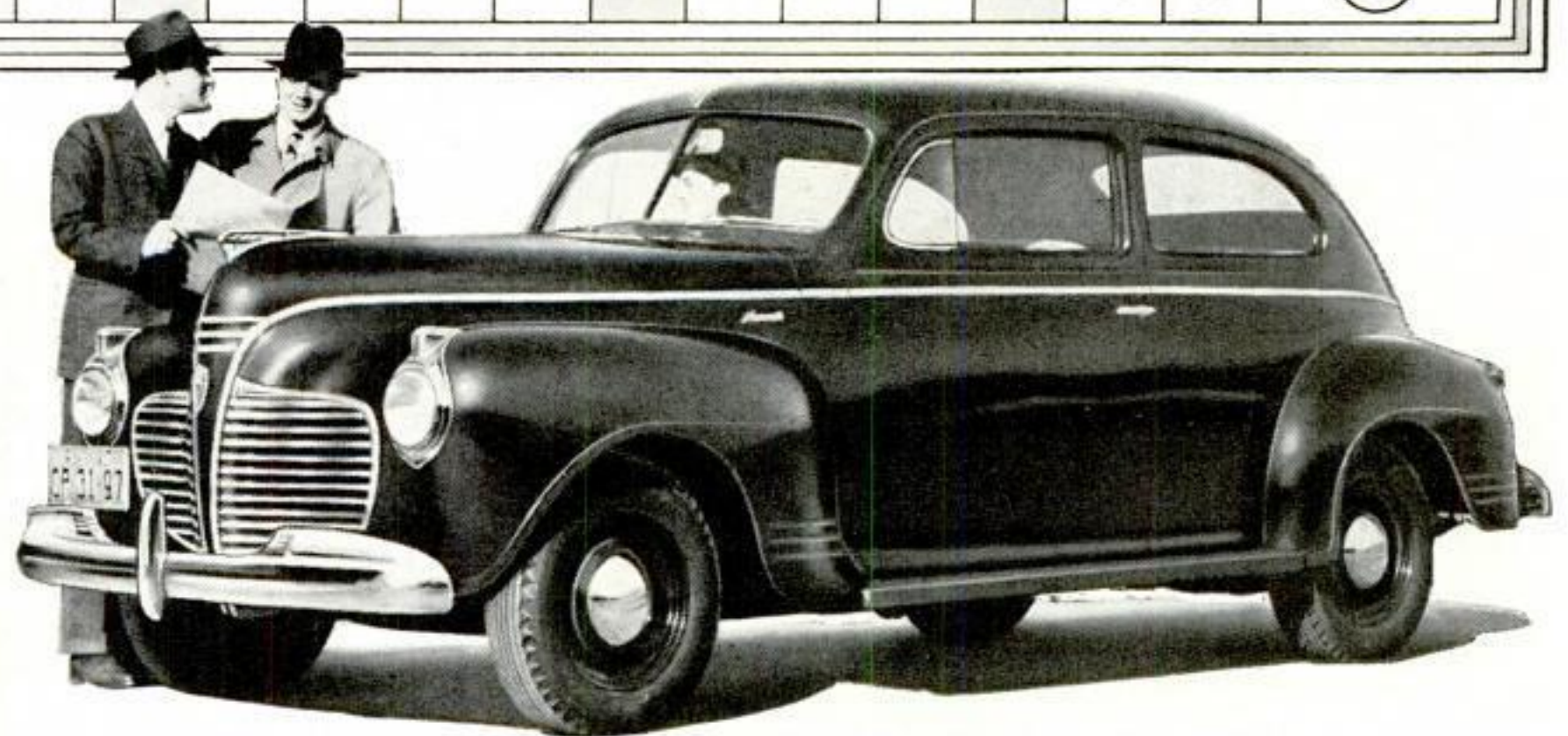
Here's How "All Three" Low-Priced Cars Compare in the 22 Important Features Found in High-Priced Cars—

*Plymouth has 21
Car "2" has 9
Car "3" has 7*

	1. 117-inch, or Longer, Wheelbase	2. Hydraulic Brakes	3. "L-Head" Engine Design	4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	5. Four Rings Per Piston	6. Chain Camshaft Drive	7. Automatic Choke	8. Precision-Type Crankshaft Connecting Rod Bearings	9. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	10. Valve Tappet Adjustment	11. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	12. Four Chassis Springs	13. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	14. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	15. Hypoid Rear Axle	16. Tapered Roller Differential Bearing	17. Hotchkiss Drive	18. Rust-Proof Body	19. Oil Bath Air Cleaner	20. Sealed Beam Headlamps	21. Floating-Type Oil Intake at No Extra Cost	TOTAL
'2895 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
'2595 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	22
'1594 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	21
LOWEST-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	(21)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	(9)
LOWEST-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	(7)

BUY WISELY! Compare Carefully the 1941 Features of "All 3" Low-Priced Cars!

PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CARS



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS:
PLYMOUTH HAS 21...CAR "2" HAS 9...CAR "3" HAS 7

IT'S A revealing picture of 1941 car quality—your 1941 Quality Chart! And it shows clearly the extra size, the extra comfort, safety and economy features the new Plymouth gives you!

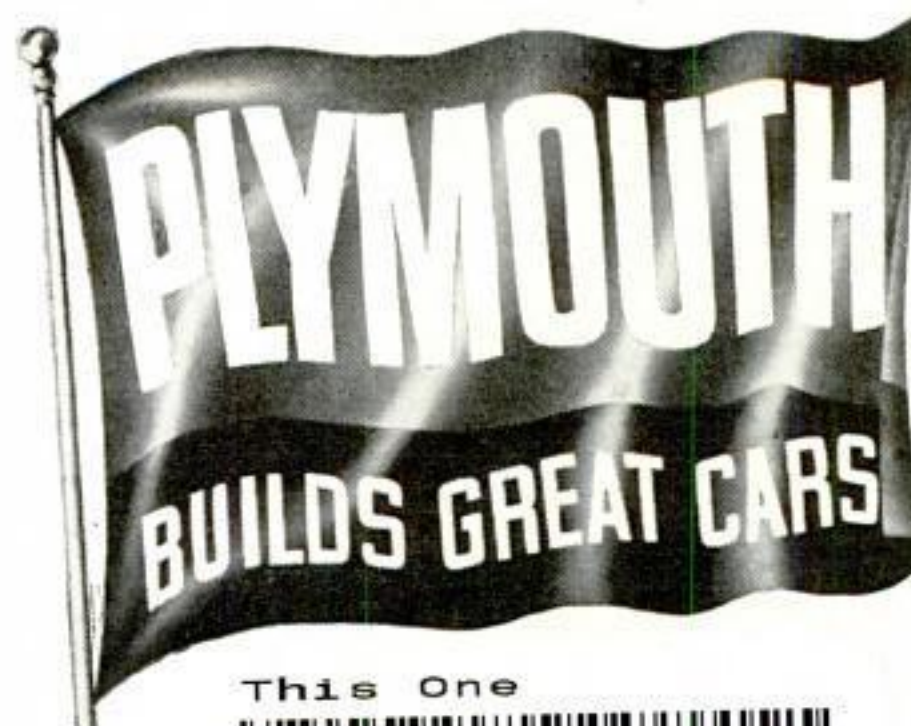
You'll see that 1941 high-priced cars resemble each other on 22 important quality features. And the new Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" low-priced cars with a majority of these features!

Take this new 117-inch-wheelbase Plymouth out on the road—ride in it,

drive it—and you'll discover the tremendous new benefits of Plymouth's finer quality! You enjoy new High-Torque engine performance with new power-gearing. You do less shifting!

And see the complete 1941 Quality Chart—comparing 20 cars—at your Plymouth dealer's. Ride the new Plymouth—and you'll buy it! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

SEE THE NEW 1941 LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!
Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P.M., E. S.T.



This One



UEY7-ECO-JBEN

*Look at 1941
Prices of "All 3"*

The new Plymouth is actually lower-priced than the "other 2" on some models. Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's surprisingly low delivered price...balance in low monthly instalments. Prices subject to change without notice.

O-O-O! YOU STICK OUT IN BACK JUST LIKE YOUR MOTHER



Above—In her ordinary corset, note how her figure bulges both in back and front. **Below**—In her Spencer, posture is improved, backline is beautiful.



Do You Want to Make Money?

Ambitious women may find business openings as corsetieres in every state. We train you. If interested, check here. ☐

Also made in Canada and England at Rock Island, Quebec, and 33 Old Bond, London, W. I.

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED CORSETS

←**HER MOTHER TOOK THE HINT** and sent for the Spencer Corsetiere who made a study of her figure. A Spencer was then designed to give her a beautiful backline. It improved her posture and smoothed away every bulge. The pictures at left tell the story.

How to lose your bulges

Your Spencer corset and brassiere will effectively correct any figure fault because every line is designed, every section cut and made to solve your figure problem and yours only.

Spencers are light and flexible yet every Spencer is guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn! No other corset, to our knowledge, carries this guarantee. Prices are moderate—depending on materials. Stop experimenting with corsets that lose their shape after a few weeks' wear!

Have a figure analysis—free

At any convenient time, a Spencer Corsetiere, trained in the Spencer designer's method of figure analysis, will call at your home. A most interesting study of your figure will cost you nothing.

See your future beauty lines in fascinating free booklet

Send us the coupon below, or look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" and call your nearest corsetiere, for interesting illustrated booklet, "Your Figure Problem." This will not obligate you in any way.

Copyright 1940, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.

Write Anne Spencer

Anne Spencer, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.,
133 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

Please send me your helpful booklet. I have checked my figure fault at right.



Name _____
Address _____

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Ernest Hemingway

Sirs:

Reading Ernest Hemingway's latest novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (LIFE, Jan. 6), I find LIFE's story of the personal life of Mr. Hemingway and his bride most interesting. The supplement relating to the story of the Spanish Civil War is of unequalled importance. The book and the pictures certainly go hand-in-hand for the enjoyment of the reader. Another first for LIFE.

BEAMER BROOKS

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

... Congratulations on a swell layout. Everyone who has read this exciting saga of the Spanish Civil War will probably feel the same way I do. And that is, after seeing your illustrated conception of certain passages of this great novel, I am awaiting its transition to the screen with great eagerness.

JAY JOSTYN

Long Island, N. Y.



ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Sirs:

Why must you spend pages of good space telling stories which may be read in more satisfying form in the original book? I have in mind your story on the Hemingways in Sun Valley.

J. P. MILLER, Editor

The Rice Owl
Houston, Texas

Sirs:

You get all in a dither over Mr. Hemingway for no reason that I can see. To me he has always been America's number one playboy fortunate enough to have a talent which he utilizes occasionally so as to enable him to continue with his playing.

But what riles me is your statement that he is a great American. On what do you base your judgment? A man with his talent and his time could do a great deal for his country but his voice and pen have been stilled as far as the problems of this country are concerned.

His interest in Spain has been esthetic rather than social and political. Whereas others went to Spain to fight for what they believed, Mr. Hemingway went to observe and get material for newspapers and a book for which he got \$100,000 in movie rights alone. You can have Hemingway.

KARL KRAVITZ

Chicago, Ill.

● Great American or not, Mr. Hemingway has written a book which for the last 13 weeks has been read by more Americans than any other book in the world.—ED.

Sirs:

Your vigorous description of Ernest (He-man) Hemingway lacked the few shots that were needed to furnish a complete picture of this powerful writer. If we could have had a close-up of him tearing a raw steak to pieces with his canine teeth or breaking a

Rebel across his muscular thigh it would have been better. You forgot to tell whether he roasts his pheasants or tears them apart with his claws before devouring them.

What sissies Proust and Shakespeare and the epileptic Dostoevski appear alongside of Hemingway.

JOHN BLAKE

Concord, Mass.

Star Spangled Ball

Sirs:

We resent your exhibition of Gypsy Rose Lee in the issue of Jan. 6. The action of the mayor of Youngstown, Ohio in barring LIFE from the newsstands of that city should be taken by all who have such authority.

GEORGE W. CALDWELL

Orrville, Ohio

Sirs:

Our Mayor Spagnola should not have confiscated those LIFE magazines containing the picture of Gypsy Rose Lee. If he got a naughty thrill from looking at it, he should have quickly turned the page and said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

If pictures like that do not hurt boys of my age (62), they are perfectly harmless. At \$10 a peek they would finance our defense program.

EMMET BORTON

Youngstown, Ohio

Sirs:

How does Gypsy Rose Lee dare do a strip-tease with that figure? She ought to be tattooed and then she'd have something to show off.

BEATRICE MESSIER

Nashua, N. H.

Sirs:

Mrs. Harrison Williams doesn't seem to know her table manners. The Greek on her right might be forced to maintain the proper position while eating for fear of dipping his "beaver" in the gravy, but, in any event, his table manners are exemplary.

Mrs. Williams may have the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in



MRS. WILLIAMS AT DINNER

America but when it comes to stowing away her victuals, I think she should either grow a beard or make a close friend out of Emily Post.

F. C. ELKINS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Your picture of Archbishop Athenagoras and Mrs. Harrison Williams was interesting. Mrs. Williams was shown holding her fork in her left hand—in the European manner—while the Archbishop ate holding his fork in his right hand.

LEON ZAKIAN

New York, N. Y.

● Reader Zakian is right about American and European customs. Furthermore, Mrs. Williams' table manners are always perfectly correct. She holds the fork upside or down, with either

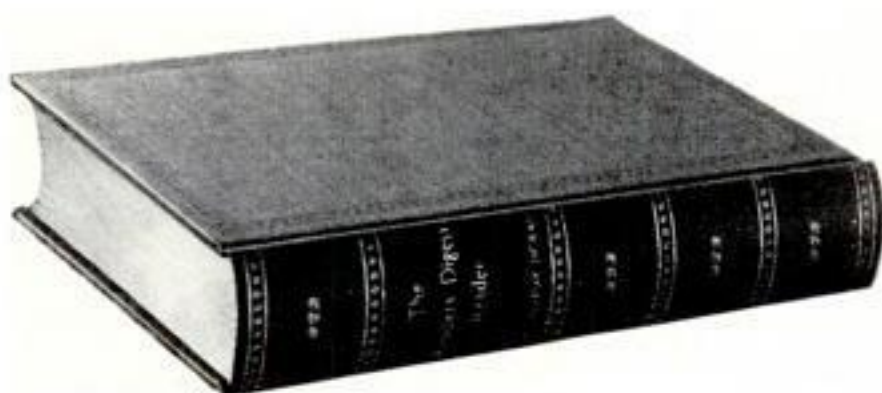
(continued on p. 4)



YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION WITH
Ernest Hemingway's
NEW NOVEL
"For Whom the Bell Tolls"

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION...
A BOOK NO THOUGHTFUL READER WILL CARE TO MISS

—OR YOU CAN BEGIN WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OTHER SELECTIONS



A **FREE** COPY TO
NEW MEMBERS

*the best articles and features
of the past 18 years
in the Reader's Digest*

IN A SINGLE BOOK—

THE READERS DIGEST READER is a collection of 138 articles chosen from the thousands of leading articles that have been reprinted in that magazine. They are those in which the reading public itself indicated the most interest. The list of contributors reads like a roll-call of famous contemporaries whose range of interests is as wide as life itself. Whether you are in the mood for relaxation or learning, escape or scientific discussion—whether you are interested in "The Wisdom of Laziness" or "The Discovery of Anaesthesia," or the inimitable Stephen Leacock's advice on how to open a conversation, or indeed any conceivable topic, here is your book.



William Saroyan's new book, *MY NAME IS ARAM* is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Willa Cather's new novel, *SAPPHIRE AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; indubitably as good a decade hence as today.



Franz Werfel's new novel, *EMBEZZLED HEAVEN*, is the Club's December book, a magnificent character study of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.



Jan Struther, with *MRS. MINIVER*, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen in August.



Van Wyck Brooks' *NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER* is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for September.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were first introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways!

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

During 1940 close to \$5,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were given to the Club's members—given, not sold! You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy*—and you pay for these no more than the regular retail price (frequently less) plus 10¢ for postage and other mailing charges. Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 385 Madison Ave., N.Y. A221

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of THE READERS DIGEST READER, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

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IMPORTANT: Please indicate—by writing the name of the book below—whether you wish to begin the subscription with any of the books mentioned above.

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Shurset Glasses for Lovely Eyes!

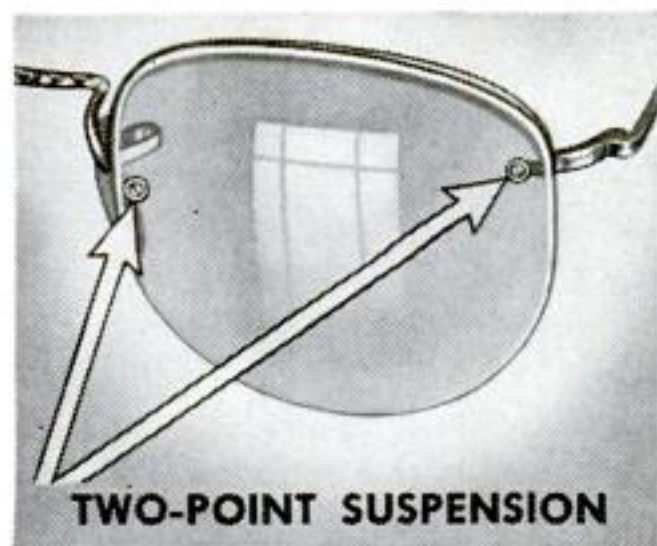
If your vision is imperfect or if you are suffering from eyestrain which is injurious to your health (and certainly not beneficial to your appearance), you should have your eyes examined without delay. Avail yourself of the best professional service; and in case you should need to purchase glasses—or change the ones you have, if you already wear glasses—remember that your eyes deserve the best in modern eyewear.

The lenses that are prescribed should be held in permanent alignment, and for good appearance they should be as inconspicuous as possible. Shuron's new *Shurset* Rimless Ful-Vue mountings meet both these requirements. They hold your professionally-prescribed lenses as securely as if they were in "frames" and yet you have the pleasing appearance of *rimless* glasses. Write for new *Shurset* booklet "Rimless Glasses with Frame Strength." Shuron Optical Co., Inc., Geneva, N. Y.



INCONSPICUOUS BEAUTY

Shurset is a becoming rimless mounting with a gold-filled top arm and a 10K gold bridge. The top arm follows the brow-line behind the lens and keeps the attractive, inconspicuous beauty of rimless glasses.



TWO-POINT SUSPENSION

STRONG

—cuts down lens breakage

Shurset mountings use a plastic cushioned screw-fastening to suspend each lens from the rigid top arm at two points—like a sign suspended from a bracket. The lenses themselves are thereby relieved of shocks and strain that cause trouble with ordinary rimless glasses. The lenses stay in permanent alignment, and lens breakage is reduced to a minimum.

Shurset
—GLASSES BY SHURON
THERE IS ONLY ONE SHURSET AND THAT IS MADE BY SHURON

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

hand, and like all sensible people, bends over her plate when she is eating something juicy.—ED.

Sirs:

Read the caption which appears under a picture showing two guests at the Star Spangled Ball for British War Relief. In this picture, a girl is seated at a table, a highball in her hands, while her escort frowns intently at some packages on the table. "Droopy socialites wear air of boredom at William Allen White's Star Spangled Ball," the caption reads. By great good luck, it happens that I have run into both of these people while drooping around town. The girl's name is Betty Finan, and the man is Peter Grimm, and a less droopy pair you never saw. Mr. Grimm is president of the real-estate firm of



"DROOPY SOCIALITES"

William A. White & Sons, director of the 812 Park Avenue Corp., vice president of the Garden City Co., a director of the Paramount Broadway Corp., and the Lawyers Title Corp., chairman of the Commission to Survey Administration of Relief in New York, a trustee of the New York Orthopaedic Hospital and of the Citizens Budget Commission, a member of the executive committee of the Boy Scout Foundation of Greater New York, chairman of the advisory committee of the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery, a one-time special assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, ex-director and member of the executive committee of the United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corp., ex-president of the Real Estate Board of New York, a governor of the Columbia University Club and a member of the University, Century, and Piping Rock Clubs. You can't droop your way into a record like that. Moreover, Mr. Grimm is one of the most indefatigable dancers around town. LIFE's picture shows him with his head cupped in his hand, to be sure, but he isn't drooping: he is studying the packages on the table, for which he has just spent around \$50, the money going to the British. He is trying to decide which he will take for himself and which he will give to Betty Finan.

I know that this interpretation of Mr. Grimm's look is the correct one, because I got it from Mrs. Finan whom I encountered at a musicale the day the magazine came out. She told me her packages contained a pheasant, some champagne and a thermos bottle. For the sake of the record she informed me that the picture was taken around 1 in the morning, and that several hours later she was still at the Astor, dancing like a mad thing. Later she had breakfast at Childs and didn't get home until eight in the morning. As a member of the Star Spangled Ball committee, she arranged for a Mystery Room at this affair where Miss Dolly Richards, a granddaughter of Jules Bache, was saved in half. I mention this merely to indicate that Mrs. Finan is a very different sort of girl from that which the LIFE editor who wrote the caption thinks she is. She was chairman of the Bowl of Rice dinner and ball given for the benefit of medical aid to China, and in this capacity got Henry Bernstein, the playwright, to show up, something no one but a live wire could have done.

(continued on p. 7)

M - M - M - M - M SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD SAUSAGE



Enjoy that old-time flavor

Here's real sausage flavor, aroma that wakens fond memories. For Swift's Brookfield is *truly* fine pork, delicately seasoned . . . kept constantly cold. Made according to the classic Swift recipe with no new-fangled flavoring. Get Swift's Brookfield now for meals that "just hit the spot."

Copr. 1941 by Swift & Company



FORTUNA FLATUMS

for
PERFECT
CURVE
CONTROL



Inside view showing tummy control

WEAR a comfortable FORTUNA FLATUMS of two-way stretch elastic. Strips of elastic inside provide extra support. Taron Slide Fastener closing. Washable. Pantie style, too. At leading stores. **\$2.00** Modestly priced at only

Model illustrated of elastic, cotton and rayon. Other Fortuna styles from \$1 to \$5. For name of your nearest dealer. Write Dept. L.

WOLFE & LANG, Inc.
35 WEST 32nd STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y.



A BLEND TO SUIT YOUR TASTE.... AT THE *Lowest Price in History*



Yes—the lowest prices in history—and for coffees so fine, so flavorful, that every 7th family in America buys them! They prefer these coffees above all others because in them they can obtain the blend exactly suited to each individual taste. Because tastes do vary—and because no one blend will satisfy every one—A&P offers three distinctive coffees: mild and mellow Eight

O'Clock, rich and full-bodied Red Circle, and vigorous and winey Bokar. All three are of the same high quality—each is the pick of plantations. They differ in flavor and price because of the types of coffee used in each perfect blend. So pick your favorite...have it Custom Ground for your coffee pot...enjoy coffee of magnificent flavor!

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



FOR REGULAR POT
have A&P Coffee
ground COARSE.



FOR PERCOLATOR
have A&P Coffee
ground MEDIUM.



FOR DRIP POT
have A&P Coffee
ground FINE.



FOR VACUUM POT
have A&P Coffee
ground EXTRA FINE.



What *Duraglas** means in Packaging the Nation's Products

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

With the perfection of the Duraglas method, hundreds of familiar products can now be packed in glass.

Hundreds of products formerly denied the advantages of a transparent container will now greet your eyes in stores. Hundreds of products previously packed in other containers because glass was considered expensive, will now go to market in sturdy, economical Duraglas containers.

Hundreds of products, in freight-

COFFEE, FOR EXAMPLE

Duraglas:

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

- ... IS THE PERFECT HOME CONTAINER
- ... ALWAYS MEANS VACUUM-PACKED
- ... CAN BE RE-SEALED, KEEPS FLAVOR IN
- ... NO PRICE PENALTY TO ROASTER OR YOU
- ... TAKES THE GLASS PACKAGE OUT OF THE LUXURY CLASS

saving lightweight Duraglas containers, now beckon you to *buy on sight!*

A new and better way for you to shop, a better *selling* way for industry to pack its products, *that's* what Duraglas means to all America!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo.

**WHAT IS DURAGLAS? Duraglas is the trademark name of glass containers and the new, improved technique developed by Owens-Illinois for their fabrication. It covers every phase of manufacture from raw materials to finished containers; makes possible a predictable result; lighter weight with adequate strength and durability.*



Trade-mark of the Company whose pioneering research transforms glass into products useful to everyone . . . Glass Containers, Insulux Glass Block, and Libbey Safedge Glasses.

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

First in Glass

A NEW KIND OF ZIPPER!



NO EXPOSED "TEETH"

Waldes KOVER-ZIP*
puts the look of custom dress-
making into home sewing
because it is fabric-covered

*W*ALDES KOVER-ZIP is one zipper in the world that many master dressmakers prefer. Blends harmoniously with materials to form a smooth, invisible seam. No exposed metal "teeth," and what's more, Waldes Kover-Zip is absolutely guaranteed to outlast the life of your garment. Waldes Koh-I-Noor, Inc., Long Island City, N. Y.

WIN A BUICK



Buick given away every month—for 4 months—for best 25-word statement on "Why I like fabric-covered Waldes Kover-Zip." Get full details at your favorite notion counter handling Waldes Kover-Zip.



Waldes KOVER-ZIP

Available at your notion counter

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

Furthermore, she is a licensed airplane pilot, she once went to the Yukon to help make a map for the American Geographical Society, and she is executive chairman of the Scotch Ball, to be held at the Waldorf the end of this month for the benefit of the British Ambulance Corps. "I am getting all the Scotch clans in New York to come in kilts," she told me.

I understand that Mr. Grimm is not in a mood for advances, but I think the magazine might rent its writer a pair of kilts and send him to the Scotch Ball, with instructions to cut in on Mrs. Finan and buy her a couple of drinks.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN
New York, N. Y.

The Case For France

Sirs:

A thousand congratulations on your marvelous article by the French author, André Maurois (LIFE, Jan. 6). Give us more of this type of article as it's one of the finest and most straightforward that I have read so far on the war. I felt after reading it that I had just finished talking to André Maurois. I was one who condemned France at its fall, but I sure can now see LIFE on the subject. It was marvelous.

LON MACDOWELL JR.
Pocatello, Idaho

Sirs:

Obviously André Maurois speaks for the French Government.

LIFE readers hardly need to be reminded that the France of today is not the France of the Revolution, of the Republic, of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

M. André Maurois, then, we perceive, is the Nazi spokesman for Nazi France. And the wheedling tones we hear emanating from Nazi France are the same wheedling tones we heard coming from Nazi Germany until those tones, which we thought were coming from a wheedling beggar, suddenly became the menacing roar and howl of a werewolf, maniacal with the lust for blood!

A. M. BEARSE
Monrovia, Calif.

Message From France

Sirs:

One of our listeners in France has asked us to communicate the following message to his American comrades of the last war.

"... During the war of 1914-18 I belonged to the 30th Battalion of Chasseurs Alpins and in 1917 my comrades and I had the great honor of instructing the first American division that reached France.

We trained together. You were all fine marksmen and splendid grenade throwers. In spite of the difference in language we soon got to understand each other. We often used to change caps and you wore our Alpine berets jauntily, American comrades.

Then came the separation. The men in khaki and the men in blue left for their destiny and victory.

American comrades, veterans of the World War, you who brought the help which decided the victory, I appeal to you in the name of French veterans of the last war:

I beg you not to believe the lies of our press and radio which are either in Nazi hands or under their orders.

Aid the British Empire with all your resources, with all your might. The spirit of Evil must be wiped out for ever. The Beast must be killed.

Comrades of the American Legion, the France you have already saved once cries out to you that she will not die, and that she will live again in freedom. ...

Vive la démocratie américaine, soeur de la nôtre!"

BARBARA B. INGRAHAM
World Wide Broadcasting Foundation
Boston, Mass.

CAN TIREDNESS from Tough Work be Reduced With Knox Gelatine?



Sure, we'll drink it, agreed 128 workers in hard-driving manual jobs. These men... painters, steel workers, postmen, etc.... wanted to see if drinking Knox Gelatine for 28 days could reduce tiredness for them. Did it?



Not so tired, was the report of 8 out of 10 men who began this Knox 28-day test. While 9 out of 10 who completed the test declared Knox definitely increased their endurance.



Harder work...better reports! While 9 out of 10 workers in these hard jobs who completed the test reported benefits, more of them reported decided benefits than the average of all other groups.

What's the score? In addition to these tests of manual workers, 223 men and women doing tiring mental work, such as typing, modeling, teaching, nursing, selling, began drinking Knox for 28 days. 140 of them completed the test and 124 of these said Knox definitely made them less tired! In all tests, the majority of those reporting benefit said they noticed the effect of Knox at the end of the first two weeks!

What about you? Whether they were doing mental or manual work, 2 out of 3 men and women who started, and 9 out of 10 who completed the Knox 28-day test said that tiredness was reduced—endurance increased! Here are figures that suggest Knox Gelatine may give you extra endurance. Try Knox Gelatine for at least two weeks. Give it a chance to try fighting fatigue...today!

TRY THIS YOURSELF...for 2 weeks

1. Drink 4 envelopes of Knox Gelatine every day for 2 weeks. Then drop to 2 a day. After 28 days, drink as needed.
2. To prepare, pour 1 envelope (1/4 pkg.) Knox Gelatine into 3/4 glass water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir. Drink immediately. If it thickens, stir again. The gelatine is tasteless.

BUT BE SURE it's plain, unflavored Knox. Knox is all body-building protein. Ready-flavored gelatine dessert powders are 7/8 sugar, 1/8 protein. Buy from your grocer in 4-envelope or economical 32-envelope package.

KNOX Gelatine

A PROTEIN FOOD THAT FIGHTS FATIGUE

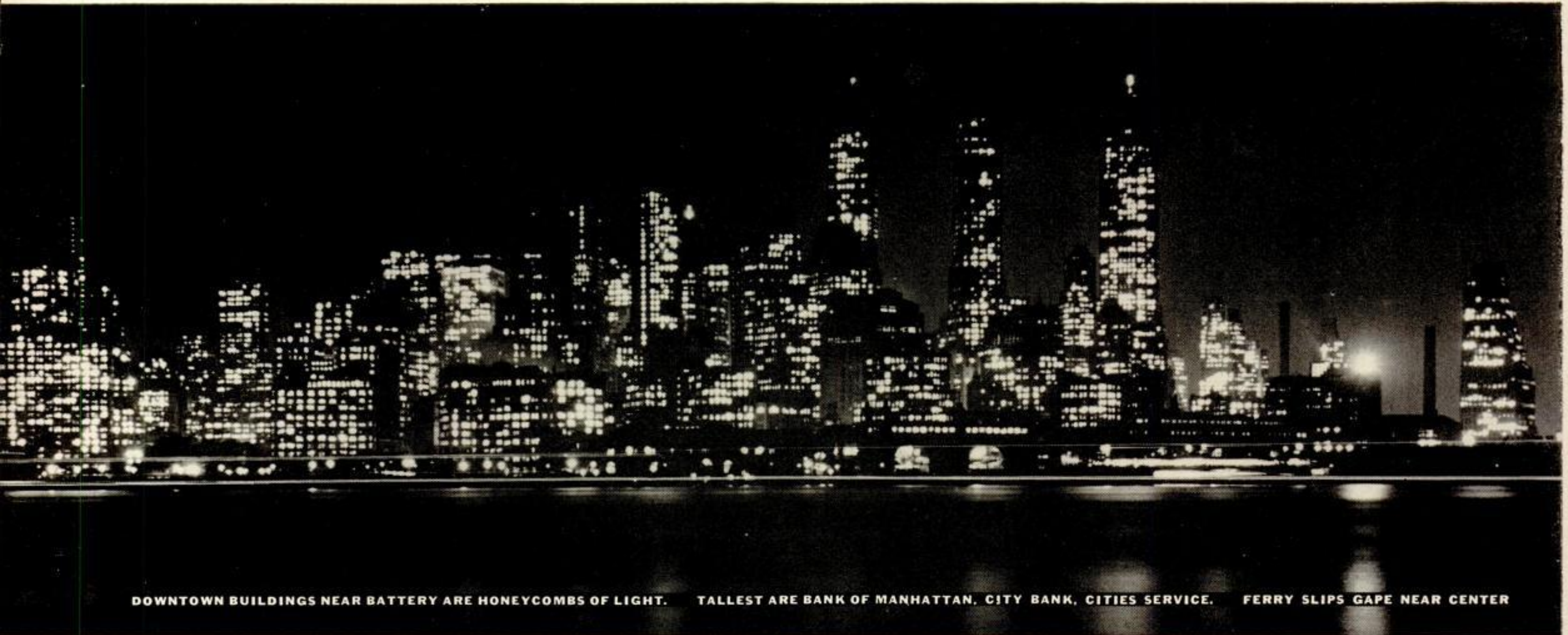
SEND FOR FREE KNOX BULLETIN

telling how you may try reducing tiredness. Write Knox Gelatine, Dept. 71, Johnstown, N. Y.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

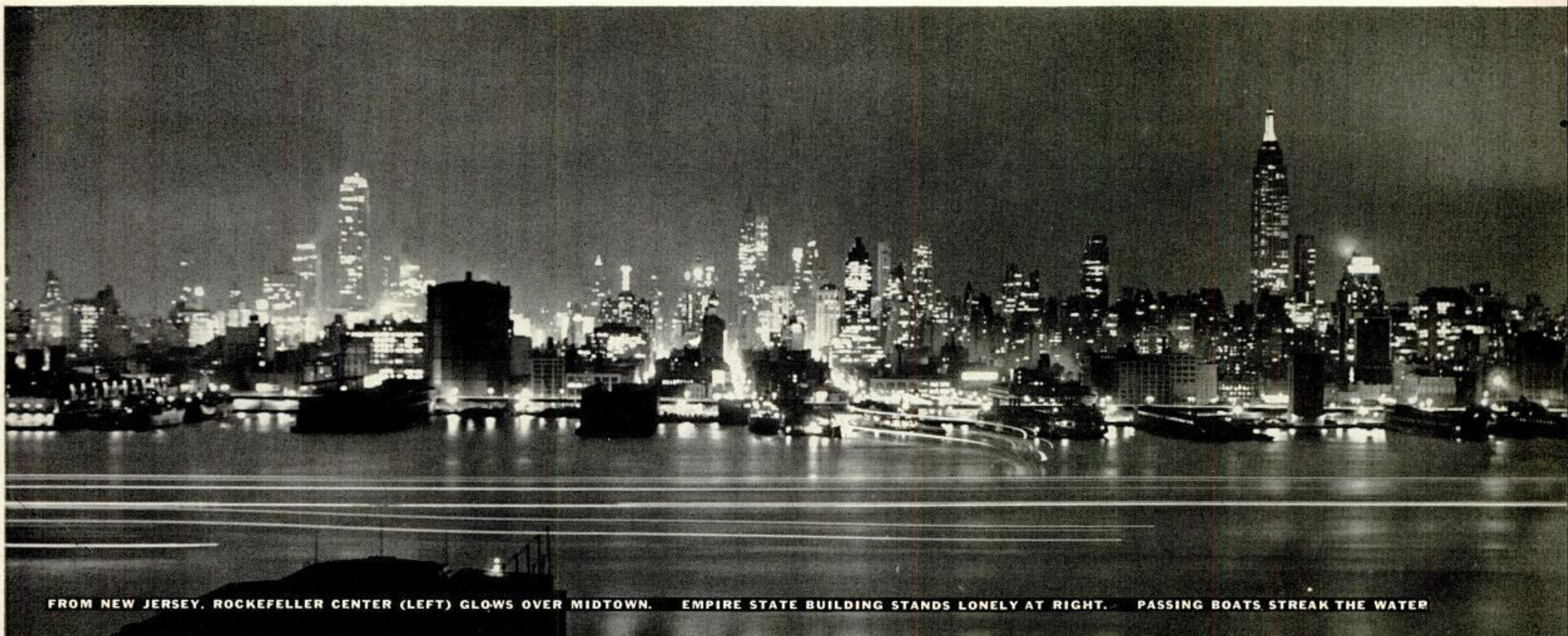
. . . THIS IS THE WORLD'S GREAT CITY OF LIGHT

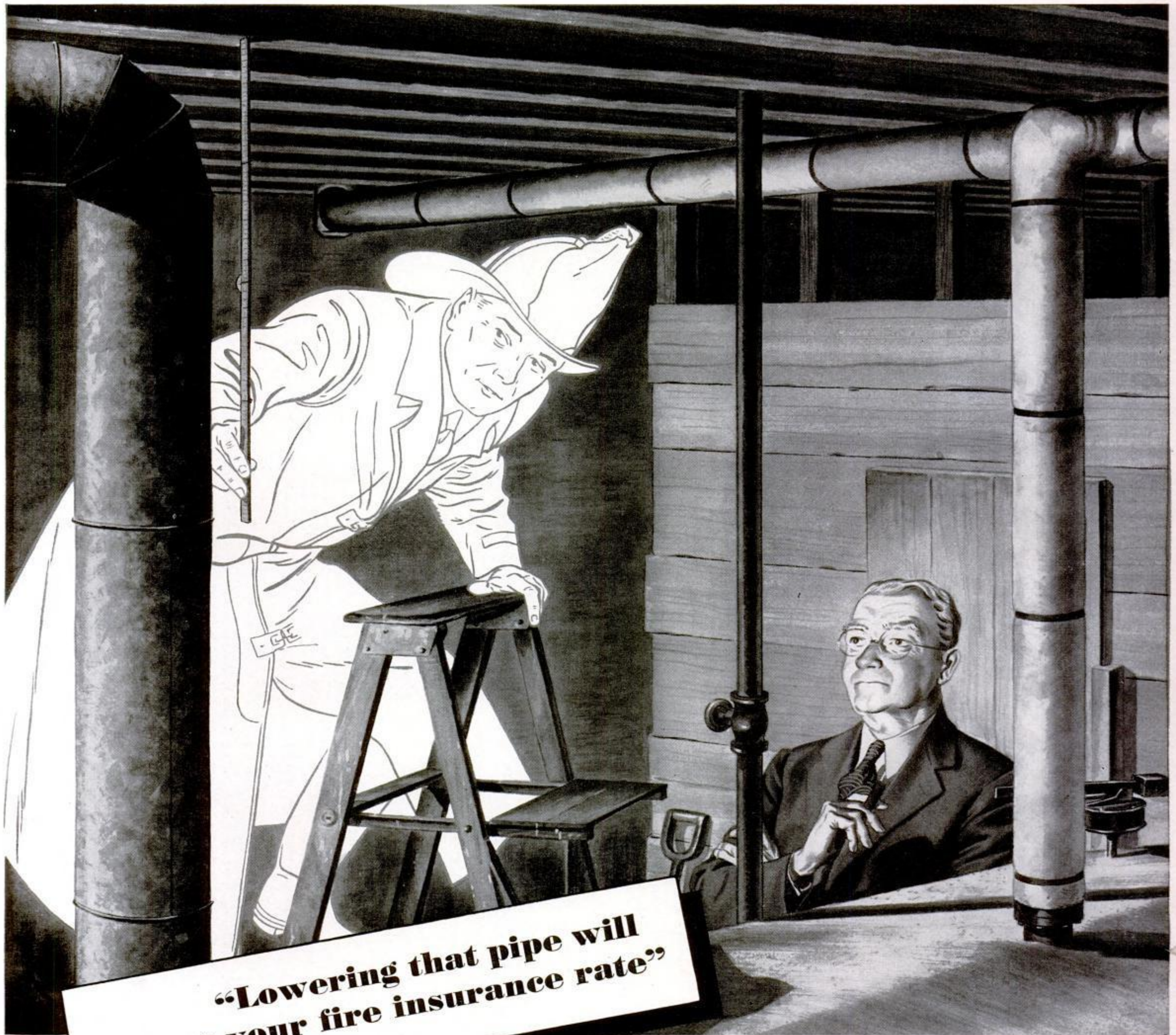


Travelers now arriving in New York from Europe are surprised at two commonplace things—the amount of butter that is served in restaurants and the amount of light that shines in New York at night. In Europe butter, if it is given out at all, comes in stingy slivers, one sliver to a meal. And in Europe now, after the sun goes down, man melts obediently into the darkness. In the blackout, the night goes unanswered. Here in America, away from blackouts, the arriving travelers fearfully marvel that the Western world can still boldly enjoy cities of light.

These pictures show the way the great gleaming city of New York looks in the

world's dark winter. It looks this way only at this time of year when night falls before the working day is over. Then the office buildings, lined up near the dark waters that circumscribe Manhattan or clustered along the avenues which become rivers of light, are pocked with myriad bright squares. Behind the windows, big and little men and women scurry to clean up the last remnants of their working day. In the late afternoon hours, two-thirds of the power produced in the city is used for electric lights. This winter the electricity consumed has been greater than it has ever been before, and the low-humming generators, straining to meet the need, are sometimes helped out by electricity wired all the way from Albany.





**“Lowering that pipe will
lower your fire insurance rate”**

THE trained eye of the White Fireman* can quickly detect fire hazards that property owners might easily overlook. For instance, in the basement of a store the White Fireman found a smoke pipe dangerously close to wooden joists. He knew that in a severe cold spell, with prolonged forcing of the fire, the pipe could easily get hot enough to ignite a joist.

On the White Fireman's recommendation, the pipe was lowered a sufficiently safe distance from the joists. The result was greater safety to the building and its occupants . . . and an appreciable reduction in the owner's fire insurance costs.

*THE WHITE FIREMAN symbolizes the loss-prevention engineering service maintained by this Company to the advantage of policyholders. It is available through any North America Agent or your insurance broker.

North America Agents may be found in the Classified Telephone Directories under the name and identifying "Eagle" emblem of . . .



Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA



This oldest American fire and marine insurance company and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life • FOUNDED 1792 • LOSSES PAID: \$447,000,000

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



THE 59TH STREET HOTELS GLEAM IN WATERS OF CENTRAL PARK POND



TALLER THAN ALL ARE EMPIRE STATE (LEFT) AND CHRYSLER BUILDINGS

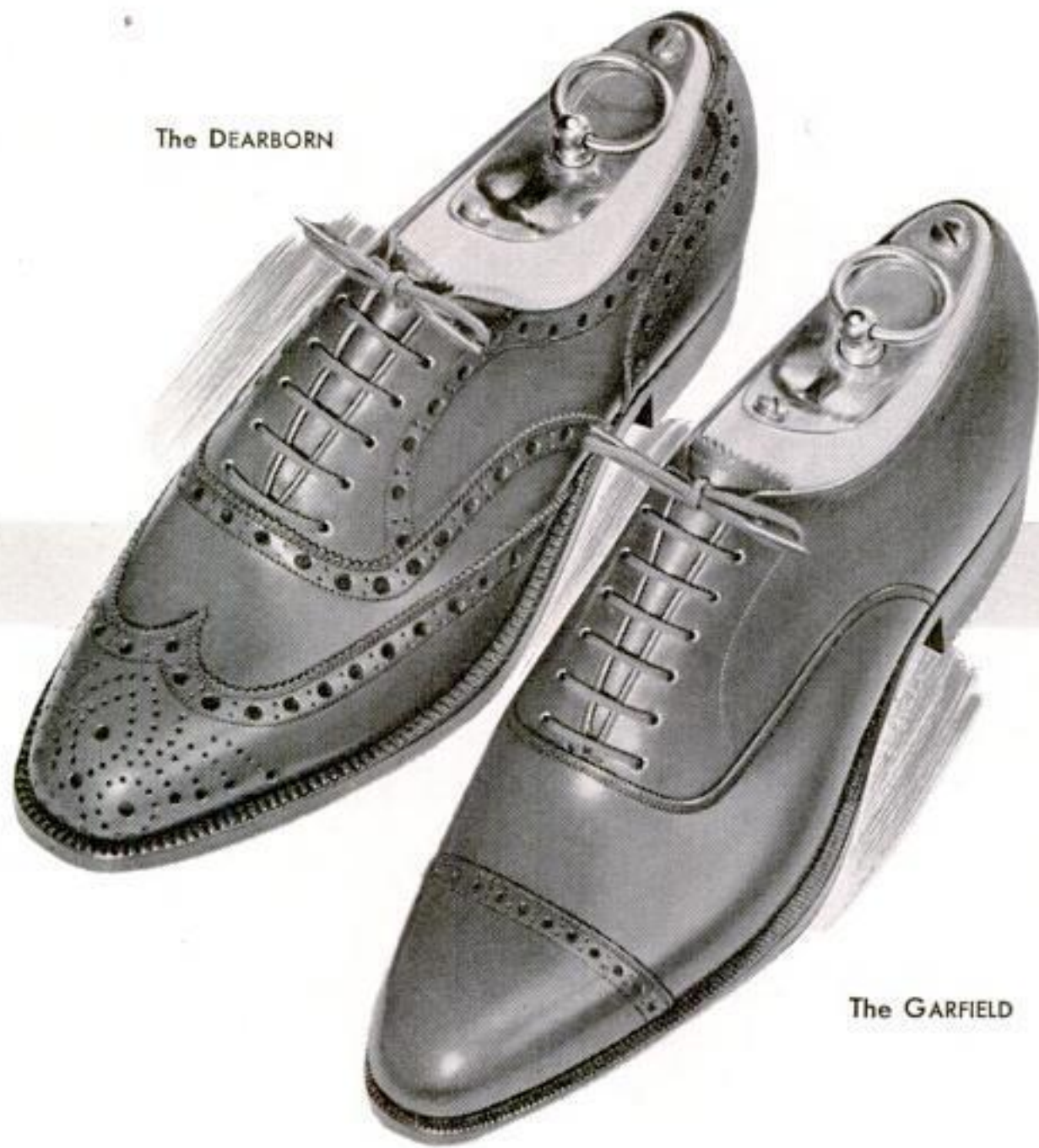


THE RIGHT MAN TO KNOW,
THE RIGHT PLACE TO GO...

Your Florsheim Dealer

The Florsheim sign over a dealer's store means more than "Florsheims sold here." It is your guide to the most reliable shoe dealer in your community. He knows leathers and workmanship. He knows style and fit. He's *the man who knows shoes best*. Visit his store. Choose with confidence from his stock of the finest in shoes—FLORSHEIMS.

The DEARBORN



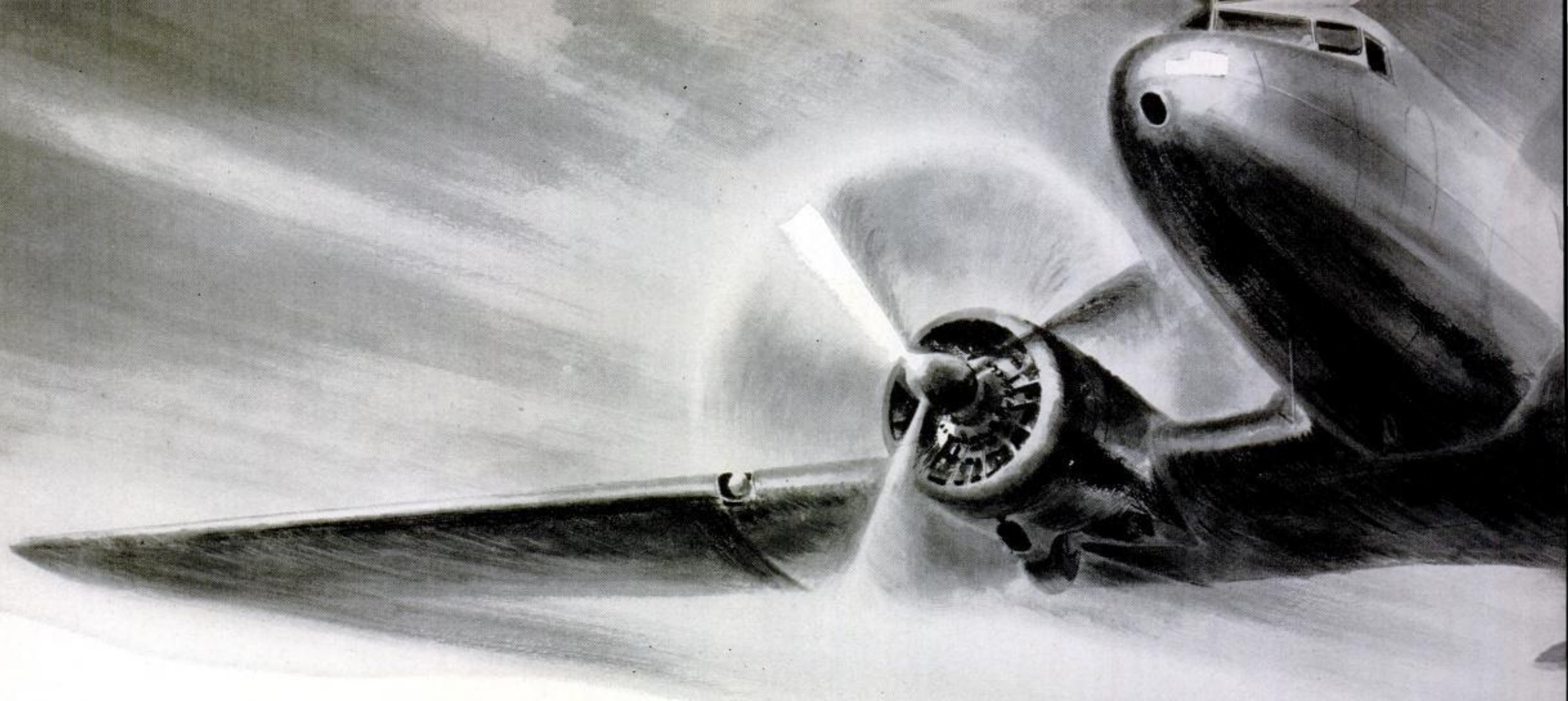
The GARFIELD

Good friends in bad weather, Florsheims are made to stand up as well as stand out! Correct custom style that's Winterproof, Weatherproof, and almost Wearproof.

Most Styles \$8⁹⁵ and \$10

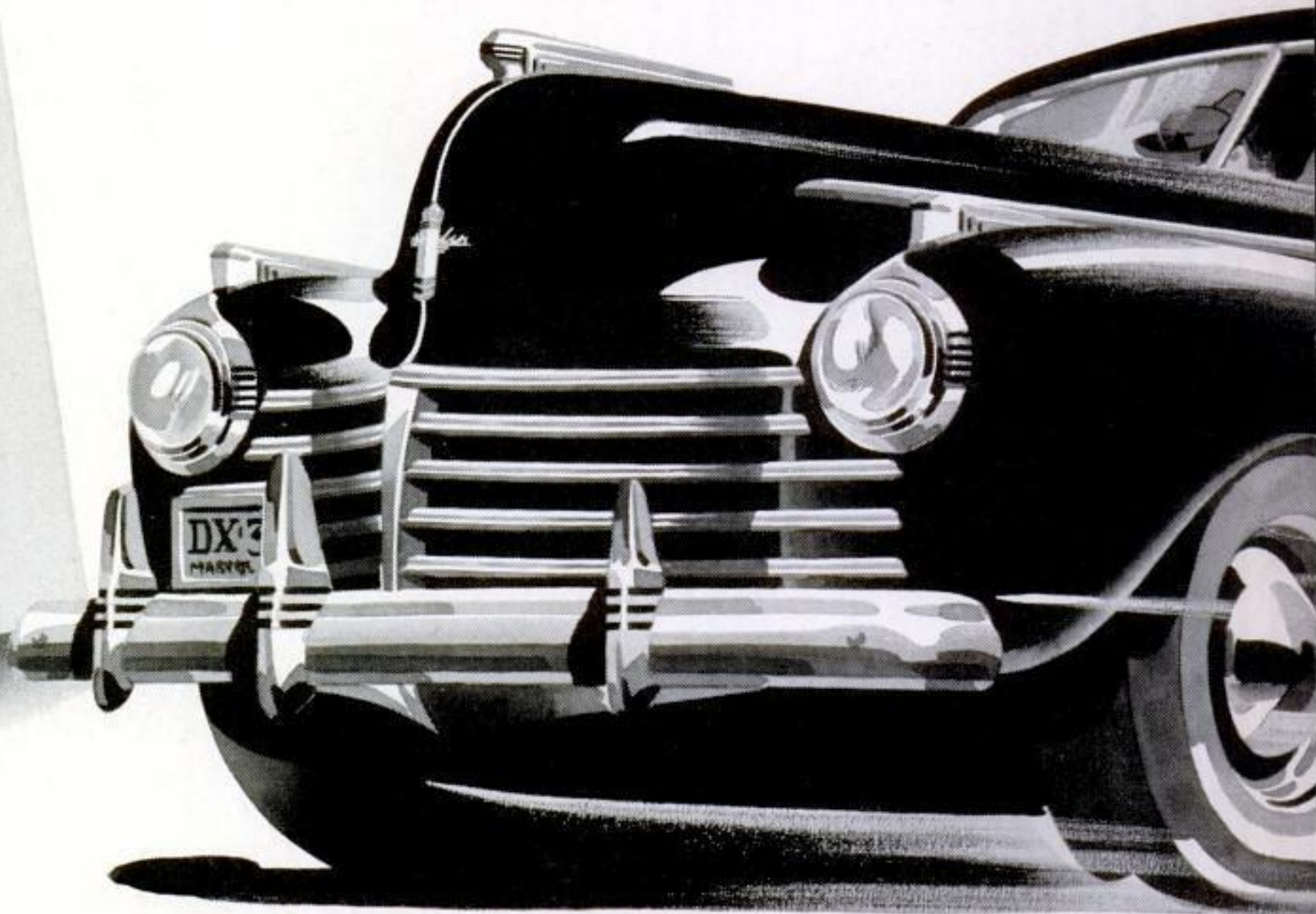
THE *Florsheim* SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company, Mfrs., Chicago • Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women



Like this modern "Space- on a fraction of

***In the Plane: It's the
Variable-pitch propeller!
In Chrysler: It's Fluid Drive
and Vacamatic Transmission!***



IT'S the variable-pitch propeller that makes possible the peak efficiency of the modern airplane . . . enables the pilot to call on extra horsepower when he needs it . . . permits him to operate with varying ratios of propeller-pitch to give economy and long cruising radius.

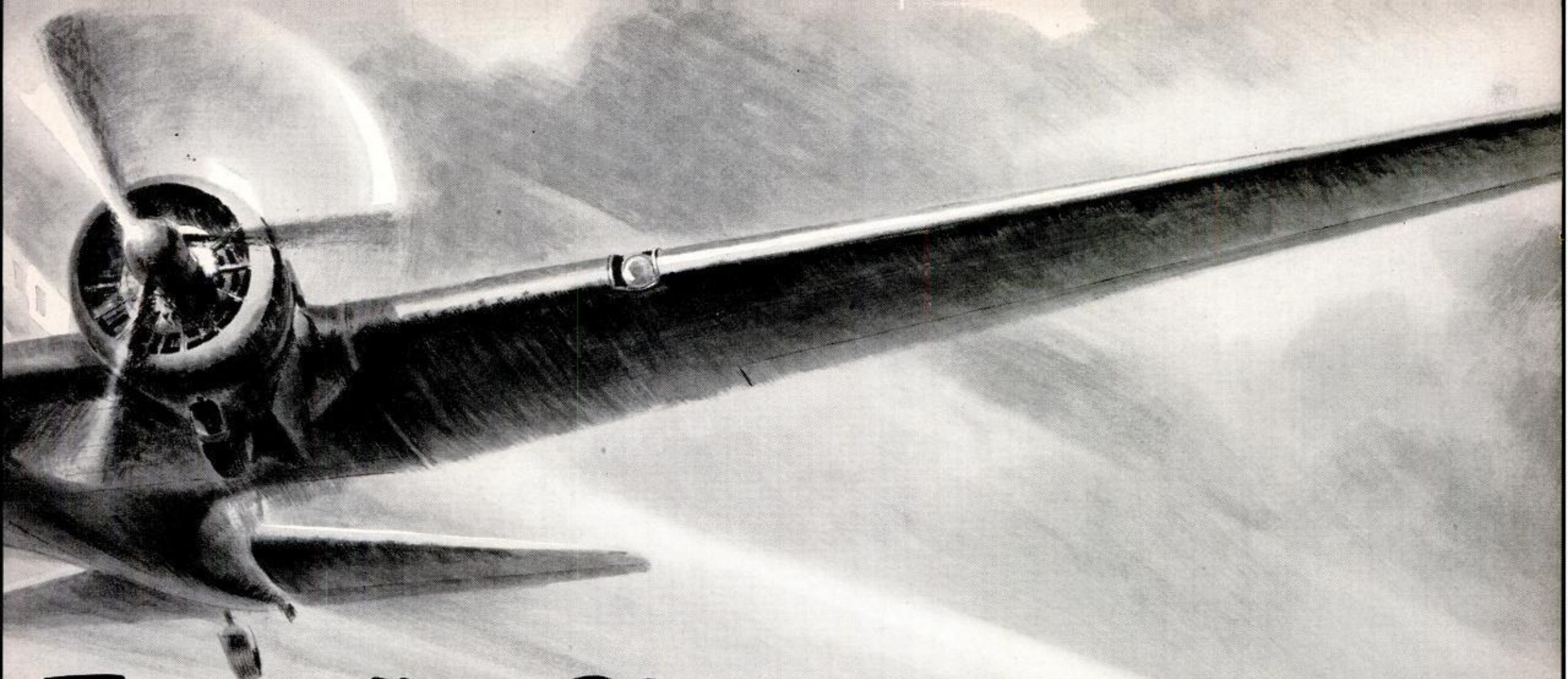
For take-off and climbing, the pilot sets his propeller pitch to apply peak horsepower. He changes the propeller ratio as he climbs . . . when he levels off, he uses only a small fraction of his total horsepower. And feeds only the horses he uses!

In a 1941 Chrysler, the driver does precisely the same thing, but the operation is automatic . . . with *Fluid Drive* and the Vacamatic transmission.

At 40 miles an hour, a 140 horsepower Chrysler engine is using only 18 horsepower. That's all you need to use . . . all you have to feed. But if you want to pass a car, need a burst of power for a hill, you simply "tramp down" on the accelerator and the gear ratios automatically change. Now you have chain-lightning pickup as long as you need it! When you let up on the throttle, you automatically return to a cruising ratio . . . the extra horsepower stops work . . . *and stops eating fuel!*

**BE
MODERN
WITH FLUID DRIVE**

Buy



Eater" a Chrysler cruises its horsepower!



A Chrysler can cruise all day at 60 miles an hour on 43 horsepower out of a total of 140! Think of the economy of that! Think of the vast reserve you have when you want it!

The whole flow of power in a 1941 Chrysler is keyed to the most advanced engineering knowledge. In addition to *Fluid Drive* to give unlimited speeds without gear-shifting, Chrysler's Spitfire engines have multiple-jet carburetors . . . with jets for

low speeds, for average driving and cruising . . . and a "Spitfire" jet that leaps into action when you "step on it." In a Chrysler, you get exactly the right carburetion and exactly the right gear ratio for top performance . . . and peak economy!

In all truth, the 1941 Chrysler upsets an old proverb! It lets you eat your cake and have it too! You can have the thrills you want . . . the driving ease you long for . . . and still enjoy economy all the way!

So why shift gears . . . when Chrysler's modern engineering gives the smoothest, easiest, safest, most thrilling performance on the road . . . *at low cost!*

To know just how thrilling *Fluid Driving* is, you must try it for yourself! Your Chrysler dealer is eager to give you a demonstration that will open your eyes to a whole new world of motoring pleasure. Make a date today!

Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, CBS, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

Chrysler

**WHY
SHIFT GEARS?**
**TRY FLUID DRIVE WITH
VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION**

Men with a Past

CASANOVA CARL. Wonders why girls pass him by. His hair is a howl, plastered with sticky, smelly messes that girls can't stand. Kreml greaselessly grooms hair, removes dandruff scales.



◀ **SAMSON SETH.** Water-soaks his hair when combing it. His tresses always look as if they need trimming. Water removes natural oils, leaves hair dry, unruly. Kreml controls hair, relieves dryness.



BEAU BALDY. Lives a lurid romantic life in his imagination—and no place else. Originally a Casanova or a Samson or both. Too bad, Beau, Kreml and proper care could've helped you keep your hair.



◀ **MAN WITH A FUTURE.** Uses his head in more ways than one. Kreml keeps his hair looking naturally well-groomed. Beneficial oils in Kreml, the greaseless tonic-dressing, keep your hair lustrous, soft.

GET that well-groomed look without getting your hair wet or greasy. Kreml—every day—solves your problem.

And notice how Kreml helps your hair by removing dandruff scales, relieving itchy scalp. And Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Women won't let men monopo-

lize the benefits of Kreml. It keeps coiffures more manageable, especially after permanents.

Next time you ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your drugstore and barber shop—ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It is made from an 80% olive oil base—leaves your scalp tingling clean, your hair with a soft sheen.

KREML



REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES — CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY — MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

LIFE'S PICTURES



The transition of Cecil Beaton from an international society photographer to war photographer was marked by his cover portrait last autumn of a young air-raid victim (LIFE, Sept. 23), which won international recognition when it inspired a poster for the William Allen White Committee. This change is further emphasized this week by his pictures of the Churchill family (cover and pp. 59-63). Mr. Beaton, who formerly focused only on elegantly posed ladies and gentlemen, recently photographed the daily wartime routine of the humble citizens of Churchill, the Somerset village which bears the name of Britain's famed family (LIFE, Nov. 18). Mr. Beaton now wears a steel helmet on the job, just as do London's other bomb-respecting photographers. Above he is taking a turn at A. R. P. duty on the premises of Lord and Lady Pembroke.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

- COVER—CECIL BEATON
2—ROBERT CAPA—MAX P. HAAS from EUR.
4—JOHN PHILLIPS
8—ANDREAS FEININGER from B. S.—TED F. LEIGH
9, 11—TED F. LEIGH
17—INT.
18—W. W., INT.—INT., THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR
19—HANS WILD
20—WM. VANDIVERT
21—HANS WILD, WM. VANDIVERT—HANS WILD
22, 23—HANS WILD (2), CECIL BEATON, WM. VANDIVERT—THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR
24—KARGER-PIX, ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH
—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S., H. & E.—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.
—W. W.—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.—W. W.
25—SNOWDEN-PIX
26—RON PARTRIDGE from B. S.
27—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE
28, 29—INT.—W. W.; © 1941 NEWS SYNDICATE CO., INC.; INT.—cen. lt. © 1941 NEWS SYNDICATE CO., INC.—© 1941 NEWS SYNDICATE CO., INC. (3); N. Y. DAILY NEWS PHOTO
30—B. G. SEIELSTAD
33—W. EUGENE SMITH from B. S.—EISENSTAEDT-PIX—EISENSTAEDT-PIX
34—CHARLES THILL OF PAUL HESSE STUDIOS
35—HERBERT GEHR—ROBERT CAPA
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40—HERBERT GEHR—KARGER-PIX
41—KARGER-PIX
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50—OTTO HAGEL—EISENSTAEDT-PIX
53, 54—RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.
56—PETER STACKPOLE
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68—HANSEL MIETH
70—INT.
72, 73—GEORGE STROCK
74, 75, 76, 77—WILLIAM C. SHROUT
80, 81, 82, 85—WALLACE KIRKLAND
86—Bot. THE LONDON DAILY MIRROR

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**DU PONT
NYLON
IS
NEWS!**

**Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON
BRISTLE BRUSH**

23¢ 2 FOR 43¢

Prices good only for Continental U. S. A.

The same Pro-phy-lac-tic quality tooth brush, famous for more than 75 years, plus Du Pont's sensational, longer lasting, water-repellent Nylon bristle.

**THE FAMOUS TUFT
CLEANS BACK TEETH BETTER**



The
RJ
PROTECTS
you...
Guarantees
REAL
Root Juices

5¢

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LIFE'S COVER. The blue-eyed baby on the cover is Winston Churchill II, latest grandson and namesake of the British Prime Minister. He was born Oct. 10, 1940. Holding him is his pretty mother, Pamela Churchill, wife of the Prime Minister's only son, Randolph. According to Cecil Beaton, who took this picture when Winston II was five weeks old, he has the typical Churchill mouth.

For more on the Churchills, including a picture history of the Prime Minister, Cecil Beaton's pictures of the inside of 10 Downing Street, and Dorothy Thompson's analysis of the Prime Minister, turn to pages 59-70.

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Mr. Indigo Blue and Mr. Beamish Bright



MR. BRIGHT: A glorious morning, Mr. Blue! I feel as joyful as a skylark!
MR. BLUE: And I feel as sad as a crow. All I know is trouble.



MR. BRIGHT: Here! Here! my lugubrious friend. Cheer up! There's springtime in the air! Come walk down to the grocer's with me.

MR. BLUE: It's not springtime inside of me, Mr. Bright. If you only knew how many pills, purgatives, salts, laxatives and cathartics I've taken. Life is just a vale of tears.



MR. BRIGHT: (at the grocer's) Here's a present for you, my woeful one, that may show you the silver lining. Instead of dosing constipation why not try to get at its cause? If yours is the ordinary kind that's due to lack of the proper kind of "bulk" in the diet, crisp, toasty KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN may be just the ticket. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter.



MR. BRIGHT: (sometime later) Well! Well! If it isn't the old king of the glooms. Isn't that "Happy Days" I heard you playing?

MR. BLUE: And happy days it is, Beamish, since you told me about ALL-BRAN's better way.

Join the "Regulars"
with *Kellogg's* ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

WHEN LOW PRICE BUYS ALL THIS LUXURY



IS IT WISE TO PAY MORE?

YOU'LL SAY
"FIRST" because it's
FINEST!

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS "QUALITY QUIZ" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO. 2 CAR	NO. 3 CAR
90-H.P. ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT NO EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET
HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

Countless thousands of people, including many who formerly bought higher-priced cars, are asking themselves this question after eyeing and trying Chevrolet for '41—and are answering the question by buying Chevrolets!

Here's the answer to *every* motorist's desire for '41! . . . Because here are "*all of the necessities and most of the luxuries of modern motoring*" . . . all combined and concentrated in this *one* favored car, selling in the lowest price field:

Big, luxurious "3-couple roominess," which means you can seat three passengers in front and three in the rear with genuine comfort for all!

90-h.p. Valve-in-Head "Victory" Engine performance stemming from the same type of power plant which holds all world's records on highway, seaway, skyway!

A smart, fashionable Body by

Fisher of the same *type* and the same *size* used on many higher-priced cars!

The smooth, steady, sure-footed Knee-Action ride, which brings you and your family the highest degree of travel luxury!

The Original Vacuum-Power Shift, at no extra cost—the Fisher No Draft Ventilation—the Concealed Safety-Steps instead of old-fashioned running boards—which are today's hallmarks of driving ease, comfort, style!

You get all these features, *plus* record Chevrolet economy, in Chevrolet for '41. . . . You *don't* get all of them, with or without equal economy, in any other motor car. . . . So

—why pay more, why accept less!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

EYE IT-TRY IT-
BUY IT!

Again

CHEVROLET'S the LEADER!



THE GREAT DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND ONE BELL TOWER ARE BURNISHED BY THE GLARE OF THE BURNING CITY OF LONDON, FRAMED IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE

GERMAN INCENDIARY BOMBS GUT THE ANCIENT BUSINESS HEART OF LONDON

To the Prussians of modern Berlin, old London is a hated symbol of all that makes Englishmen superior people. For six months the Nazis bombed the British capital, by day and by night, without more than denting it. On the night of Dec. 29, they tried to set fire to it. In that one night German bombers dropped an estimated total of 10,000 two-lb. incendiary bombs. These were concentrated, not along the docks and slums of the East End, not among the great mansions of the West End or Gothic Westminster or middle-class Kensington, but in the same 17th Century walled City that was burned out in the Great Fire of 1666.

Here are narrow twisting streets full of business buildings that are usually empty at night. Here is the commercial heart of England, marked by St. Paul's Cathedral, Old Bailey's Criminal Court, the Guildhall, the Temple and the old London Wall. Business is conducted here in routines at least 200 years old and an astonishing number of the buildings are

at least that old. St. Paul's and fifty other churches were rebuilt by the great Sir Christopher Wren after the 1666 Fire.

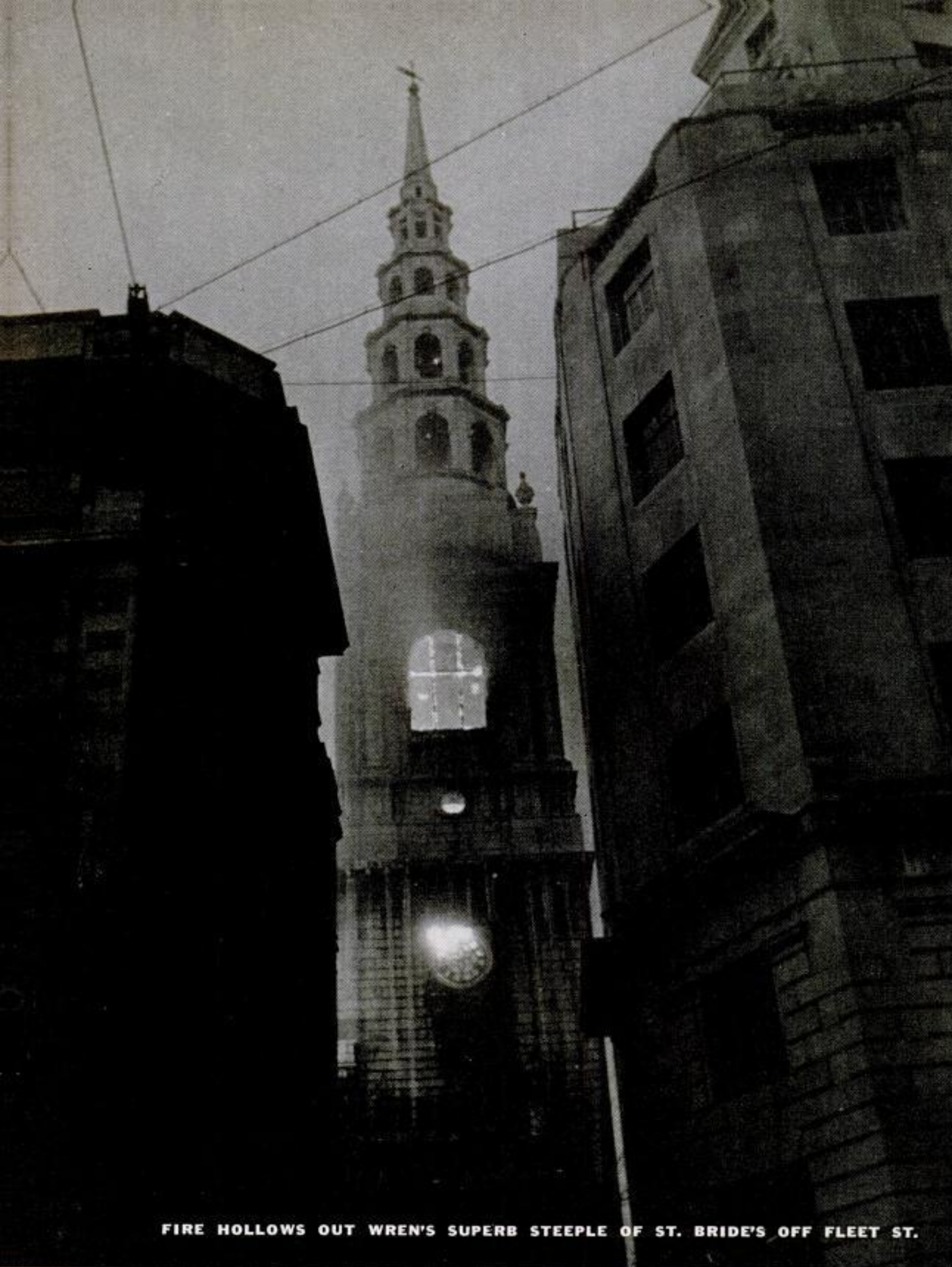
In three hours the German bombers dropped all their little pieces of thermite and magnesium that heat up to 4,000° F. and burn with a dazzling white glare. Unwatched in the dark empty streets and on the ancient roofs, they made little fires which soon grew to big fires. Presently all that part of London was one "sea of flame." The hardened London fire department, now a match for even this, was able to keep the fire confined but next morning a great deal of ancient history had disappeared from the face of London.

Only the shell of the 500-year-old Guildhall stood. Gone were its statues of Gog and Magog of which it was said that when they vanished, the City of London would vanish too. Gone was the City's 11th-Century charter given by William the Conqueror. The Temple, booksellers' row with 6,000,000 books,

and nearly a dozen fine churches—all were gone. But the defenders of St. Paul's, the Bank of England, the famed Cheshire Cheese and most newspaper offices of Fleet Street had saved their buildings.

Britain promptly set about organizing civilian fire watchers to deal with future incendiary bombs. So well did they work that, when a new German wave of incendiary bombs dropped on London a week later, Londoners shouted in the streets: "More! More!" The Germans had proved that fire can be more destructive than high explosive and the British had beaten the fire.

Every newspaper drew the parallel between the Great Fires of 1666 and 1940, both of which opened the way to a new and better London. Stranger still is the fact that both great fires occurred after periods in which England was cursed with class dissension and incompetent government. Often fortunate in its disasters, England had lost in its 1940 Fire some of its most reactionary and inefficient elements.



FIRE HOLLOWS OUT WREN'S SUPERB STEEPLE OF ST. BRIDE'S OFF FLEET ST.



INCENDIARIES HAVE GOT A GOOD START ON A ROW OF BUSINESS BUILDINGS



18 THE BRICK, STONE AND PLASTER OF CROWDED OLD LONDON MAKE FINE TINDER



LONDON'S COURAGEOUS FIRE FIGHTERS WERE OFTEN SURROUNDED BY FIRE



Smouldering ruins dim
bell towers of St. Paul's

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 19

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Fire of London
(continued)



West on Silver Street



North on Wood Street



South on Wood Street



East on Addle Street



Stationers' Hall Court



Off Aldermanbury Street



Old London Wall



Old Brewers' Hall

Fire of London (continued)



Duke of Wellington still stands in great hall of gutted Guildhall where Winston Churchill dined just before (see p. 67). Wellington defeated England's last great challenger, Napoleon, on continent.



John Milton still stares blindly in St. Giles Cripplegate Church, where he is buried. Built in the early 15th Century, the church has been burned before and was gutted on Dec. 29.

"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"



The nurses of London's Westminster Hospital, on Christmas Eve, carried lanterns and hymnbooks into the ward where lay

the wounded of England's war. Outside the great blacked-out city was totally dark and quiet. But inside the nurses and

men sang the old, well-loved songs sung by England's past, by Dickens and Thackeray and Shakespeare and Milton and Sir



Lectern eagle of St. Lawrence Jewry, near Guildhall, is nearly all that is left of church with best church woodwork in London. Ten of Christopher Wren's best churches were burned.



Memorial to William Pitt the Elder, one of England's greatest statesmen, was chipped and scarred. Most of blackening on pillars was left by the Great Fire of 1666 and carefully preserved.



Christopher Wren and Pitt and Wellington and Samuel Johnson and Pepys, by all the men who loved and added to the solid

body of English memories. Whether or not the visible reminders of that great past were doomed by the German attack four

nights later, these are not frightened or dismayed people and they found some part of their courage in their good memories.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The Administration's big guns go into action for "H. R. 1776," the Lease-Lend Bill

In Congress, before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, the great debate on House Bill 1776 began. The big guns of the Roosevelt Administration boomed out in defense of the bill which would give the President great new powers to extend material aid of all kinds to Great Britain and other democracies.

The big guns all fired the same ammunition. If Britain lost, they testified, the U.S. would be vulnerable to attack by the Axis. Unless the President were given powers to act swiftly and emphatically, aid might come too late to save Britain. First to testify was Secretary of State Cordell Hull. "We must recognize," he said, "that this is a movement of world conquest that we are dealing with and invoke the law of self-defense while there is time." Shrewdly, the Secretary emphasized self-protection. "There was a time for neutrality," he repeated, "and now is the time for self-defense."

Secretary of Treasury Henry Morgenthau gave startling evidence that Britain was too poor to pay for what she would need. Britain's assets in the U. S. totaled \$1,775,000,000. Her currently contemplated U. S. war orders came to \$1,400,000,000. Britain's foreign investments were \$15,000,000,000, much of it in "slow assets" which are not easily convertible into cash. And the war is costing her \$50,000,000 a day.



SEC. HULL



SEC. MORGENTHAU



SEC. STIMSON



SEC. KNOX

Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson said point-blank that the U. S. was in real danger of air invasion if Britain lost her Navy. "The U. S. Army today is nowhere near as large as the Army of Holland was last May, or the Army of Belgium . . . and nowhere near as well trained." If advantage could be gained, said the 73-year-old Republican, he would "transfer" part of the U. S. Navy.

Secretary of Navy Frank Knox stated that a crisis would come to Britain in 60 to 90 days. Today, he said, the combined German-Italian-Japanese fleets are larger than ours. By 1943, he estimated, the combined Axis fleets would be more than twice as large as ours.

Defense Director William Knudsen said that full U. S. aid to Britain could not be given until late 1941. "Unless," he added significantly, "we take the products out of our existing facilities."

All of this added up to a lopsided argument in favor of the bill. But outside Congress the debate was hotter and closer. Listing the unprecedented powers the bill conferred on Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover cautiously urged that the

powers be clearly defined and possibly restricted. Wendell Willkie shattered some Republican hopes of a solid anti-Roosevelt front by coming out boldly for the bill. "It is the history of democracy," he pointed out, "that under such dire circumstances, extraordinary powers must be granted to the elected executive." Thereupon Alfred Landon blew up. "If Willkie had revealed his position before the Republican Convention," the Kansan said, "he would not have been nominated." General Hugh Johnson, who during the campaign promised that "nobody is going to sell him (Willkie) any gold bricks" now discovered that Willkie's followers were "the most gullible of suckers."

The Democrats too were divided. Burton K. Wheeler, spearhead of the Senate opposition, said the bill was "the New Deal's triple-A foreign policy to plough under every fourth American boy." At this President Roosevelt completely lost his temper, raged that Wheeler's statement was the most "untruthful . . . dastardly . . . rottenest thing that has been said in public life in my generation." A few days later, in better humor, Roosevelt derided reports that he would give away the U. S. Navy, called it cow-jumping-over-the-moon stuff. When asked at week's end what Joseph Kennedy would have to say in his radio speech against the bill, the President amiably remarked that his former Ambassador to Britain would speak for himself—which Mr. Kennedy very effectively did (see p. 27).



SENATOR WHEELER

Strike Crack-down. The crack-down on strikes which was bound to come sooner or later came in Saginaw, Mich. last week. The C. I. O. called a strike against the Eaton Manufacturing Co., charging that it had broken its agreement to rehire 300 men involved in a previous strike. The company makes airplane-engine and auto parts, does defense work. When picket lines formed and the strike spread to other Eaton plants, James Dewey, Federal Labor mediator, came quickly on to the scene. In an ultimatum backed by the National Defense Commission, he demanded that strikers go back to work, the plant be reopened, the 300 former strikers be rehired, pending arbitration. The strike ended and a precedent for Government-enforced settlement of labor fights was set.



DEWEY

Mix-ups. Lloyd C. Stark did not run for re-election as Governor of Missouri last autumn. But last week, although his term had expired, Mr. Stark was still Governor of Missouri, while Forrest C. Donnell, who had been elected Governor, was vainly trying to take over his office. According to the election returns, Mr. Donnell, a Republican, had beaten Lawrence McDaniel, a Democrat, by 3,613 votes. But the Missouri legislature, which is controlled by Democrats, set up a committee to investigate alleged fraud in the election. It authorized the committee to recount the ballots, left a loophole which would make it easy

to recount them in Democrat McDaniel's favor. Meanwhile, the legislature refused to certify Donnell to office. Governor Stark scolded the legislature for its behavior but the unabashed legislators simply went home leaving the situation worse confounded.

Another mix-up confronted the U. S. Senate when two candidates for one West Virginia Senate seat showed up to claim it. They were Dr. Joseph Rosier and Clarence Martin, both Democrats, both claiming the seat left vacant by Matthew Neely. Mr. Neely left the Senate to become Governor of West Virginia. As soon as he became Governor, he appointed Dr. Rosier to the office he had just vacated. But the retiring Governor, Homer A. Holt, anticipated Neely's retirement from the Senate. Before yielding the Governorship to Neely, he appointed Martin to Neely's Senate post. The whole mix-up grew out of a factional dispute over patronage control. The Senate seated neither Rosier nor Martin, asked its Elections Committee for advice.



DONNELL



ROSIER

Successful Stukas. Out in the narrow waters south of Sicily, German-manned Junker dive bombers, coming from a Sicilian airport, pounced on a big British convoy. Heedless of fierce anti-aircraft fire, they pounded the 9,100-ton cruiser *Southampton* so badly that she had to be sunk. And they smashed the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* so severely that the *Illustrious* limped into nearby Malta where the persistent Stukas kept after her until they were reasonably sure that she was out of action for a long time.

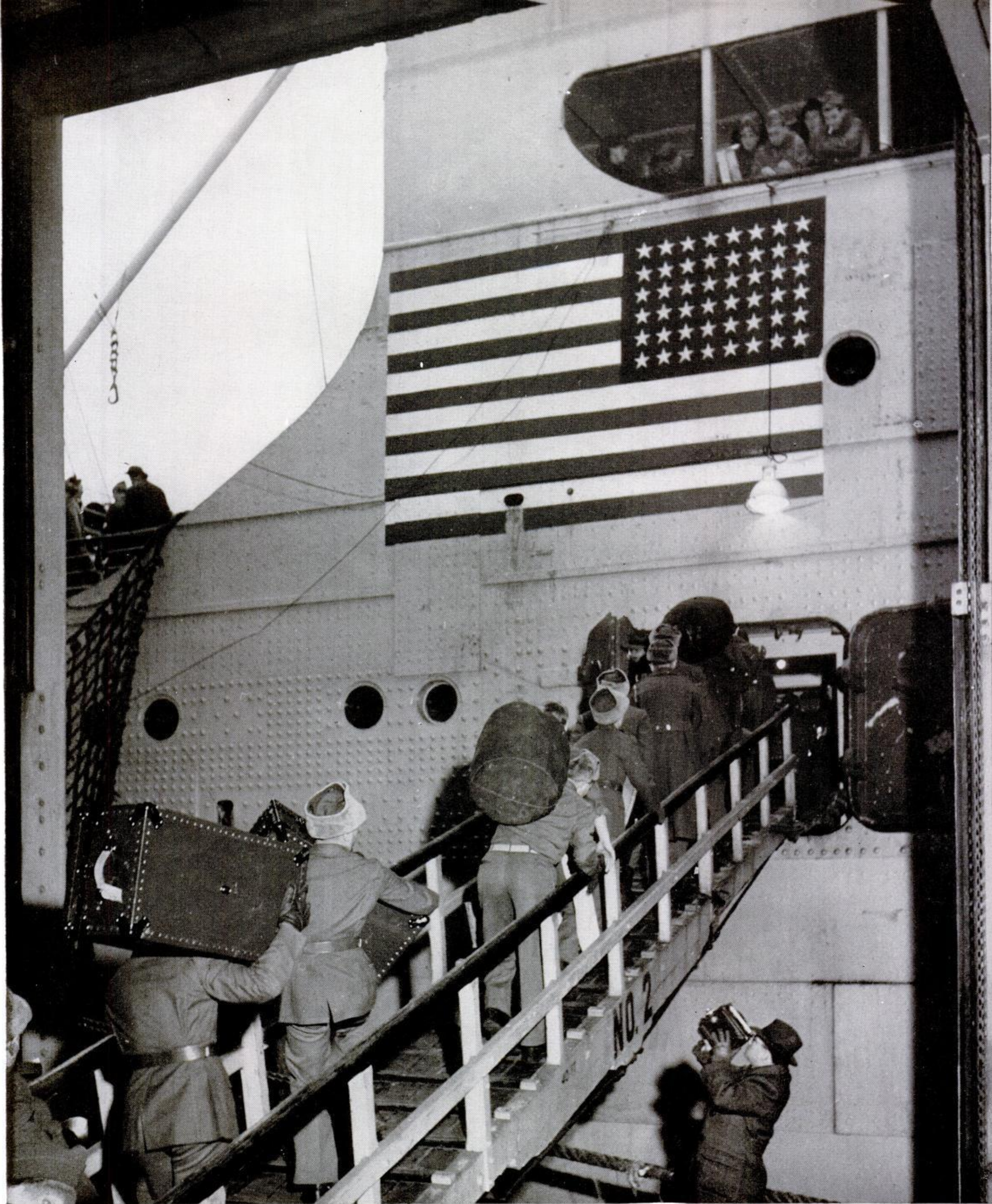
To console themselves, the British pointed out that they had bagged at least a dozen Stukas, that the convoy got through safely. But this was small recompense for the loss of two warships and for the realization that the days were gone when British ships could sail with impunity through the Mediterranean.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The \$10,000,000 liner *Manhattan*, second largest American-built vessel in service, went aground on a sand bar 300 yd. off the Florida coast on Jan. 12 and at week's end was still embarrassingly there. Bound for San Francisco with 200 cruise passengers, the *Manhattan* was running close to shore to avoid northbound Gulf Stream currents. Coast Guardsmen said they had never seen a great liner so far in. One theory suggested that the recent demolition of a huge unfinished hotel just north of Lake Worth inlet which had given bearings to the captain of many a coastal liner might have thrown the *Manhattan* from her course. Others pointed out that swift currents created new sand bars where none was charted. The captain of the *Manhattan* said simply: "It is what is known as one of those things."

"It's one of those things," the captain explains
as "Manhattan" goes aground on Florida shoal





FIRST U. S. TROOPS EMBARK TO SERVE IN NEWFOUNDLAND

On Jan. 15 an unspecified number of U. S. soldiers sailed from New York for Newfoundland aboard Army transport *Edmund B. Alexander*. First American troops to embark for foreign soil, they will guard the naval base leased from Britain under the destroyer deal. The Army declined to say how many sailed or what they took along beyond the little fur caps they wore to shield them from sub-arctic cold. They will live, until their garrison is completed, aboard ship.

Their floating barracks, a 36-year-old coal-burner, was the German liner *Amerika* at outbreak of World War I. Interned in New York, it operated during hostilities as a troop transport. After the War, as the liner *America*, it saw transatlantic service in the U. S. Lines' fleet, then rusted for nine years in the Pawtuxin River, Md. Last October the Army reconditioned it, renamed it *Edmund B. Alexander*, after an obscure brigadier general who once fought Indians.

"STAY OUT OF WAR"

A NOTABLE RADIO ADDRESS BY THE HON. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY, EX-AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN, PROTESTING THE ROOSEVELT FOREIGN POLICY

Shortly after I came home from London I spoke over the radio for the re-election of President Roosevelt. I declared then that my sincere judgment was that we ought to stay out of war. I urged that we give England all possible aid. I feel the same way about it today. Since then there have appeared many false statements regarding my views on foreign policy. Tonight I hope to set forth as clearly as possible my views.

The saddest feature of recent months is the growth of intolerance. Honest men's motives are being attacked. Many Americans, including myself, have been subjected to deliberate smear campaigns merely because we differed from an articulate minority. A few ruthless and irresponsible Washington columnists have claimed for themselves the right to speak for the nation.

This habit of smearing an opponent because you disagree with what he stands for is a distinct menace to our free institutions. No matter who wins this war, America faces most critical times. If at this early date intolerance of contrary opinions flourishes, our future is dark indeed.

A favorite device of an aggressive minority is to call any American questioning the likelihood of a British victory, an "Apostle of Gloom"—a defeatist. As support for the charge that I am an Apostle of Gloom, it is said that I have predicted the defeat of Great Britain. That statement is not true. I am aware of and have reported on the serious obstacles to British victory. I know many of Britain's weaknesses, but a prediction can be based only on a complete knowledge of the strength and weaknesses of both sides.

There are many phenomena in this war which defy explanation even by the most expert. If the German Air Force can practically destroy a city in a one-night raid as in Coventry, why is it that it has failed to wipe out industrial England in a series of these raids? If, as we know, England can live only if her ports remain open, why has not the German Air Force concentrated its efforts on closing these ports by aerial bombardment? It has made but few raids on Liverpool and Bristol and those only recently. What is the answer? I don't know. Apparently no one does.

The morale of the British nation defies description. It is as fine a display of human courage as has ever been witnessed. But what do we know about the morale of the German Army or of the German people? Have they this quality of toughness or are they brittle after eight years of tyranny? These are but a few of the unknown elements which may well determine the final outcome. Thus a prediction now of England's defeat would be senseless.

Another label used as a smear against certain citizens who favor keeping America out of the war is the word "appeaser." I have been called one. If by that word, now possessed of hateful implications, it is charged that I advocate a deal with the dictators contrary to the British desires, or that I advocate placing any trust or confidence in their promises, the charge is false and malicious. But if I am called an appeaser because I oppose the entrance of this country into the present war, I cheerfully plead guilty.

This smear campaign is particularly violent against many of our citizens who desire this country's influence to be used in an effort to bring about a just and lasting peace. Of course, it is only too true that a just peace at this time does not appear to be in the cards. Hitler, the man who wanted war, has slammed the door on peace.

Since my return home what has impressed me most is the growing conflict in the minds of the American people over the two courses of action which the vast majority of Americans advocate—aiding Britain and staying out of war. They are beginning to feel that these policies may prove inconsistent. If one emphasizes aid to Britain, he thereby risks entering



On Oct. 29 Mr. Kennedy, returning from his post in London, made a speech advocating the re-election of President Roosevelt. As a vote-getting speech it was probably the most effective of the campaign. For more than anything else it allayed fear that Mr. Roosevelt would "take this country into war." If the U. S. is not "in the war" today, it is at least deeply involved in it. This statement by Mr. Kennedy, taken from a radio address he made Jan. 18, is the most notable utterance of protest yet made against the present trend of national policy. As such LIFE believes that it is important for all Americans to read. The Editors of LIFE disagree with Mr. Kennedy in that they believe in full-out aid to Britain, without reservations. But they also believe that our national policy is direfully in need of honest and thoughtful clarification.—ED.

the war. If he emphasizes avoidance of war, he minimizes the aid to Britain. I think that these policies can be applied without confusion and without risk of contradiction. The test for any proposal should be—what is best for the United States of America.

I favor that we give the utmost aid to England. By helping Britain we will be securing for ourselves the most precious commodity we need—time—time to rearm. If England were to be defeated quickly and the Germans succeed to the British Navy, this country now is not prepared to defend its own shores. England's spirited defense is affording us precious time for rearming. It is consequently to our interest that England be aided in her courageous battle.

No one will seriously urge that we should give beyond the absolute minimum necessary for our own protection. Where that line is to be drawn is to be determined by the President acting with our trained experts in the Army and the Navy. They know best what we can spare.

Because aid to England is part of a constructive American policy to safeguard America, we should go to the very limit in our assistance, but not to a point which would endanger our own protection.

Who really wants war? Certainly the Isolationists (with whom I cannot sympathize) do not want war. The President has declared on many occasions that he does not want war. Why, then, all the shouting? Perhaps it is due to a certain fatalistic attitude, lately noticeable, to the effect that no matter what we do we are bound to be drawn into the war as an active combatant. These, I say, are the real defeatists—people who have lost hope for peace in America.

There are those who say if we stay out and Hitler wins we will be subject to a military attack by a combination of the totalitarian powers. Consider what it means to transport troops and ammunition over 3,000 miles of storm-tossed ocean. What would our enemies use as bases for their planes, what as bases for their shipping? Even after an enemy had flown across an ocean, it would be faced with the problem of maintaining its forces and supplies large enough to cope with the resources of the North American continent. The experience in this war to date indicates that ships, even though protected with naval strength, face severe handicaps in seeking to land in the face of an attacking air force operating from a land base. I hope I am not too cheerful or too optimistic when I express confidence that we in America can successfully defend ourselves, assuming we avail ourselves of the opportunity to make ourselves strong.

For the life of me, I cannot understand why the tale of a great military machine 3,000 miles away should make us fear for our security. Let America devote its energies to armaments—and I have little doubt but that we can be secure against any power or group of powers in the wide world.

Another point frequently stressed in debates about our foreign policy is that if the Germans win, the totalitarian system will ruin us economically. I quite agree that if

England were to win this war we would be a great deal better off than we would be if England lost. There is no argument on that score. The point of argument, however, is on the question of whether to help England win the war we should get into the war ourselves, thus exhausting our own resources so as to threaten our whole civilization.

Just as I regard it impossible for a foreign power to invade this country, so do I regard it impossible for us to invade Europe. The British say that they have approximately 1,500,000 soldiers under arms. Assuming that all those men could be used in an attempt to invade Europe, I fail to see by what process the 6,000,000 Germans under arms would be overwhelmed. It certainly can't be lurking in the minds of even the most rabid interventionists that we could send into this kind of a war a sufficiently large expeditionary force to make up for the disproportion between the German and the English military forces.

What would be our war aims? We have not had any debate on that score. We certainly are not going into the war just to underwrite the war aims of another country without knowing what they are. England is, of course, fighting for her existence, but already we hear dissatisfaction that the aims of the British nation in this total war have not been set forth. Are we to sign a blank check?

It is said that we cannot exist in a world where totalitarianism rules. I grant you—it is a terrible future to contemplate. Why should anyone think that our getting into a war would preserve our ideals? Suppose we go in and the war continues for two or three years. We will be paying the whole bill—make no mistake about that. Does anyone in his right mind think that the world won't be completely bankrupt? Well, at the end of the war we win—so what? Who is going to reorganize Europe? England and the U. S.? But we are then in a bad way and we must contemplate great internal problems of our own. Yet, to keep defeated Germany and the other countries from going completely Communist, we will have to reorganize them as well as ourselves, probably standing guard while this reorganization is taking place. I shudder to contemplate it.

Another argument we hear is that it is our duty to go to war because England is fighting our battle. England is not fighting our battle. This is not our war. We were not consulted when it began. We had no veto power over its continuance. It does happen that England's spirited defense is greatly to our advantage. Therefore we ought to arm to the teeth and give as much help as we can. But let us do it on the basis of preserving American ideals and interests.

The recent bill, H. R. 1776, called the "Lend-Lease Bill," seeks to confer upon the President authority unheard of in our history. Out of the hearings the American people will learn what are the factors which it is claimed make the bill necessary. Personally, I am a great believer in centralized responsibility. Nevertheless, I am unable to agree with the proponents of this bill that it has yet been shown that we face such immediate danger as to justify this surrender of the authority and responsibility of the Congress. I believe that after the hearings have been completed there will be revealed less drastic ways of meeting the problem of adequate authority for the President.

Regardless of what our foreign policy should be, it is obvious that as a nation we must go "all out" for rearmament. Eventually we may have to fight to defend our civilization. The future in that respect is unknown and unknowable. Come what may in the fortunes of war, our easy life of yesterday is at an end. Our lot in the future will be a difficult one—win, lose or draw.

America has had enough of words. America must unite—now. America must sacrifice—now. America must work—now. Then and only then can we hope to spare ourselves and our children from the dismal destiny of blood and tears.

MURDER IN MANHATTAN

SICILIAN KILLERS CAPTURED AFTER GUN BATTLE IN FIFTH AVENUE SHOPPING AREA

In Manhattan Jan. 14 two savage little men walked in the sun at noon with murder in their hearts. They were the brothers Esposito. At 12:20 p. m. they saw their victim, Alfred Klausman, emerge from a bank in the Empire State Building. Silent on his heels they followed him across Fifth Avenue, into the elevator of the office building in which he worked. As it started up, Anthony Esposito jammed a gun against Klausman's head, demanded the \$649 payroll in his pocket. "No, no," cried Klausman clutching his coat. A bullet tore into his brain. The elevator descended and the Esposito brothers raced across the street. In the next ten minutes, Manhattan's busy shopping district became a bloody no-man's land. Sprinting in and out of Altman's huge department store, in and out of a taxicab, the Espositos raced around the block. Bullets whizzed. Shoppers cowered in doorways. The younger Esposito, William, fell wounded in the leg. As Patrolman Eddie Maher bent over him, William raised his gun and fired three times. A brave taxi driver named Leonard Weisberg lunged full at the spitting gun in an effort to save



Victim No. 1: Alfred Klausman, the office manager of a linen house. The Espositos promptly blew out his brains in an elevator, when he refused to surrender his firm's payroll of \$649.



Victim No. 2: Patrolman Eddie Maher. Fifty-two-year-old veteran, he had served the force 28 years, was putting his son through Holy Cross. Police gave him an inspector's funeral.



Victim No. 3: Leonard Weisberg, heroic taxi driver. Trying to save his friend, Maher, he was shot in throat, hovered near death, is now recovering. A cab company is giving him new car.



Crowds converge on battlefield. In foreground, struggling to rise, is cabby Weisberg. Behind him Patrolman Maher sprawls dead. Beyond Maher civilians maul wounded murderer Esposito.



Murderer: William Esposito. Here angry civilians hold him while police pursue his brother, Anthony. Shot in leg by Maher, William played possum, killed policeman, wounded taxi driver.

Maher, who was his friend. But the policeman fell dead and Weisberg writhed on the sidewalk, a bullet in his throat. Before civilians battered William Esposito into submission, another man had been wounded in the shoulder. Anthony Esposito was captured by police in a 5-and-10¢ store across Fifth Avenue.

Next morning a tempest of revulsion swept New York. Police Commissioner Valentine branded the Esposito brothers "mad dogs." A probation report disclosed their evil records of crime, truancy and utterly irresponsible and anti-social behavior. Their father, a Sicilian immigrant, had served time in prison. Two sisters were shoplifters. One brother lodged currently in jail. Their mother was a doting, shiftless woman who had abetted from boyhood their hatred of the police and of law. In a prison ward, recovering from their wounds, the Espositos cursed, raged and wept in explosive orgies of self-pity. As officials moved to bring them to quick trial, they abruptly turned mute, stared blankly when people asked questions, hummed tunelessly. It was evident insanity would be their plea.



ANTHONY ESPOSITO, 35 YEARS OLD



WILLIAM ESPOSITO, 28 YEARS OLD



At right a passerby holds one of Esposito's guns. These pictures were taken by Max Haas, head of European Picture Service, who chanced to be in his office nearby with a loaded camera.



Esposito arsenal included six revolvers, 115 bullets. In center of exhibit above is the stolen payroll. Bullets in the foreground are deadly "wad-cutters" similar in effect to dum-dums.



Murderer: Anthony Esposito, who fled across Fifth Avenue, is led back to his wounded brother. He was captured in a 5-and-10¢ store. Women swung at him with their handbags as he passed.



Battered and bloody, William Esposito lies on sidewalk outside Altman's department store. Pedestrians and passersby, outraged by the crime, kicked and beat him into unconsciousness.



FIGHTER PILOT'S VIEW OF THE MAIN BRITISH EFFORT AGAINST BARDIA. BOTH R.A.F. AND FLEET PLANES DID TREMENDOUS WORK IN BOMBING, SPOTTING AND RECONNAISSANCE

BARDIA

ITALY'S ADVANCED NORTH AFRICAN POSITION FALLS BEFORE CO-ORDINATED BRITISH ATTACK

While the same relentless British army is crumbling the main lines of Tobruch, the war fog clears sufficiently to enable LIFE to reconstruct its able work in the battle of Bardia. This little Libyan fishing village is perched 300 ft. above its circular harbor and may be located under bombardment smoke in the middle of the coastline in the drawing above. Precipitous dry gullies called "wadies" and shown above as dark zigzags cut this dry limestone terrain into a terrible battlefield. Across the coastal road, on a five-mile radius around the town, the Italians flung their elaborate defense system.

It took a garrison of 45,000 to man the 50-odd strong points, carefully located for a defense in depth and to deliver a curtain of cross-fire. These strong points, each firing a minimum of two machine guns and a 47-mm. anti-tank gun, were joined by heavy and irregular runs of barbed wire. Ammunition, food and water were stored underground. Every post had its tank trap well within hand-grenade distance. Around the entire 17-mile perimeter was a dense wall of wire 3 yd. thick and head high. A continuous deep, concrete tank trap concealed by light lath covered with

sand, lay outside the wire. Beyond this were spotted extensive land mine fields. In all, the defenses housed 368 medium and field guns and 26 heavy anti-aircraft guns. Snaking across the picture above from left center to upper right, this protective system is shown as a series of wire barricades between round strong points.

To knock the Italians out of North Africa, Bardia had to be taken. The British set about it coolly. The whole perimeter was surrounded to prevent re-inforcements by troops from Bengasi.

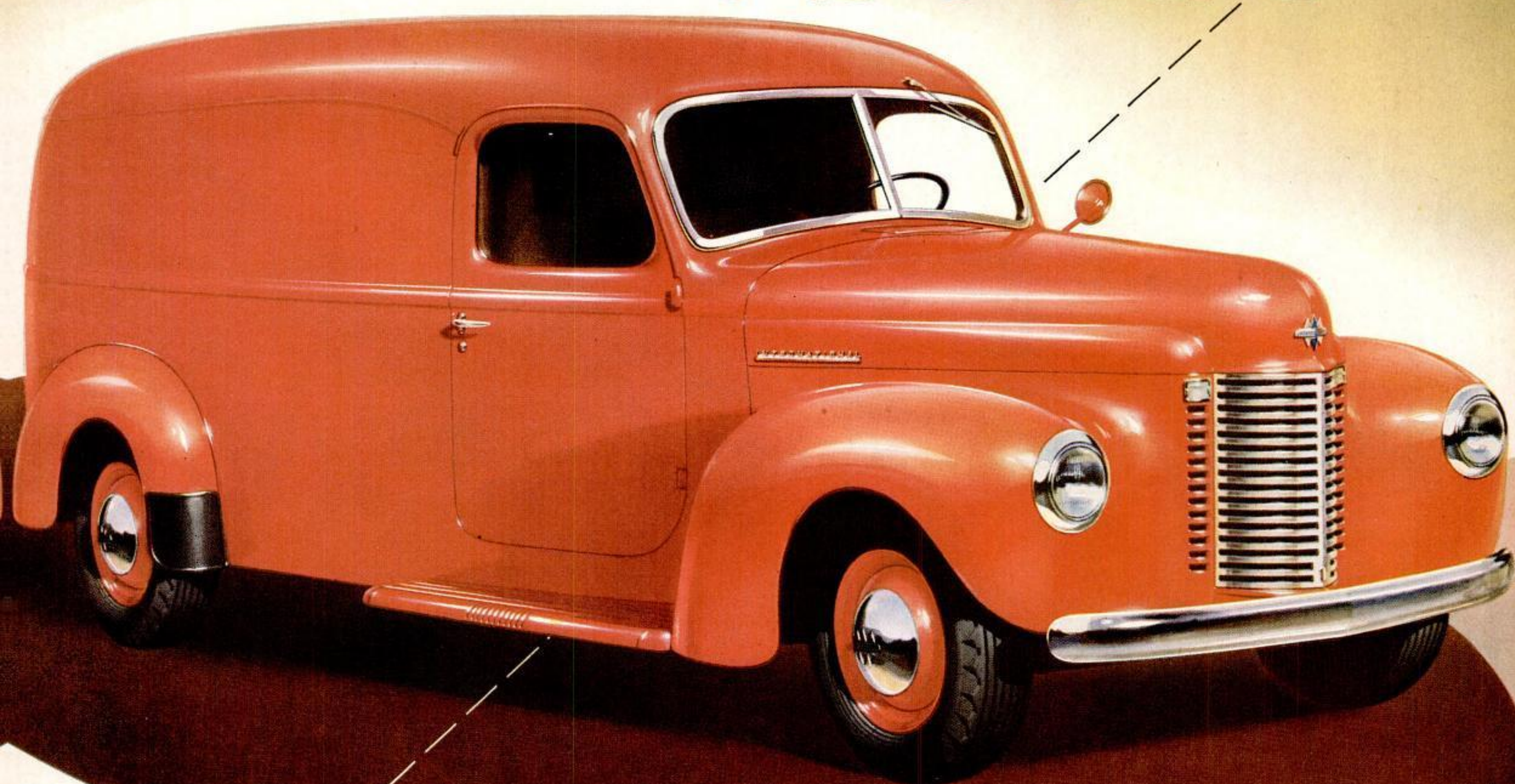
Then field guns and planes from the Fleet Air Arm proceeded to bomb and shell the daylights out of the works. From photographs, staff officers figured the tank trap as the most serious obstacle. A section of the trap was reconstructed behind the British lines and exhaustive experiments made to determine means of clearing it.

When the actual attack began Jan. 3, the fleet moved up and sent in the monitor *Terror* with its 15-in. guns, and the gunboats *Aphis* and *Ladybird* with 6-in. guns to lob a steady stream of shells over the cliffs into Bardia's defenses at point-blank range (*top left corner*

of drawing). With British tank units, supported by planes, Australian infantry made a feint four miles south of Bardia (*top right corner of picture*), followed immediately by the main attack from the southwest (*lower right*).

Under heavy enemy fire they followed their own barrage up the largest ravine, Wadi Gerfan. This rocky gully, 400 ft. deep, cuts through center of picture. The British fought their way across the deadly tank trap and up to the main wire. While the infantry was cutting passages through this mess, sappers were blasting and filling in sections of the anti-tank trench. Tanks and men poured rapidly through these gaps and deployed south to engage the remaining Italian tanks and take more than half of the posts from the rear. That was the first day: 10,000 prisoners and a two-mile advance on a nine-mile front. At 4:30 p.m., Jan. 4, British trucks rumbled into Bardia. A few strong points fought on during the night, but by 1:30 p.m., Jan. 5, the British officially announced capture of the town and there remained only to pry the last of the Italian troops from their limestone nests and reform, facing along the single road to Tobruch.

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The man who had hoped to be Foreman

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ARMY OFFICER IN FULL UNIFORM



AN ARMY PRIVATE UNDER ARMS

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW TO SALUTE

A salute is a form of salutation. Other forms are kissing, bowing, kneeling, rubbing noses, lying prostrate on the ground, or crying old Basuto salute of "Tama sevata," meaning "Greeting, wild beast!" Even the military salute is derived from warrior's old custom of lifting up his right hand to prove he was unarmed.

Today, however, all these barbarous salutations, with the exception of kissing, are unpopular in the U. S. In fact, the variations of the salutes shown here are the only correct ones with which to salute the American flag. Most important is the civilian. If the man had no hat, he would salute by standing at attention. Women salute the flag by putting the hand over the heart.



BOY SCOUTS USE THREE FINGERS



SO DO MOST GIRL SCOUTS



A FIREMAN SALUTES SMARTLY



CIVILIAN PUTS HAT OVER HEART

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia . . . The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose . . . Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

THE BATTERY WITH GIANT POWER

WHEN IT'S AN

Exide

... YOU START

CLOSE-UP





JINX FALKENBURG IS LEADING CANDIDATE FOR TITLE OF AMERICA'S NO. 1 GIRL FOR 1941

by OLIVER JENSEN

Hilda Shernicoff and Eddy Dudowicz spend nearly every evening hanging around in Shubert Alley, the little driveway that connects 44th and 45th Streets, Manhattan, and passes by the stage door of the Shubert Theater. They are not loitering nor indulging in any form of juvenile delinquency but are present in an official capacity as president and vice president, respectively, of the Jinx Falkenburg Fan Club. The members all wear pins that say "Jinx," and when the object of their adulation appears, help carry her packages, keep away unauthorized admirers and line up the autograph seekers. "Jinx," they relate proudly, "is the only actress outside the movies with a fan club."

This devotion is especially remarkable because Miss Falkenburg is not the star of the show. In fact there are nine other performers, starting with Al Jolson and Martha Raye, who have bigger parts than hers. Each evening the principals push rather grimly through the Falkenburg fans to reach their limousines.

Miss Falkenburg's tremendous appeal—"draw" in the show business, "pull" in the advertising world—is an established and commercially measurable quality. It has sold thousands of theater tickets, tons of cigars, gallons of perfume, tank cars of beer. It has made her the hit of the Tuxedo Park Ball, the darling of the Stork Club and the most famous model in America with an unrivaled record of 1,500 separate advertisements. At this moment she is the leading candidate for the distinction of America's No. 1 Girl for 1941.

The curious position of No. 1 Girl is a recent development in American culture. There have at various times in U. S. history been ladies who in retrospect were No. 1 girls of their time: Jenny Lind, Lillian Russell, Mary Pickford, Clara Bow, Doris Duke and others. But only within the last five years has the No. 1 Girl emerged as an annual phenomenon, like automobile models or National Apple Week. The No. 1 Girl is never deliberately chosen but always emerges through a spontaneous canonization by press and public. This was the case with Gloria Baker in 1937, Brenda Frazier in 1938, Cobina Wright Jr. in 1939 and Lana Turner in 1940. The first signs are those now discernible with respect to Jinx Falkenburg: frequent appearance of her picture in the press without adequate news pegs; frequent attention by gossip columnists ("Jinx Falken-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



JINX SIGNS AUTOGRAPHS FOR FANS. AT RIGHT IS EDDY DUDOWICZ

← The pin on Jinx's dress (opposite page) spells out her name. Made for her out of gold, rubies and diamonds, the pin appears as the heading at top of this page.

"Life with Father is lots more fun since we found

SPAM"

... Says Mrs. Keith Holton of Evanston, Ill.

MY HUSBAND used to be pretty grumpy in the morning ... but all that's changed now. You ought to see him light up when I bring on the SPAM & Eggs! It's our favorite breakfast.

SPAM BURGERS

are fun to make over an open fire. We just fry thick SPAM slices, pop 'em on buns—and there's our indoor picnic! Great for Sunday evenings.

SPAM WICHES

are the solution for John's school lunch. They're easy to make and the children never get tired of them because there are so many different combinations.

Dear Mrs. Holton:
Thanks for your nice words. We who help make SPAM honestly believe it's the finest product of its kind ... a delicious blend of juicy-sweet pork shoulder and tender, tasty ham meat.

Herbert Nelson
of the SPAM family

HORMEL
GOOD FOODS

SPAM • CHILI • HAM • CHICKEN • SOUPS
DINTY MOORE PRODUCTS

Copyright, 1941, by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.
Spam is a registered trademark.

COLD OR HOT...SPAM HITS THE SPOT!

You'll like yeast this new way



**YOU'RE GOING
GOOD TONIGHT
BEEN EATING
YEAST AGAIN?**



**NO... DRINKING IT
AND LOVING IT!
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
IS WONDERFUL IN
TOMATO JUICE!**



HERB: Yeast certainly did me a world of good, and I know it. But I couldn't learn to eat it. Didn't like the taste.

JEAN: Well, you can stay with it now and get all its benefits... and believe me there are plenty of them!... because it's delicious in tomato juice. Gives it the flavor of oven-fresh bread. Twice a day for me, and I feel better every week.



HERB: I believe you. You look better, too. Must be something in what the authorities say... yeast is one of the richest natural sources of the amazing vitamin B complex, that lots of us don't get enough of.

JEAN: Something? There's a world of good sense, and good feeling, and good results in it! Drink it first thing in the morning, last thing at night, and watch for that "riding high" feeling!



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



**Fleischmann's
Fresh Yeast**

DRINK IT... TO YOUR HEALTH!

Copyright, 1941,
Standard Brands Incorporated



Jinx breakfasts in bed at 11:30 a. m. on fruit, cereal, eggs and bacon, toast, rolls, milk, coffee and lots of butter. Messages and fan mail are scattered all over her bed.

JINX FALKENBURG (continued)

burg has softening of the hearties"—*Kilgallen*. "New Yorkers are talking about Jinx Falkenburg's frock practically falling off at the Stork"—*Winchell*. "Beautiful but tall Jinx Falkenburg goes shoeless when she dances. She merely waxes the soles of her feet"—*Edwin Cox*; and most important of all, frequent "discovery" by members of the lay public ("Have you heard about this Jinx Falkenburg? . . .").

"Why do they call her Jinx?"

Persons hearing the name Jinx Falkenburg for the first time are apt to assume that it belongs to a member of Notre Dame's 1936 backfield and, when better informed, to inquire "But why do they call her Jinx?"

Her real name is Eugenia, after her father, Eugene Falkenburg, a successful California electrical engineer. The Falkenburgs selected "Eugenia" as a hasty compromise with the distressing fact that their first child turned out to be a girl, but even before she was born they had named him (her) "Jinx" for short. Jinx's birth occurred on Jan. 21, 1919 in Barcelona, Spain, where her father was working for Westinghouse. The strenuous circumstances of her birth are tersely recorded in a family history later written by her younger brother Tom and entitled *Our True Travels*: "Jinx was almost born in an elevator in Barcelona but they got Mickey [Mrs. Falkenburg] out near the ceiling. A princess was in that elevator and she started to scream when it began to slide down."

Jinx soon established herself in one of the few fields of endeavor open to babies. With coaching by her parents, she became, at the age of 18 months, an expert swimmer. When the family paid a visit to America, the New York *Sun* sent a correspondent to study her and, after the story appeared, *Sun* readers carried on a heated controversy as to whether such precocious talent was credible.

When Jinx was 3 years old her family moved to Santiago, Chile, where she and her two younger brothers, Tom and Bob, were brought up. During their 13 years in South America, the Falkenburgs made serious inroads on the athletic titles of that continent, Mrs. Falkenburg becoming tennis champion of Brazil while Jinx became swimming champion of Chile. When Jinx was 16, however, the family went broke during a Chilean revolution and was forced to leave hurriedly for the U. S., minus all its possessions. Looking for a spot where expenses would be low, public education available and tennis courts abundant, they hit on Los Angeles, where they are doing famously. They are thick in Hollywood sporting society. Tom and Bob have been in the movies off and on. Bob is National Tennis Champion for boys under 15 and Tom is Southern California Boys' Doubles Champion. Mr. Falkenburg is now engineer for the Los Angeles Metropolitan Water District, while his wife has turned movie mother to look after Jinx.

Jinx Falkenburg's natural endowments when she stepped off the boat in California included good looks, vivacity and a fearful physical exuberance. But even then she had something more than

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



Take a good look at that price!

NO PRICE MEANS ANYTHING to you until you know what it buys. \$828 might be far too high for some things you plan to purchase.

But when we tell you that prices on Pontiac "Torpedoes" for 1941 begin at \$828, we believe we've called your attention to a fact well worth remembering. We know there are many people to whom this information will come as a complete surprise.

Perhaps the big size of the new Pontiacs misleads them. Or it may be the winning style, the luxurious interiors or the exciting performance of these cars which cause great numbers of motorists to assume that Pontiac prices are much higher than they actually are.

Whatever the reason may be, we feel that the time has arrived for correcting this misunderstanding. Pontiac prices are actually only a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars. Yet owners will tell you that you don't *pay* more for a Pontiac; you simply *invest* more because those few extra dollars *come back to you* in a higher resale value at trade-in time.

***PONTIAC PRICES BEGIN AT \$828 FOR THE DE LUXE "TORPEDO" SIX BUSINESS COUPE**

Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories —extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.

THE FINE CAR

Pontiac
WITH THE LOW PRICE



**Only \$25 more
for an Eight
in any model!**

Early American Pastime



Today this *light ale* is preferred to
beer by millions of Americans

Sampling Ballantine's Ale, beer drinkers are surprised to discover (1) that ale can be so *light*—and (2) that any drink can taste so good. Ballantine's has the superb *flavor* that comes only from ale yeasts.

You'll almost certainly be an "ale man"

yourself, once you have drained your first glass of Ballantine's.

Look for the 3 RINGS standing for PURITY, BODY, FLAVOR—and call for Ballantine's Ale—today. Costs no more than the better beers. Sold coast to coast.

BALLANTINE'S  ALE
America's largest selling Ale



In "Song of the Buckaroo," a Western, Jinx played one of her few movie roles. Only other roles were in Lone Ranger serial and Spanish-language films for South America.

JINX FALKENBURG (continued)

these—a quality which makes her a First Look Girl. She does not grow upon men nor haunt them. She knocks them for a loop at first look. In the first delicious shock of beholding her, men will offer her marriage, contracts, starring roles or diamonds. Later they are often puzzled at their own reaction and wonder what to do with Jinx.

The first important benefactor to fall for Jinx at first look was Sam Goldwyn, who spied her in the grandstand at the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Displaying typical symptoms, Mr. Goldwyn asked her if she had ever been in the movies (No) and would she like to be (Yes). "Then come over to my office at 11 tomorrow"—a glance at her bobby socks—"with your mother."

When he faced the problem of what to do with Jinx, Mr. Goldwyn again showed typical symptoms by departing for Europe. Jinx was left with nothing to do with her time (at \$75 a week) except attend the studio school for minors and throw spitballs at passing stars, especially Joel McCrea on whom she had a girlish crush. Every now and then she would be rushed out to be photographed with some visiting dignitary, but never quite understood why. Later the Orsatti brothers caught sight of Jinx, gave her another contract (also at \$75 a week) and kept her playing tennis with them.

She is almost a "goddess"

The first man who really thought up something for Jinx to do was a casting director at M-G-M. The studio was making *Test Pilot* and had an idea for Clark Gable to look skyward and behold a "Goddess of the Air" as some sort of inspiration. It was planned as a montage shot, with Jinx as the goddess. It was then discovered that her nose was not quite right for a goddess and a week was spent photographing her wearing the phony nose that Charles Boyer wore as Napoleon. Then the whole idea was dropped.

Disasters of this sort continued to dog Miss Falkenburg. Several times she was cast in bit parts, only to be edited out in the cutting rooms. Once she was put in a picture but Joan Bennett got between her and the camera, leaving only her feet visible. Her actual appearances on the screen have been limited to several Spanish-language quickies for the Latin-American trade and two Westerns, in one of which she was a dyed blonde in a Lone Ranger serial.

For a First Look Girl there is one obvious career and that is modeling. It was Paul Hesse, the commercial photographer, who saw Jinx in the M-G-M commissary one day, made a picture of her and sold it for the cover of the *American Magazine*. Since then she has been on 52 covers and posed for 150 products including Lux, Campbell's Soup, Nestle's Chocolate, Mobilgas, Rogers Silverware, Drene Shampoo. At first she did her modeling in Hollywood but last year the Rheingold beer company brought her to New York to do a series of ads featuring her by name as the Rheingold Girl. Jinx got \$2,000 for the job and stayed in New York.

Miss Falkenburg, as of the date of this issue of LIFE, is 22 years and six days old. She weighs 124 lb., has broad shoulders and large bones, and stands 5 ft., 7 in. tall, which is all right for a model but a handicap for an actress. She has two large brown eyes, matching brown hair, high cheek bones (important for lighting effects), a firm chin, wide mouth and a superb complexion. The right side of her face is better than the left and is the only side ever photographed commercially. She was born with only one kidney, a fact which doctors discovered when she fell off a roof in Honolulu and was badly hurt, but which does not bother her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Last winter — average picture takers made 12,000,000 SUCCESSFUL SNAPSHOTS AT NIGHT



YOU may not have discovered it yet, but the fact is you're every bit as good a snaphooter by night as you are by day.

Just be sure to use Kodak Super-XX Film—it's about four times as fast as ordinary film—and your very first batch of snapshots indoors after dark will be quite as

good as the pictures you've been getting outdoors in sunlight.

Plan to stage an after-dark snapshot party at your house—tonight. All you need is what you see below—plus your present camera. Any camera will do, just so long as it takes Kodak Super-XX Film, even a \$1 Baby Brownie.

Night Snapshots simple as A.B.C. with KODAK SUPER-XX FILM

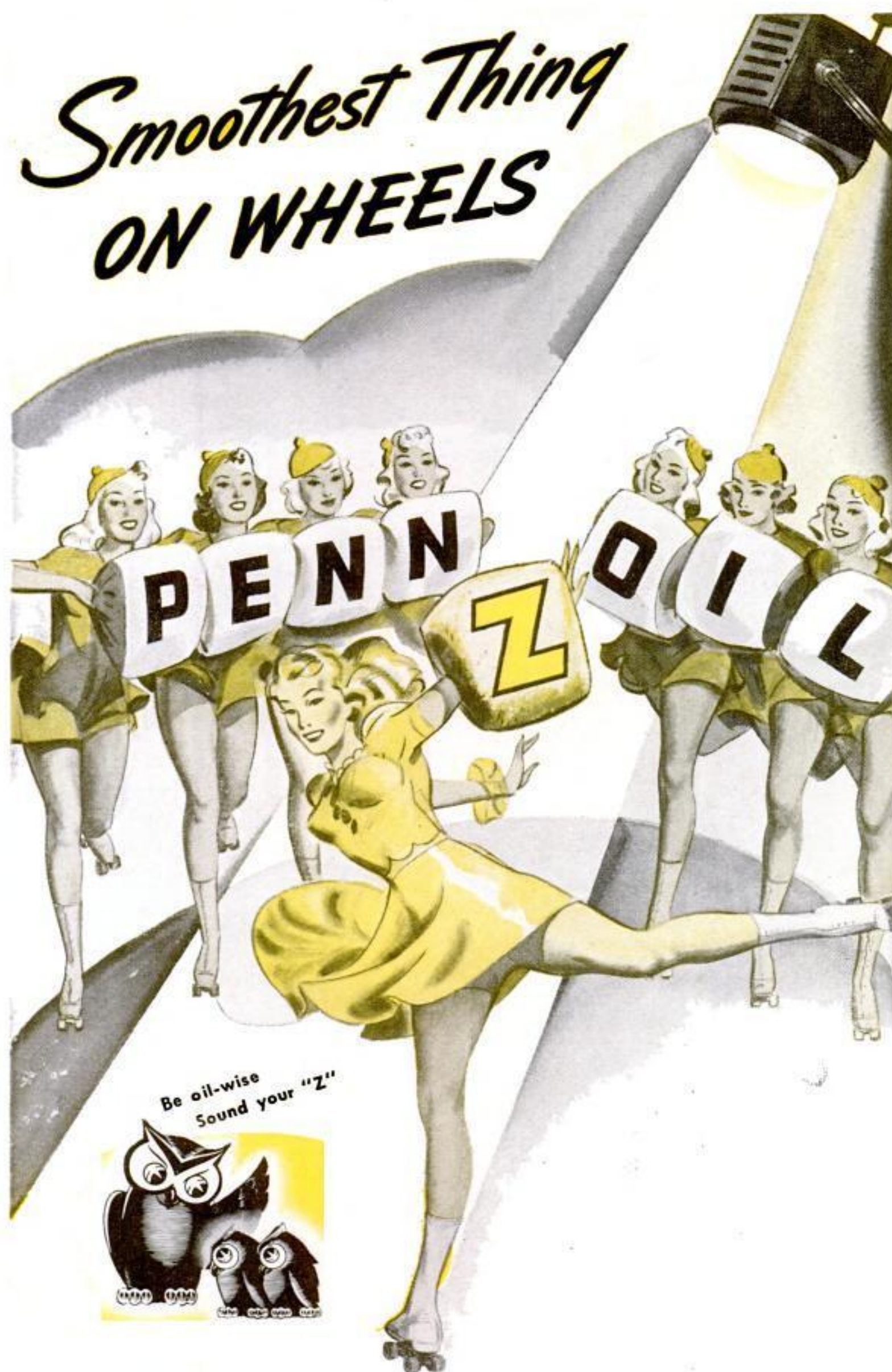


A . . . Load your present camera with Kodak Super-XX Film.

B . . . Use a couple of inexpensive Mazda Photoflood lamps in Kodak Handy Reflectors. (You keep your Reflectors, folded flat, in their attractive box. Kodak Handy Measure included.)

C . . . Follow the few simple directions in the FREE Booklet. Like shooting with an expert at your elbow. Brief, easy-to-follow instructions and diagrams, exposure table, picture suggestions. At your dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Smoothest Thing ON WHEELS



To Get ALL 3, SOUND THE "Z"

1. MOTOR ZIP—Race horses that win for their owners are conditioned with care and judgment. Keep the motor "horses" in your car slick and smooth-running with PennZoil. It gives 'em zip and stamina.

2. EVERYDAY ECONOMY: A clean motor uses less gas and oil than one that is gummed up. It costs you less to keep your engine continuously clean with PennZoil than to send it to the shop to be cleaned.

3. FEWER REPLACEMENTS: Piston rings and bearings are made of relatively soft metals. If they're not well lubricated, you'll have a bill for replacements. Insure against that by using PennZoil. Its tough film pads these parts against pounding and rubbing.

Here's Where Engine Efficiency Is Born!

These 3 extra steps give PennZoil the qualities your engine calls for to run better, longer and for less money. You get them at no extra cost.



Z-Man Directory Service



For the location of your nearest dealer, just call the number listed under PennZoil in the yellow pages!

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2

GIVES YOUR MOTOR AN
EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY



JINX FALKENBURG (continued)

As a model, Miss Falkenburg's specialty is sparkling outdoor vitality. She is usually photographed with sports clothes, tennis rackets, skis and the like. She loves posing—the glamor of the lights, the men focusing their attention on her, the fuss—but it is not necessary to pose her carefully. Most models are known for the completely forgettable quality of their beauty. "The trouble with them," Paul Hesse says, "is that they turn on expressions 1, 2 and 3 and smiles 4, 5 and 6. You don't know how to liven them up." Miss Falkenburg is never bored or deadpan and Hesse makes the most of this by often snapping her unawares. He keeps her outdoors and plays her favorite swing records (*Only Forever* and *Two Dreams Met*) on a portable phonograph to get her in the mood. When he wants a particularly romantic smile he tells her about the thick juicy steak they are going to have.

Food is one of Miss Falkenburg's main interests. She starts the day with a breakfast in bed consisting of grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs, hot cakes, toast, milk, sweet rolls and marmalade. Lunch is on a similar scale but is only a prelude to her evening rare steak and her after-the-show Welsh rarebit. Being slightly embarrassed by her hunger in the presence of waiters, she occasionally asks her escort to order extra desserts, which she eats surreptitiously, but her figure never causes her any worry beyond the fact of its extra length.

At present Miss Falkenburg lives on the third floor of the Hotel Savoy-Plaza right across the hall from the public stenographers and over the noisy 59th Street traffic. This combines class with economy, both of which concern her deeply. She had the reputation of being the tightest girl in Hollywood, even to the extent of borrowing nickels for telephone calls, but she also urges beaux not to spend much money on her.

Her dresses cost \$4 each

Miss Falkenburg has never bought a dress, for her mother makes all her clothes, including many of those she wears in advertisements. The average cost is \$4 and all the dresses bear a little label saying "Marguerite Original." Mrs. Falkenburg is a great help to her daughter in other ways too. When suitors call up she often pretends to be Jinx and gives them tactful brushoffs. One day an official of M-G-M called up with a delicate question, stammered a while and finally asked if she wore a brassiere because if she did this particular part called for someone else. Mrs. Falkenburg, speaking as her daughter, assured him that she didn't.

Jinx Falkenburg awakes about 11 and emerges from her apartment at noon to do modeling job until dinnertime. She gets \$15 an hour, the top rate, earned by only three other models in New York. She usually has a date for dinner, at Sardi's, Toots Shor's or 21, and then goes to the theater. In the first act she comes on briefly twice, as a cowgirl and as a debutante. In the last act she has a fit of temper, in Spanish. Her part is thin but she never fails to get a big hand. She does not speak to Mr. Jolson, the star, who is currently piqued at the amount of attention she gets and goes around making cutting remarks about her conversational breadth like "Sure she's a nice girl but how long can you talk about how to string a racket?"

After the show and a few words with her fan club at the door, Miss Falkenburg usually has a second date with another beau for supper at 21, El Morocco or most often the Stork Club. She tries to make an impressive entrance, wearing bright red or gold lamé and stopping to chat with friends on the way to her table. She never drinks and does not stay long but concentrates on attracting attention by sitting in a good light, making frequent trips to the tele-

At the Stork Club, Jinx talks to Columnist Leonard Lyons, who noses about the night clubs for news. Jinx likes Stork Club best because she meets most columnists there.



phones or the ladies' room and other orthodox tactics. This is not vanity but a sober attention to her career, since she does not care for night clubs and goes only to be seen.

In her own mind Miss Falkenburg has drawn a clear line of distinction between Jinx as a private person and Jinx as a public personality. This distinction, which would interest a psychologist, enables her to look upon her own career as something quite outside herself, to discuss it and promote it with a frankness which would be embarrassing if the clear distinction did not exist.

Conversation with her revolves around three chief topics of excited interest: 1) how Jinx looks 2) how Jinx is going over 3) how Jinx is affecting the press. When she enters a room her eye makes a quick search for magazines bearing her likeness and she starts off with "This is my fourth time on *Redbook*, you know," or "What did you think of me in the last *Camel* ad?"

Occasionally Miss Falkenburg meets some one with the same conversational habits as herself and conversation flags. Of one society beau she says: "Why, sitting right here in the Stork Club the other night I almost died. He didn't want to talk about a thing except how he was going to be in the infantry. Yes, I was bored. You know, I'm very easy to talk to. I can always think of something to say."

Miss Falkenburg has few close female friends. For a while she had a roommate but moved out on her because when men called up Jinx, the roommate would date them up. Miss Falkenburg did not begrudge the beaus, of which she has a great surplus, but considered the practice rather underhanded. In New York her current beaus include Bob Pabst (beer); Alfred Clark (Singer Sewing Machines); Ben Welles, son of the Undersecretary of State; Bedford Davie, son of Mrs. Preston ("Only 100 days left to save the American way of life") Davie; Albert Hailparn, whose company prints the Rheingold ads, and Carlos Gellona who, according to her information, "owns all the sugar in Chile." "Haven't you heard," Jinx sometimes says brightly, "I'm going around with the *Social Register* now."

Miss Falkenburg's separatist attitude toward her work crops out in her extreme candor about the products she advertises. After Jinx the Model appeared as the Camel Cigarette Girl, Jinx the Person saw no inconsistency in admitting that she did not smoke. Similarly after advertising certain costly cosmetics she declared that personally she used very few aids to beauty and that those came from the 10¢ store. Her sponsors, however, have impressed upon her the necessity for caution and after becoming the Rheingold Girl she explained that if she drank, no other beer would pass her lips.

Miss Falkenburg's intense concern for her success is wise, for she stands at the summit of one career but only at the start of another. She is beginning to correct people who refer to her simply as a model. She does not like Broadway and has no interest in the theater as a career. She wants to be a movie star. As a matter of fact there are producers who would make her one overnight in order to cash in on her growing fame, but she is smart enough to know that if she did not click in her first pictures her career would be over. A star must be more than a First Look Girl. She must be able to act or sing or dance extremely well. Miss Falkenburg as yet does not excel at any of these things. The wise thing for her to do would be to take small parts, prove herself and come up slowly. Yet this is not so easy, for producers fear that by sheer sparkle she would steal her first picture from the star. Also her height, which is not a great obstacle for a star (Garbo is as tall), makes it difficult to cast her in secondary parts where she would overtop the regulation-size stars.

But one way or another Jinx Falkenburg is going to reach the screen soon in a big way, if not two ways. A Selznick contract awaits her signature. And Vicki Baum recently told Mrs. Falkenburg that she planned to write a play about Jinx's life as a vehicle for Deanna Durbin.

In theater dressing room, Jinx handles her correspondence between her appearances on stage, the only time she can find for writing and reading. This is her cowgirl costume.



CAN YOU NAME THESE IMMORTAL SCOTCH FIGURES?

1. A warrior who hid in a cave after losing six campaigns. There he watched a spider finally spin its web after six failures. Taking courage, he gave battle the seventh time—and won. He soon succeeded to the Scottish throne in 1315 at Ayr, 12 miles from Kilmarnock, home of Johnnie Walker. (Answer below.)



2. A leader in his walk of life for 120 years. Often to be seen in the company of kings and well known persons, yet a democratic spirit. All continents praise his rare qualities. In fact, he has been honored with awards at Sydney, 1880; Paris, 1885; Melbourne, 1881, and at Adelaide, 1887. (Answer below.)



BORN 1820 . . . still going strong

RED LABEL
8 years old
BLACK LABEL
12 years old
Both 86.8 proof



IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH
**JOHNNIE
WALKER**
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

1. ROBERT THE BRUCE
2. JOHNNIE WALKER

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer



Edward Bruce, chief of the Fine Arts Section, looks over prizewinning mural sketches by William Calfee (*left*). Young artists flock to Bruce's office for advice and criticism.



Pins show where murals are on this big U. S. map in Bruce's Washington office in the Procurement Division Building. There are 1,125 pins. About 95% of them indicate location of post-office murals.

AMERICA SEES ITSELF IN NEW GOVERNMENT MURALS

Of all the U. S. Government's experiments in public benevolence, none has worked more efficiently than the Fine Arts Section. It began in 1934, not as relief but as an agency for hiring artists to decorate government buildings. To date it has commissioned 1,125 murals, ten of which are reproduced here. They constitute a graphic history of American ways.

Any artist, rich or poor, known or unknown, may enter the mural competitions, which are announced about four times a year. The sketches are submitted

anonymously and chosen by juries of art experts. One percent of building costs goes for decoration. Average mural costs \$1,300, or \$20 a square foot.

Originator of the Fine Arts Section is big, jovial Edward Bruce whose training as football player, lawyer, businessman and painter in his own right helps him succeed at a ticklish job. His adviser is Art Editor Forbes Watson. Small but important proof of Bruce's efficiency is that out of thousands of designs sent to him, none was ever mislaid or lost.

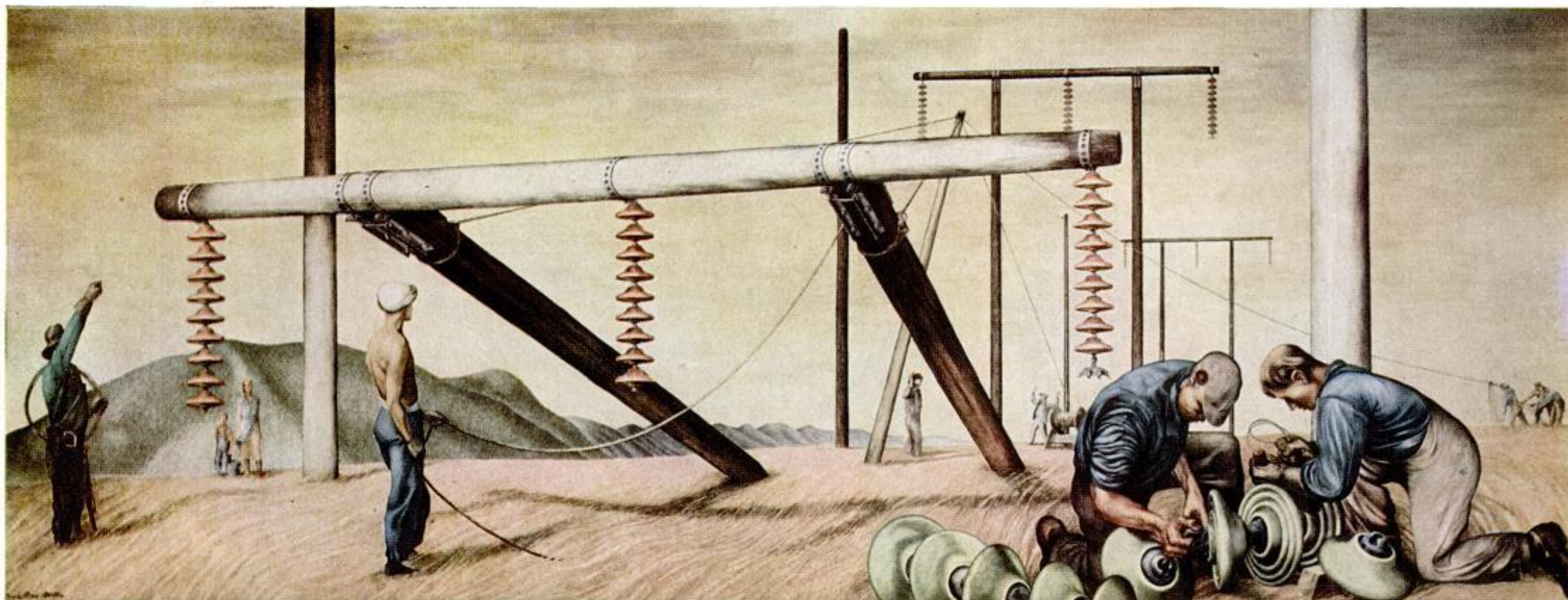
A WASHINGTON JURY OF ARTISTS SELECTS MURALS IN POST-OFFICE COMPETITION. LEFT TO RIGHT ARE OLIN DOWS, MAURICE STERNE, HENRY VARNUM POOR, EDGAR MILLER





"CATTLE ROUNDUP" BY ERNEST FIENE IS INSTALLED IN WASHINGTON'S DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR BUILDING. CATTLE ARE WHITE-FACED HEREFORDS ON COLORADO PLAIN

Government murals (continued)



"Electrification," painted by David Stone Martin for the post office at Lenoir City, Tenn., shows mammoth transmission lines being raised to send power from a nearby TVA

dam at Fort Loudon to Lenoir City. These structures are typical of the entire Tennessee Valley where wooden towers are used instead of steel. Painter David Martin says that

workmen call this the Paul Bunyan line, named after the legendary giant of the north woods, because the big poles look as if they were taking giant steps across the hills.



"Cavalrymen Crossing a River" is Jared French's mural for parcel-post building at Richmond, Va. Here French freely reconstructs a Civil War incident when Confederate Gen-

eral Jeb Stuart (nicknamed from initials of his Christian names: James Ewell Brown) led his men across Chickahominy River to fight McClellan's Federal Army. Stuart (left)

is shown kneeling because he was a religious man. Pelham (right), called "the boy major," was Stuart's most devoted officer. French put himself into mural wearing suspenders.



"Economic Activities in the Days of the Narragansett Planters" was done by Ernest Hamlin Baker for the post office of Wakefield, R. I. Cramming his canvas with facts, Baker

here includes one of the famous Narragansett pacers (once the world's best saddle horses), draft horses and dairy cows. At the left are sheep responsible for Rhode Island's woolen

trade. In center are noted Narragansett cheeses. At right are sacks of Indian corn for well-known johnnycakes. Man with a lantern at right is a smuggler of molasses and rum.



"Products of Missouri" shows the State's most delectable edibles piled by a track for shipping. Painted by James McCreery for the Monett post office in southwestern Mis-

souri, this mouth-watering menu includes apples and peaches from the Ozarks, Concord grapes, Golden Bantam corn, milk in a milk can, two prizewinning leghorns and Monett's

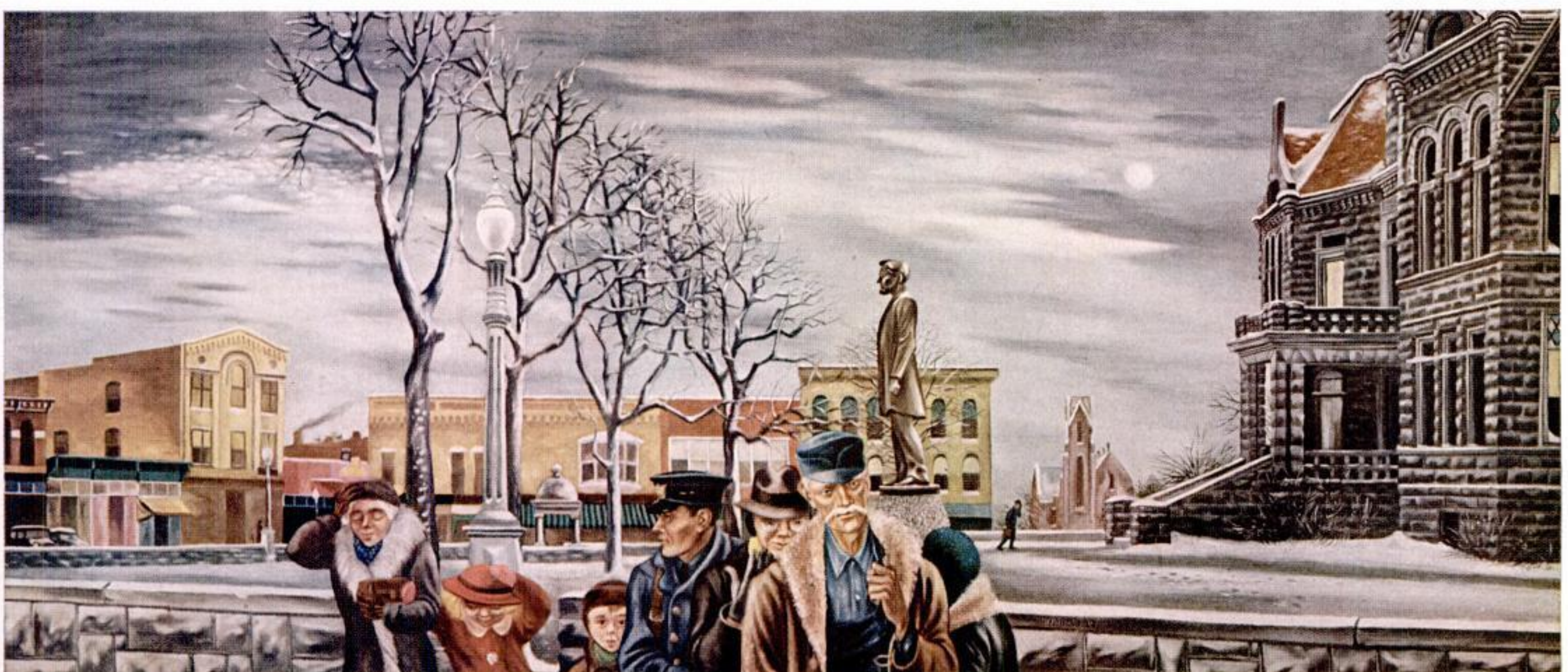
featured delicacy: fat tangy strawberries. McCreery tossed in the sunbonnet for fun, added locomotive wheel to honor the fact that Monett is a busy junction on the Frisco line.



"Source of Power" was painted by Allan Gould for post office of Greenville, a Kentucky coal-mining town. Visiting Greenville for a day, Gould took snapshots of chutes, ele-

vators and freight cars, rearranged them in this mural to make a handsome design though a rather impractical mine. After completing his paint job at home near Woodstock,

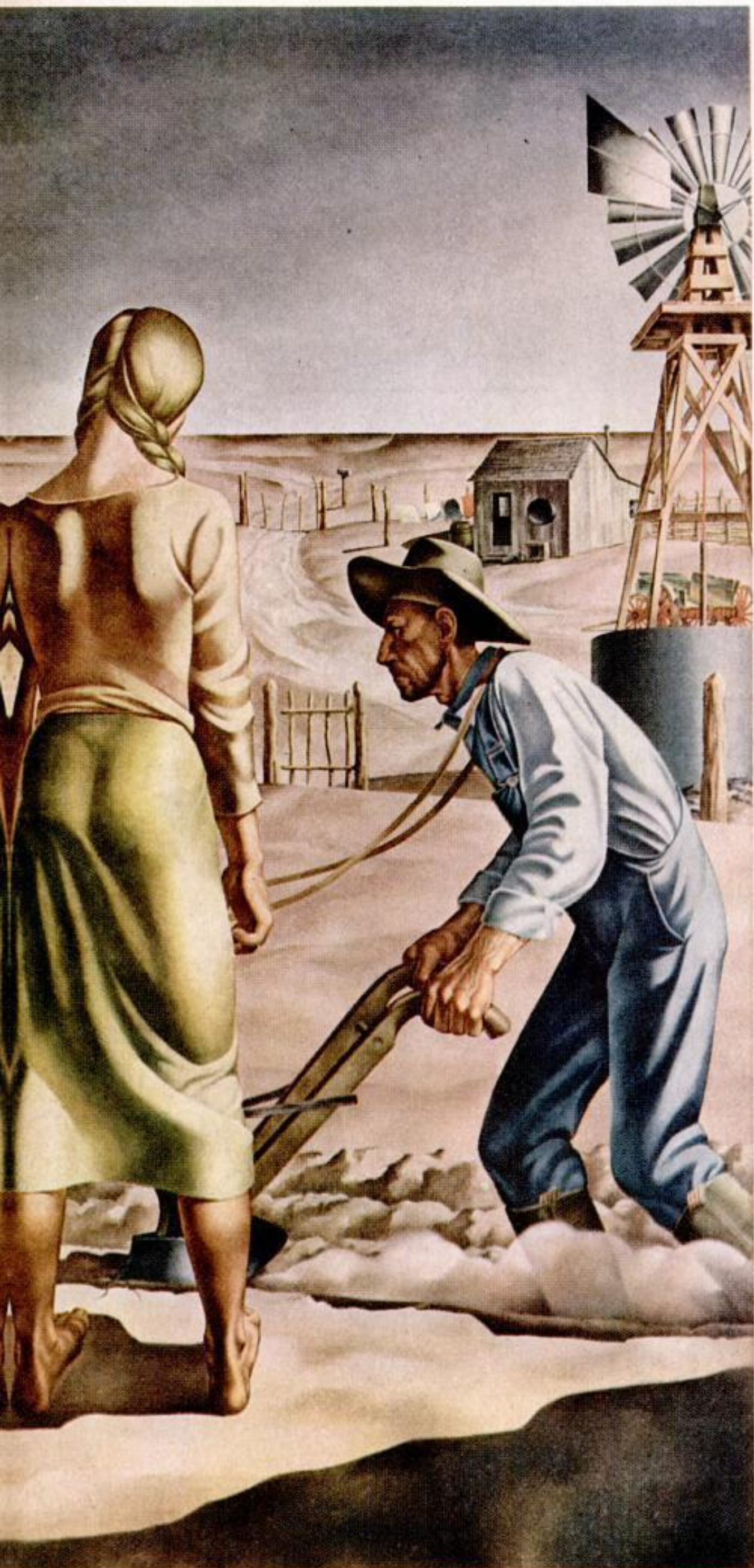
N. Y., Gould drove back to Greenville and pasted up his mural. He says citizens were baffled, though proud that Washington had commissioned a mural especially for them.



"Clinton in Winter" by Aaron Bohrod of Chicago was commissioned for post office in Clinton, Ill. Bohrod says he started to do a pioneer corn-husking subject for this mural

but was so impressed by the Clinton town square under a blanket of snow that he changed his plan. Here again Bohrod proves his power to make an ordinary street scene look

strangely vivid, depicts the De Witt County Courthouse and Lincoln statue dramatically outlined in snow. Group of citizens at center are approaching the post-office entrance.



"The Nesters" by Tom Lea of El Paso portrays homesteaders of the last century who, by ploughing up the dry Texas soil in their pathetic struggle for existence, gave the cattlemen a headache and the nation a dust bowl. Lea's mural is now installed in the new Washington post office.



"Daniel Boone's Arrival in Kentucky," painted for post office and courthouse building at Lexington, Ky. shows the great explorer (center) enjoying his first view of Lexington's fertile plains. Artist Ward Lockwood painted

Boone's own gun. Below: **Old Pioneers**, now in post office at Big Springs, Texas, is by Peter Hurd who painted his own Texas neighbors in front of the oldtime sodhouse. Lines below are from two poems in Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.



O PIONEERS. DEMOCRACY RESTS FINALLY UPON US. AND OUR VISIONS SWEEP THROUGH ETERNITY

HOW MUCH CAN WE AFFORD?
WHAT ARCHITECTURAL STYLE?
HOW TO FINANCE?

HOW MANY ROOMS?
WHAT NEIGHBORHOOD?
HOW TO DECORATE?

Why not know how to have the Home you want?

120 pages of valuable information on home ownership. Whether you build or buy, this book will help you *save money* and avoid mistakes. Whatever size, style or price home you want, it helps you get *more home for the money!*



Answer these questions—"Do I need an architect? How much should the lot cost? How much home can I afford? Will my present monthly rent be enough?"



Do you know the several types of mortgages and how to get one; how your credit rating is judged; what your monthly cost will be; what the mortgage includes; how to examine a neighborhood?



Every room should be carefully planned for your family needs, with plenty of closet and adequate storage space. For example, you can have a pot and pan cabinet like this—if you plan for it first.



Learn about modern materials; fire-protected walls and ceilings. Properly selected insulation often costs nothing, due to savings on fuel and heating equipment.



There are a lot of new decorating ideas you will want to check: *Texolite*, for example, the paint which helps you choose beautiful room colors that complement you.



Use the help available in your community through building material dealers, architects or loan agencies. "How to Have the Home You Want" shows how to make effective use of their services.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY



-where research develops better, safer building materials

"How to Have the Home You Want" is a home owner's encyclopedia.

If you are planning to build or buy, its 120 pages are as necessary as a down payment! It answers the questions you want to know on such subjects as: contract documents and lien laws; how to select heating and plumbing equipment; ideas for colorful roofs that resist fire; authentic information on planning kitchens, bathrooms, living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, garages and closets—suggestions on literally hundreds of other important details.

"How to Have the Home You Want" is now in its second year. In 1940 over 200,000 families were given the benefit of its valuable reference. Now a new edition is ready to help additional thousands have a better home.

This informative 120-page book has been published by the United States Gypsum Company, for over 40 years a leader in the development by research and in the quality manufacture of better, safer building materials.

You can get this worthwhile book from your architect, your builder or your lumber and building material dealer. Ask him to secure a copy for you. Or just mail the coupon with 10 cents (in coin or stamps) to cover only the cost of mailing and handling. Don't delay—*get your copy now!*

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L-1-27

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GORILLA

PAMPERED PET, TOTO, IS SOLD TO CIRCUS TO WIN THE HEART OF GARGANTUA THE GREAT

In Havana last fortnight a 9-year-old female gorilla named Toto enjoyed, in ignorance of the future, her final remaining days of maidenhood. Sometime within the month she will embark for Sarasota, Fla., winter quarters of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. There, if all goes well, she will become the mate of Gargantua the Great.

Born in French Equatorial Africa, Toto was introduced to civilization by the late E. Kenneth Hoyt, American sportsman who killed her father. She has lived since 1932 on the Hoyts' Havana estate. Now widowed, Mrs. Hoyt hated to part with Toto. But she agreed with John Ringling North, head of the circus, that Toto was approaching a time of life when masculine companionship might be desirable. And everyone is convinced that savage Gargantua needs something (LIFE, Feb. 26).

In development, Gargantua and Toto stand at virtually the same epoch of life. Gorillas are considered adult when they grow their wisdom teeth—females at 11 or 12, males at 12 to 14. Gargantua, who is 11, is losing the hair on his chest, a sure sign that he is reaching puberty. Toto, at 9, is barely at the gates of adolescence. It may possibly be several years before they can be mated, for in captivity gorillas are extremely bashful. (At present there is just the shadow of a chance that Toto might turn out to be a male). Mr. North's plan is to put them in adjacent cages and to let them gaze at each other for many months before physical contact is permitted. If Gargantua and Toto can be successfully mated, science will be the debtor. It is believed that the sexual cycles and periods of gestation of gorillas are the same as those of chimpanzees and orangutans, which are the same as man's. But few gorillas have ever lived long in captivity, and none has ever been bred.

Owing to happy surroundings, liberty, and the loving care she has received since infancy, Toto's personality is the antithesis of her ferocious future mate's. She is intelligent, playful, inquisitive, affectionate. She is terrified of snakes and loves cats (*see opposite page*). The warm climate of Cuba has agreed with her. By day she has the run of the Hoyt estate. By night she sleeps in her own house equipped with a trapeze, a real bed and an embroidered pillow. The pictures on these pages, taken by LIFE's Photographer Otto Hagel, show you something of Toto's idyllic existence.



438-lb. Toto gets a pickaback ride on shoulders of her husky keeper, Jose Vincente. When she goes to Sarasota, Vincente will accompany her. Without him she would die.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



You Can Fly with This Team!

The "West Point of the Air" offers you the world's best aviation training—and pays you as you learn

You've seen the faces of some of these U. S. Army Flying Cadets before — under football helmets, on college gridirons. Look at them again. Keen, rugged, humorous faces—"All-American" in the truest sense of the word.

There's a place for you among these young-men-with-a-future. The U. S. Army's program of pilot training offers you an extraordinary opportunity to get the finest possible preparation for a civilian or military career in aviation.

You will earn as you learn. The Flying Cadet receives \$75 a month, plus uniforms, equipment, board and lodging. Upon graduation, he is commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay ranging from \$205.50 to \$245.50 per month.

To qualify, you must be not less than 20 and not more than 26 years of age, unmarried, sound physically. You must have completed two years of college, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work.

You can fly with this team! Your first step toward a career in the air is to apply at one of the addresses below — today!

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," of the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area.....Boston, Mass.	Sixth Corps Area.....Chicago, Ill.
Second Corps Area.....Governors Island, N. Y.	Seventh Corps Area.....Omaha, Nebr.
Third Corps Area.....Baltimore, Md.	Eighth Corps Area.....Fort Sam Houston, Texas
Fourth Corps Area.....Atlanta, Ga.	Ninth Corps Area,
Fifth Corps Area...Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio	Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or write to: Enlistment Division C-1, A.G.O., Washington, D. C.

ELMER

was a scream

LAST NIGHT!



Too much to eat, too much to drink... and last night's party is no party today! Take soothing, pleasant Pepto-Bismol.

When your stomach is upset, don't add to the upset with overdoses of antacids or drastic, irritating physics and purges. Take PEPTO-BISMOL and help soothe the irritated stomach and intestines.

PEPTO-BISMOL is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. It is recommended for stomachs distressed by over-indulgence, nervous indigestion, change of diet, or improperly prepared or selected food. Its action is soothing and mild and its flavor is decidedly pleasant. Phone your druggist to send over a bottle today!

Norwich

Makers of Unguentine®



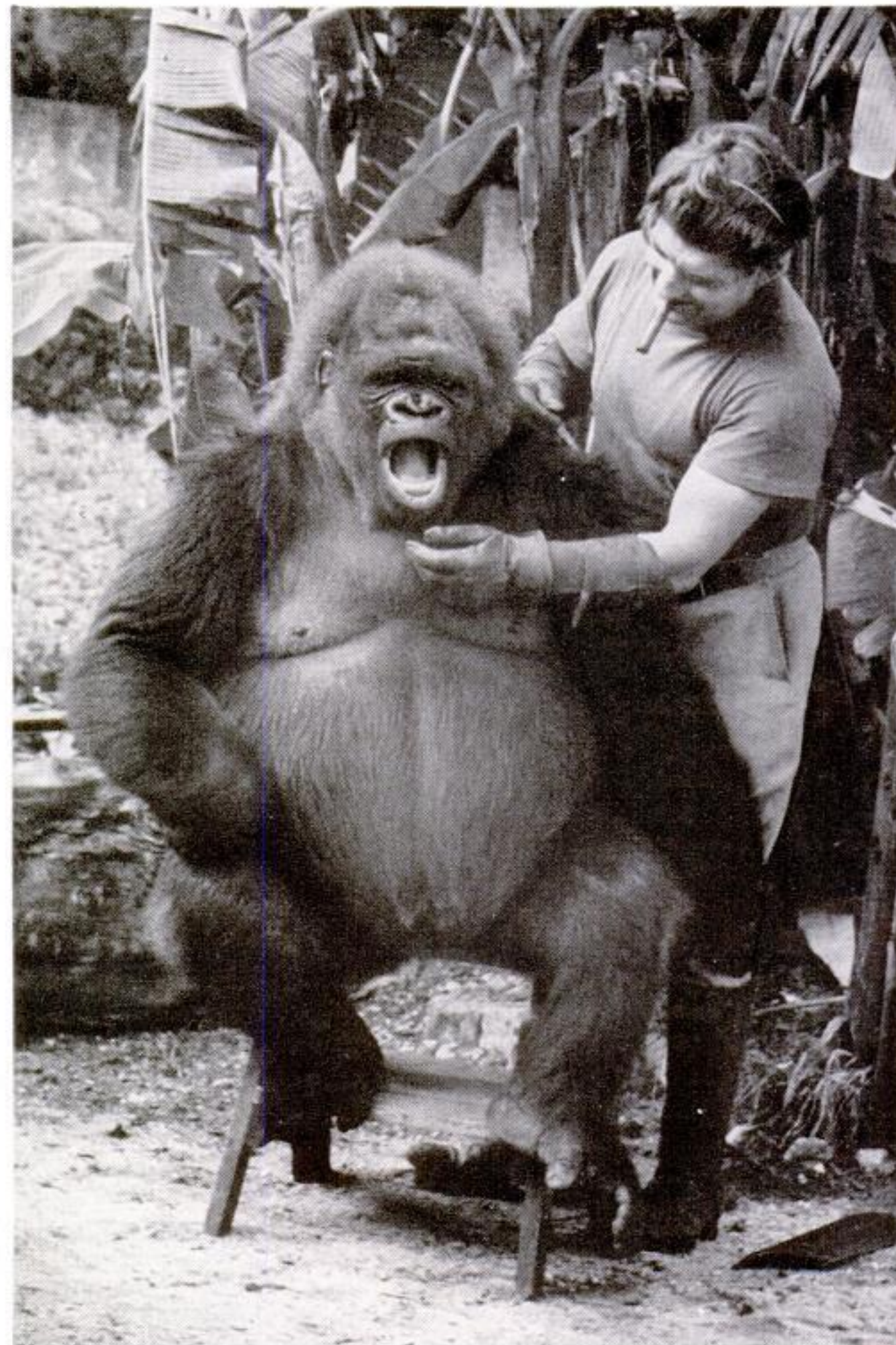
In two sizes—at your druggist's. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UpSE7 STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Gorilla (continued)



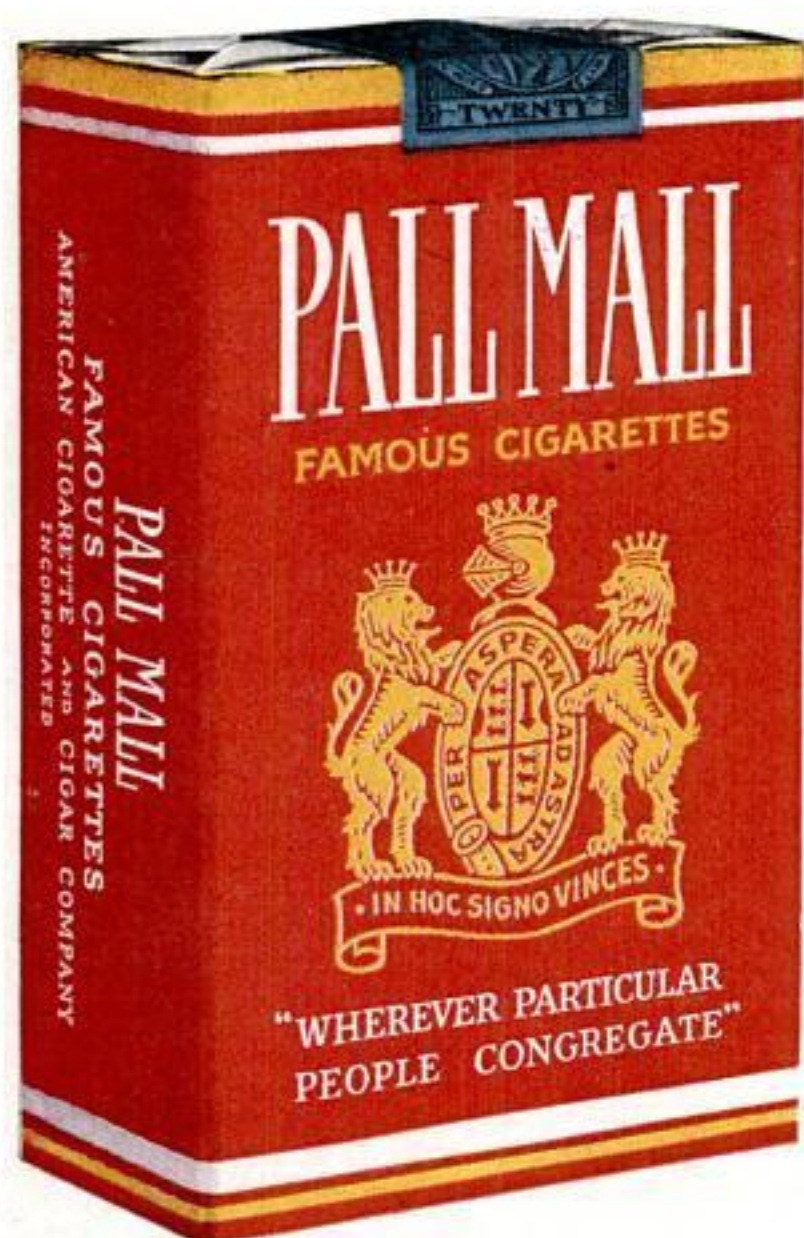
Toto giggles girlishly as Keeper Vincente tickles her under the chin. Reared by Vincente since babyhood, Toto's understanding of Spanish idiom is extraordinarily comprehensive. Her laughter is deep and guttural—sounds like "Agh, agh, agh."



Toto's future bridegroom, Gargantua, is as wicked as he looks. His malevolence derives partly from soul-ravages of confinement, partly from early mistreatment by man. Question is: will he love Toto or tear her to bits?



"Here's a basic improvement in cigarette design!"



● Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined,—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length

travels the smoke further—giving you not alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette — a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

Prove it—yourself, try Pall Mall critically!



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

Pour GLENMORE *..you get more*

Down here in Old Kentucky, we hold quality in mighty high esteem. And quality, Sir, is character by another name. The character of our fine Glenmore liquor has been the jealous stewardship of one family for 69 uninterrupted years. That's a proud record unequalled anywhere. Today this heritage is revealed in smoothness. If you want real honest-pay more for a whiskey, but your money

Glenmore's distinctive flavor, its rich mellow to-goodness quality, try Glenmore. You can can't buy a better Bourbon at any price.

GOLD LABEL
BOTTLED IN BOND

SILVER LABEL
ONE QUART 90 PROOF
Glenmore
KENTUCKY
Straight
Bourbon
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO. INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

GOLD LABEL
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BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY
Straight
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Whiskey
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SILVER LABEL
This Whiskey is
4 YEARS OLD
90 PROOF

FROM THE DISTILLERY

WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE



BACK TO COMEDY GOES CAROLE LOMBARD, AFTER TWO SERIOUS MOVIES. THIS IS THE FUNNY OPENING OF HER NEW ONE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Mr. and Mrs. Smith

British Mr. Hitchcock kids the typical U. S. couple

This is Alfred Hitchcock's first American comedy. Surprisingly, it has no suspense and less plot. There is no train wreck as in *Secret Agent*. There are no spies as in *The Lady Vanishes*. Nobody gets killed as in *Foreign Correspondent*. No sinister characters slink through dark dives as in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. Instead, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* is a bouncing film about a New York couple who, according to Hitchcock, are as typical as "maize on the cob." How typical the Hitchcock Smiths may be is open to question. But they are certainly among the giddier members of any U. S. community and, entrusted

to such actors as Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery, among the funnier screen characters of the year.

The Smiths are decent people who quarrel, are sorry, make up, quarrel again. Then a little man visits each of them separately with the news that, owing to a surveying error, the town they were married in wasn't legally incorporated and hence they aren't legally married. What happens after that follows a Hollywood rather than a Smith pattern. But in the hands of so resourceful a director as Hitchcock and so gifted a comedian as Carole Lombard, the Smiths make entertaining company for 95 minutes.



What happens afterwards (see text above) is that Mr. Smith spruces up in his best pajamas with a fancy handkerchief in his pocket.



Mr. Smith's clothes plus Mr. Smith are thrown out of the house by Mrs. Smith who has waited patiently for him to remarry her.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

5 TOBACCOS MEAN-NO PIPE BITE!

You get MORE pleasure from
REVELATION—the blend
that's so much richer!



IT'S A CINCH
FOR THE FIVE
OF US IN
REVELATION



YOU BANISH pipe-bite with
REVELATION! It's milder—
cooler—far richer-tasting
than "straight" or near-
straight pipe-tobaccos can
possibly be. This balanced
blend of five to-
baccos is far richer
in fine tobaccos
than six other
leading brands, by
analysis! Read be-
low what REVELA-
TION gives you:—

BURLEY
clean, cool,
even-burning!
+
CAROLINA
sunny mildness
and sparkle!
+
VIRGINIA
flavorful,
natural body!
+
PERIQUE
champagne
of tobaccos!
+
LATAKIA
for spicily
rich aroma!



Today — TRY
REVELATION
PIPE MIXTURE **15¢** POCKET TIN
The Peak of PIPE SMOKING Pleasure

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

THEY'VE GOT THE IDEA.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
TRUE SMOKING PLEASURE—WITHOUT SMOKING PENALTIES!

DO YOU INHALE?
All smokers do—some of the time

IT'S easy to understand that when you do inhale—consciously or unconsciously—there's increased exposure to irritation! Here's something vital—long known to eminent medical authorities:

4 other leading brands of cigarettes were found to average 235% more irritant than the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and further, the irritation was found to last more than five times as long!

So—especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris—complete smoking pleasure, unmarred by throat irritation! Philip Morris' superiority for the nose and throat is recognized by eminent medical authorities: no other cigarette can make that statement!

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE



CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 93 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (continued)



The parachute jump at World's Fair gets stuck when Mrs. Smith goes up in it with Mr. Smith's Southern law partner. Thunderstorm comes up and both get drenched.



A typical Smith quarrel in front of a department store draws big gaping crowd of delighted New Yorkers as an audience. Then a tough cop steps in and breaks it up.



Strong-arm methods win in end for Mr. Smith after he has unsuccessfully used guile and Mrs. Smith has half made up her mind to marry his gentlemanly law partner.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

*Charged, your honor,
with harboring fugitives
from a junk pile!*

*Guilty! I sentence her to
cook in new Aluminum*



Happy birthday, indeed! There's a gift many a mother would like . . . a new set of Aluminum to replace scarred utensils she has bought here and there through the years.

Her new pans will all cook alike; give uniformly good results. And they'll *look* alike; make her kitchen more attractive. Will nest together; save cupboard space. Will include the right pan for every need. Will save work; be easier to use and clean.

The whole family will enjoy better cooking. Food cooked in Wear-Ever Aluminum retains the natural flavor, minerals and vitamins. Less burnt or scorched food, because there are no hot spots in thick Aluminum utensils.

If you wish to know where to buy Wear-Ever, write The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company, 1501 Wear-Ever Building, New Kensington, Pennsylvania.



Soldiers must be fed well

It's a real job to cook for hundreds of thousands of men. To do it, army kitchens use Aluminum utensils . . . not only because Aluminum is light and durable but also because it spreads heat better, cooks food evenly and healthfully. Aluminum is friendly to food.

So Wear-Ever has again joined the army! On the bottom of thousands of Aluminum pans and other utensils for preparing and serving food to soldiers, in camp or on the march, is the trade mark so familiar to American mothers . . . Wear-Ever.



Wear-Ever

ALUMINUM

LOOK FOR THE WEAR-EVER TRADE MARK WHEN YOU BUY



STOMACH SUFFERERS "RAVE" ABOUT JESTS

Flood of letters from grateful users praise great, new tested relief for Acid Indigestion, "Gas" and Heartburn

BEST THING I ever used for acid indigestion" . . . "relieved my heartburn almost instantly" . . . "I find that, when I use Jests, the relief lasts longer." That's what people all over the country are writing in to tell us about Jests! Overwhelming evidence that the public has taken to Jests in a big way!

And no wonder! For Jests are a brand new kind of relief for the discomforts brought on by excess stomach acid. Different in principle—different in action—Jests are the formula of a famous pharmacologist, reflecting the latest scientific thought in the gastric antacid field.

FAST RELIEF—LONGER RELIEF!

Next time you're troubled by acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn or similar distress, due to stomach hyperacidity, "jest" chew a Jest or two. Notice how fast you get relief . . . how quickly the miserable "gas" pressure disappears. You feel better almost instantly!

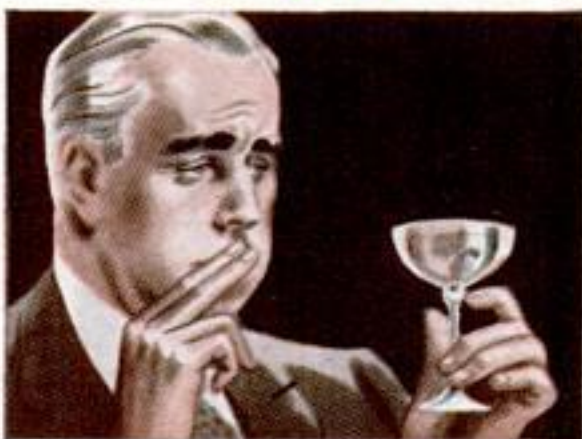
But Jests do more than give you merely fast relief. They actually give you longer relief! A special added ingredient, in effect, "sponges up" the excess acid as it forms in the stomach, thus helping to avoid a return of distress. Jests contain no bicarbonate of soda or other raw alkalis. They are not a laxative—not constipating. And they will not form a habit!

SO CONVENIENT TO CARRY

Jests taste like after-dinner mints. They are put up in handy little rolls which slip easily into your pocket or purse. Each roll is equipped with a metal "Protector Top" which keeps the last tablet as clean as the first. Keep Jests handy at home—in your medicine chest and on your night table! And carry Jests with you wherever you go . . . "jest" in case!



When you've **EATEN** unwisely



When you **DRINK** too much



When **SMOKING** distresses you

Acid Indigestion?

DUE TO TEMPORARY EXCESS STOMACH ACID

**LAUGH IT OFF
WITH A 'JEST'**



FREE...TRY JESTS AT OUR EXPENSE!

Jests, Inc. (Dept. L-4), P.O. Box 1, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me, free and postpaid, a generous trial package of Jests.

Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

(Paste coupon on a penny post card)

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (continued)



Final instructions are given by Director Carole Lombard to Actors Alfred Hitchcock and Robert Montgomery. Hitchcock is to stroll by and tip hat.

Carole Lombard takes over director's job and puts Hitchcock through paces

I n her 14 years in movies Carole Lombard has tried her hand at practically every phase of film production. She has been serious actress and screwball comedian, rewriter of screen scripts, adviser in technical problems, even critic of musical scores. But this is her first crack at directing.

Her chance, long awaited, came while Alfred Hitchcock was directing her in the new RKO comedy, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*. In all his movies Hitchcock reserves for himself a fleeting scene in which, by walking across the path of the camera, he puts his image, like a signature, in the production. To Carole Lombard went the director's chair for this brief flash. She chose her camera angle professionally, gave instructions to Hitchcock and Robert Montgomery and shot the scene twice. Like all good directors she began at end and worked back to it again. Unlike some, she did her own film cutting afterwards.

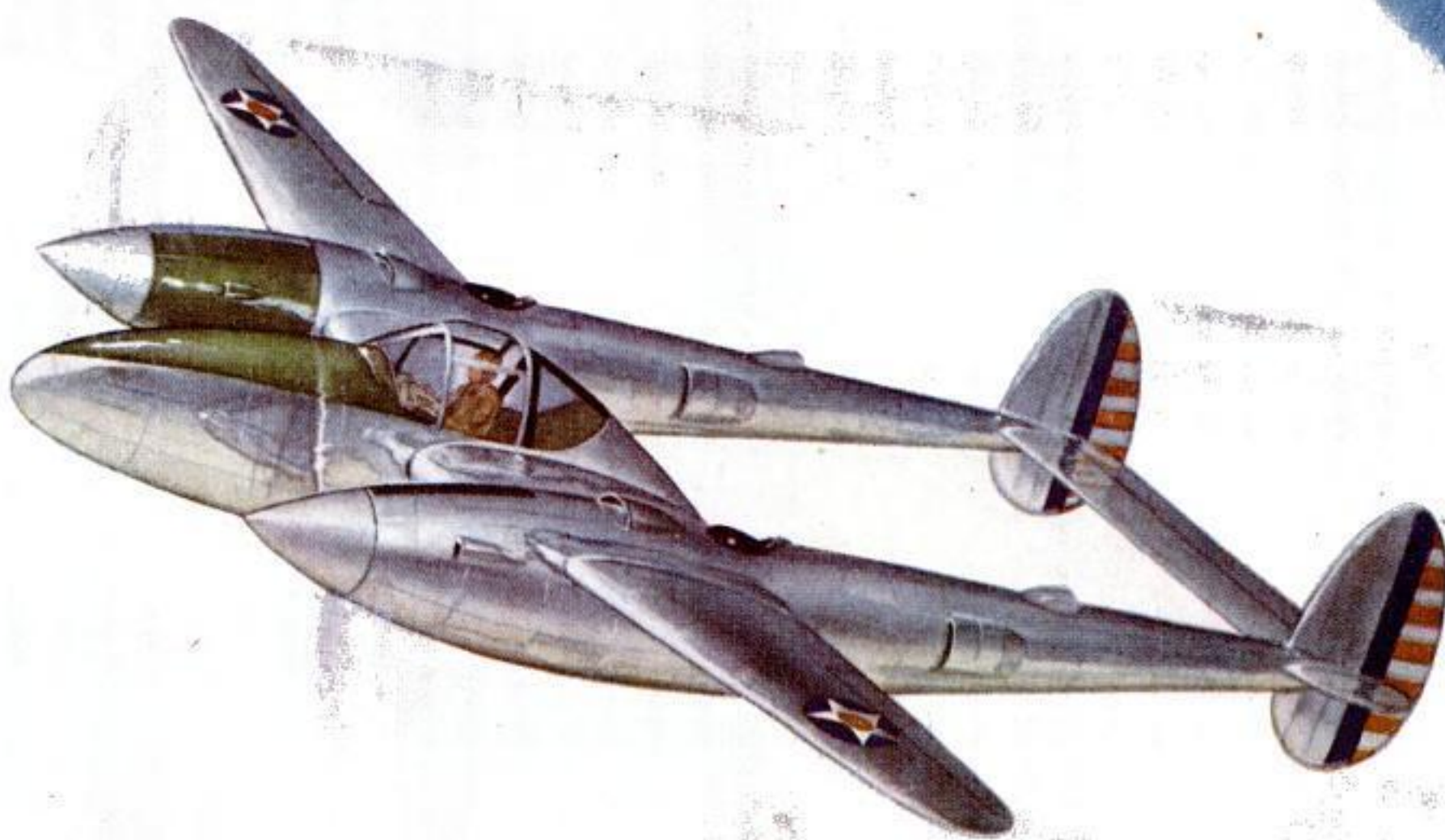


"Give, give!" cries Carole, demanding more action from Hitchcock.

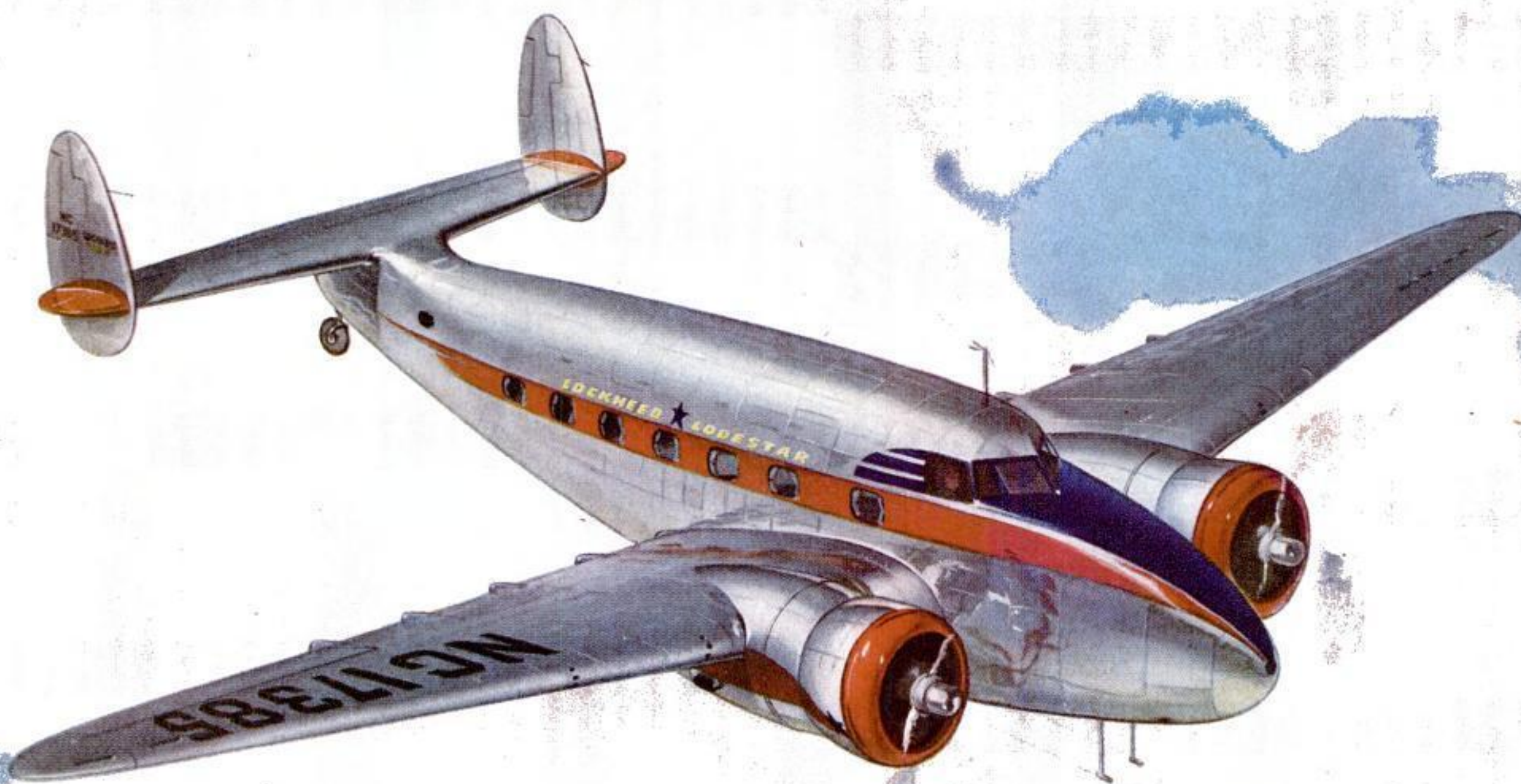


This is scene as Director Lombard shot it for *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*.

For the SWORDS of today...



and the PLOWSHARES of tomorrow...



The swords of 1941 are fast and deadly fighting airplanes. Their blades are the whirling, powerful propellers that rocket them through the air at unprecedented speeds in defense of nations.

In building these airplanes Lockheed is doing a patriotic duty. But hopefully, Lockheed looks to the day when these blades will cleave new paths to commerce, peace and expanded industry.

LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP IN BOTH

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

BURBANK, CALIF.



1933—THE YEAR OF REPEAL—Anthony Adverse was the most widely read novel in America. It was number one in size and number one in sales. A great book. And only 8 months after Repeal Seagram's 7 Crown was leading the field in its price class. Tasting tells you why. Celebrate Repeal's 7th birthday with Seagram's 7 Crown.

Your **7** Sip and Sample Years
are over... turn now to

Seagram's 7 Crown

THE WHISKEY YOU WILL COME TO...AND STAY WITH

7 YEARS SINCE REPEAL. You've come a long way since then, sharpened your judgment about many things, even the whiskey you pour now for yourself and those special friends.

How about a sporting challenge to your good taster's instinct? Then savor this rich, full-flavored Seagram's 7 Crown. Check it for heaviness; there's not a trace. Not sweet. Not palate-prickling. No, never. For this is Seagram's finest American whiskey, one your sipping and sampling must lead you to sooner or later. And it is unusually low priced, too, considering that reserved for it are Seagram's choicest and rarest stocks.

Today, do yourself a favor. Ask for Seagram's 7 Crown—the whiskey your 7 years' keener taste is ready for.

7 Years... Seagram's 7 Crown... HERE'S LUCK!



Seagram's 7 Crown. Blended Whiskey 86.8 proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1941, Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



CIGAR IN HAND AND FLANKED BY TELEPHONES, THE PRIME MINISTER SITS AT CENTER OF CABINET TABLE IN CABINET ROOM OF 10 DOWNING STREET

WINSTON CHURCHILL

HE INSPIRES AN EMPIRE IN ITS HOUR OF NEED

Here, in one of the most revealing pictures ever taken of the British Prime Minister, Cecil Beaton's camera has caught the great bulldog jaw and penetrating stare which today inspire the most stubborn and successful resistance that freemen have yet made to Nazism. Seated at the very heart of the British Empire—at cabinet table in No. 10 Downing Street—Winston Churchill mans the tiller of the world's greatest ship of state as it sails through stormy waters. His stooped figure, treading the ruins of London, Birmingham, Coventry, rouses the British to unsuspected martial heights. "We won't crack up, sir!" shouts a cockney after the Nazi fire raid on London (see pp. 17-23). "No sir," answers Churchill puffing gravely at a long black cigar, "we won't crack up."

Source of Churchill's ability to bring out the best in the British is not his popularity. In 40 years of public life, he has never been really popular. His successes have been scarcely better received than his mistakes. But his blunders—of which Gallipoli was the worst—have been big blunders, born of a breadth of vision and daring which men who make little mistakes never possess. Although he is a master politician, with more important government posts behind him than any living British statesman, he is not politically cautious. Denied the mantle of Prime Minister until Britain's back was up against the wall after disaster in Norway, his first speech warned: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat."

But save for the poets, no Englishman has been

able to express better in words the deepest fighting instincts which Englishmen feel but find difficult to articulate. That is the secret of Churchill. It is the power of his words. Of words spoken as France fell and invasion threatened: "We shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on hills." Of words about the future: "Long dark months of trial and tribulation lie before us. Many mistakes and disappointments will surely be our lot; death and sorrow will be our companion . . . hardship our garment, constancy and valor our only shield." Of words in praise of the R. A. F.: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Of words, few but significant, on his 66th birthday: "The Prime Minister is getting on with the war."



MRS. CHURCHILL GRACES NO. 10

A Cecil Beaton picture of calm and grace in a warring world is Mrs. Winston Churchill, here shown seated on the divan in her yellowish-green drawing room on the second floor of 10 Downing Street. Blitzkrieg has changed neither her taste for sculptured hair nor flowing gowns of classical line. As

mistress of No. 10, she supervises the running of a 68-room mansion, first occupied by prime ministers in 1704.

She was born Clementine Ogilvy Hozier, daughter of a distinguished colonel. During air raids she ducks down with her husband into the basement of No. 10.

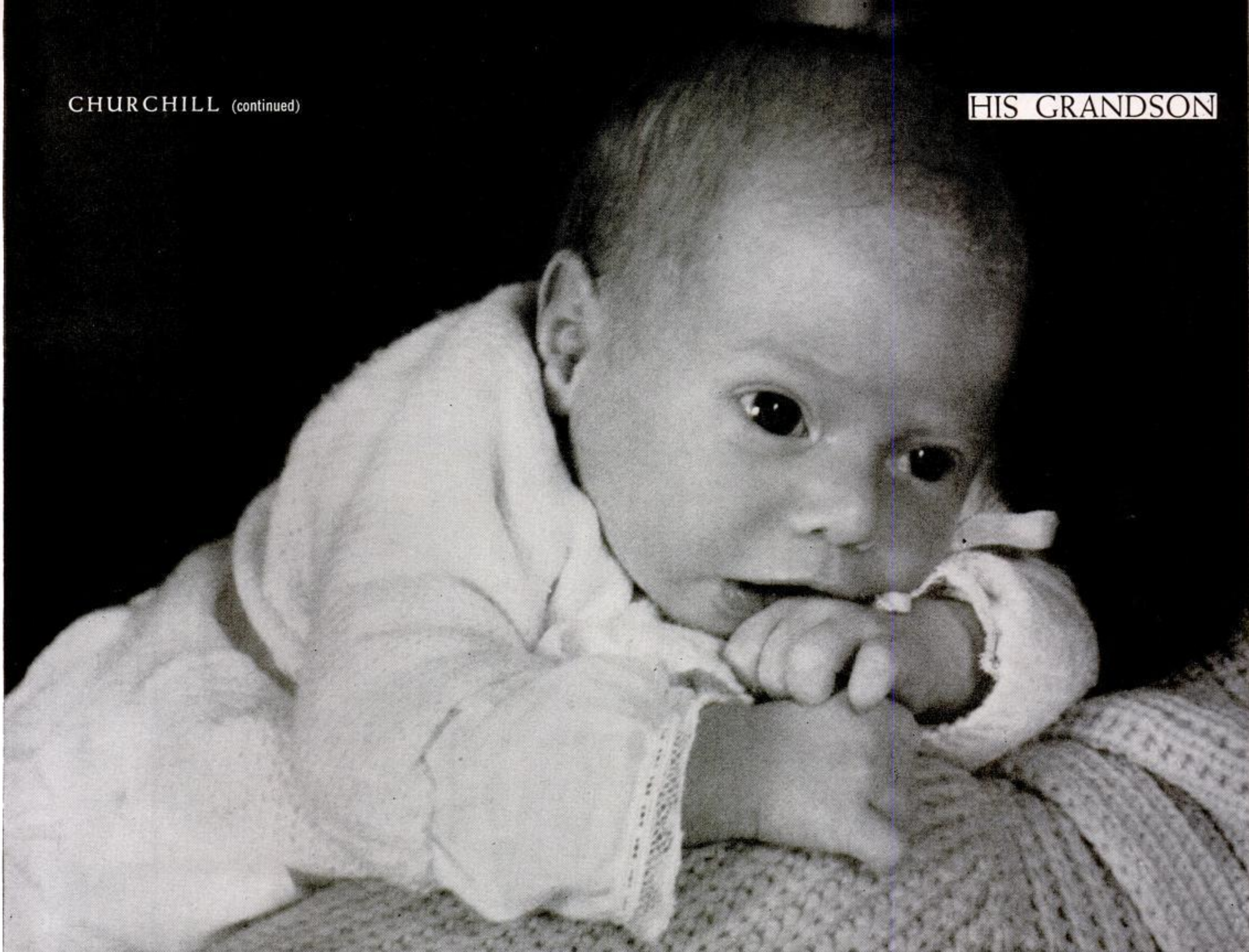


PRETTY PAMELA IS RANDOLPH'S WIFE

Mrs. Randolph Churchill, who appears with her baby son on the cover, is seen standing here in the main reception room on the second floor of No. 10. Paintings by Reynolds and Gainsborough decorate the yellow walls. Precious Persian rugs cover the floor. The columns are yellow

marble. Mrs. Churchill's auburn hair and green eyes add their own touch of color to the scene.

Like her father, Lord Digby, she is an authority on horses. Now 20, she married Churchill's only son, a subaltern in a cavalry corps, a month after war was declared in 1939. Her husband is also an M. P.



WINSTON CHURCHILL II IS PRIME MINISTER'S THIRD GRANDCHILD. HE LIVES WITH HIS PARENTS ON RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S ESTATE IN KENT

Tea is served in Mrs. Churchill's sitting room which contains Augustus John's portrait of the Prime Minister (left).

Churchill spends most of the day in No. 10, but sleeps in an air-raid shelter whose location is a guarded military secret.

From his window Churchill looks out on Horse Guard's Parade and the Admiralty (left). Prime Ministers usually use the rear

HIS WIFE'S PARLOR



HIS BEDROOM VIEW



HIS COATRACK

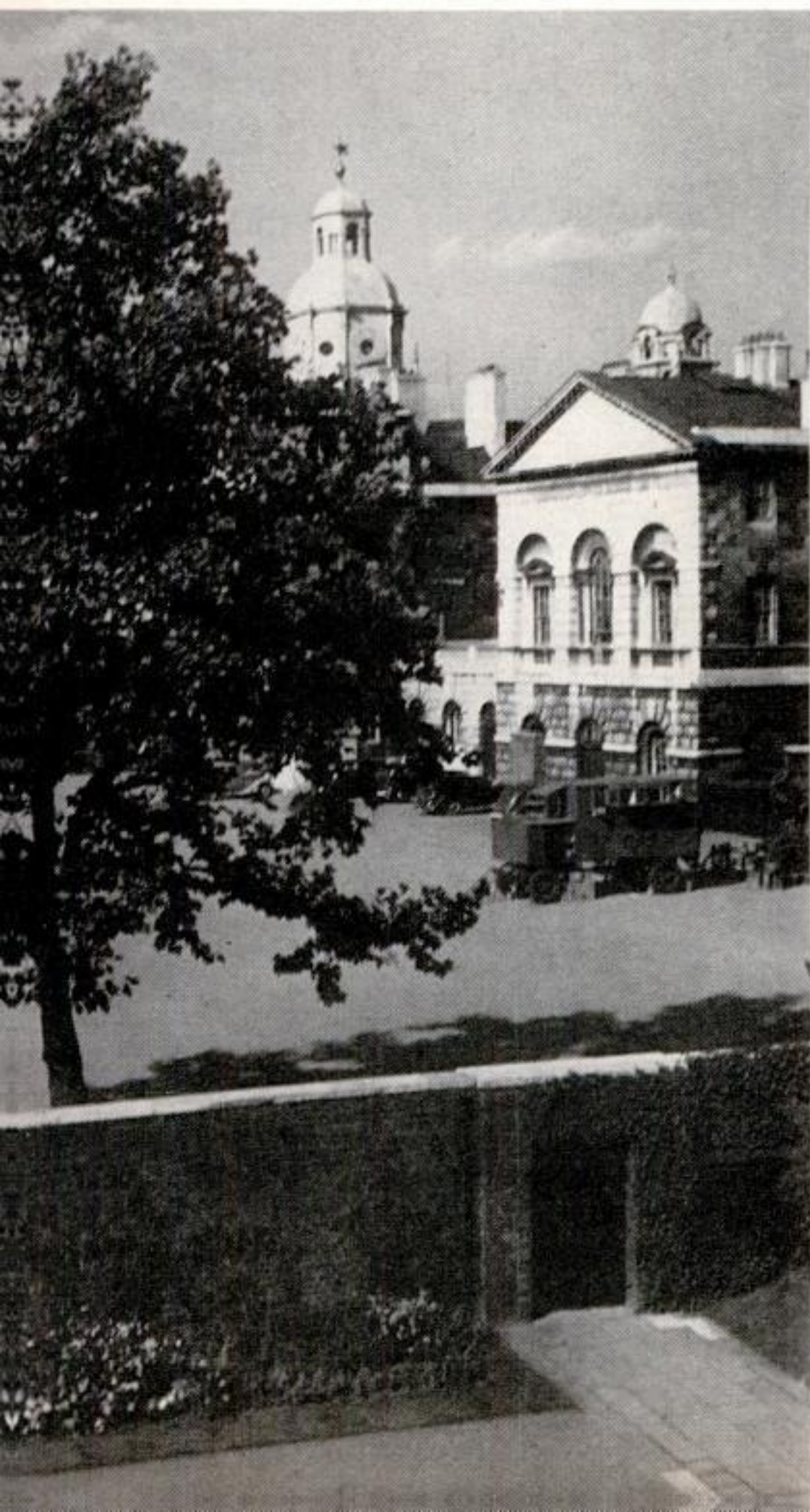


CABINET'S COATS AND HATS LIE ON TABLE OUTSIDE CABINET ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR. CHURCHILL'S HAT AND COAT ARE ON MIDDLE SHELF

door of No. 10 in the brick wall at the right. The flower beds were planted by Neville Chamberlain. No. 10 was built in 1671.

Vestibule umbrella stand contains his canes. The cane at the left is fitted with a flashbulb for blackouts. Another

cane Churchill still uses a great deal was a wedding present from Edward VII to "His Youngest Minister" 32 years ago.



HIS WALKING STICKS



SIX WARS, FOUR CHILDREN, PAINTING AND POLO



1 His greatest ancestor, eight generations removed, was John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. The victor at Blenheim (1704), he was greatest English general.



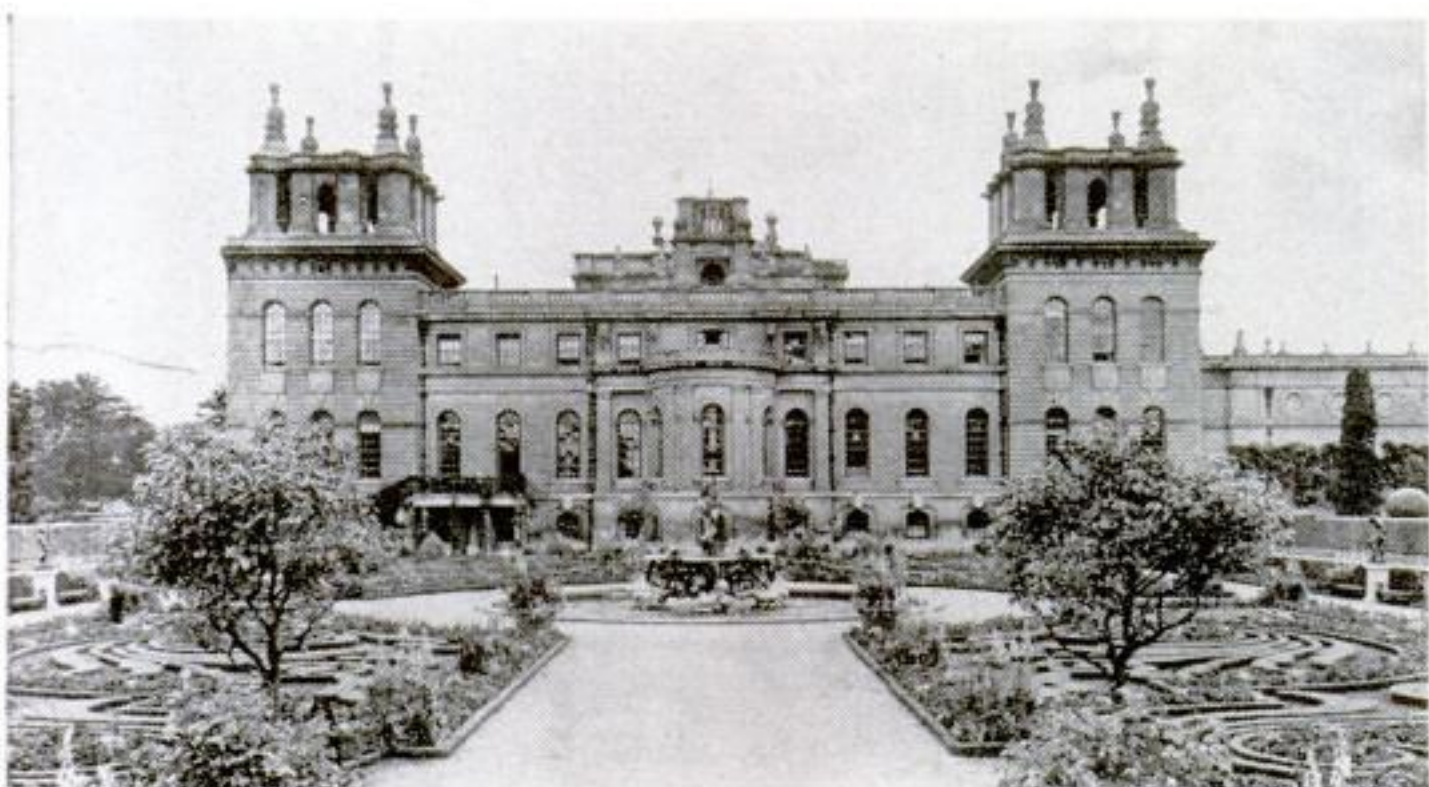
2 His maternal grandfather, Leonard Jerome, was an American. He was founder of New York Jockey Club and co-publisher of *Times*.



3 His maternal grandmother came from Rochester, but spent much of her time in fashionable circles of Paris and London.



4 His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, was in the cabinet. He thought Winston would never do well in England.



9 Ancestral Marlborough home is Blenheim Palace at Woodstock where Romans built winter villas 2,000 years ago. Queen Anne presented palace to John Churchill as reward for Blenheim victory. Winston was born and spent part of his honeymoon here.



10 He married Clementine Hozier in social event of 1908 season. Picture shows them after honeymoon.



11 Churchill's younger brother is Major John Spencer Churchill (right). Major's son John sits on top step during 1931 visit. Winston's son Randolph sits at the left.



16 Mary Churchill's debut was held in Grosvenor House last February. Photograph shows the Prime Minister (arrow), Mrs. Churchill dancing at right and Mary dancing with boy facing the camera (center).



17 His first grandchild was born to his oldest daughter Diana and her husband, Duncan Sandys, in 1936.



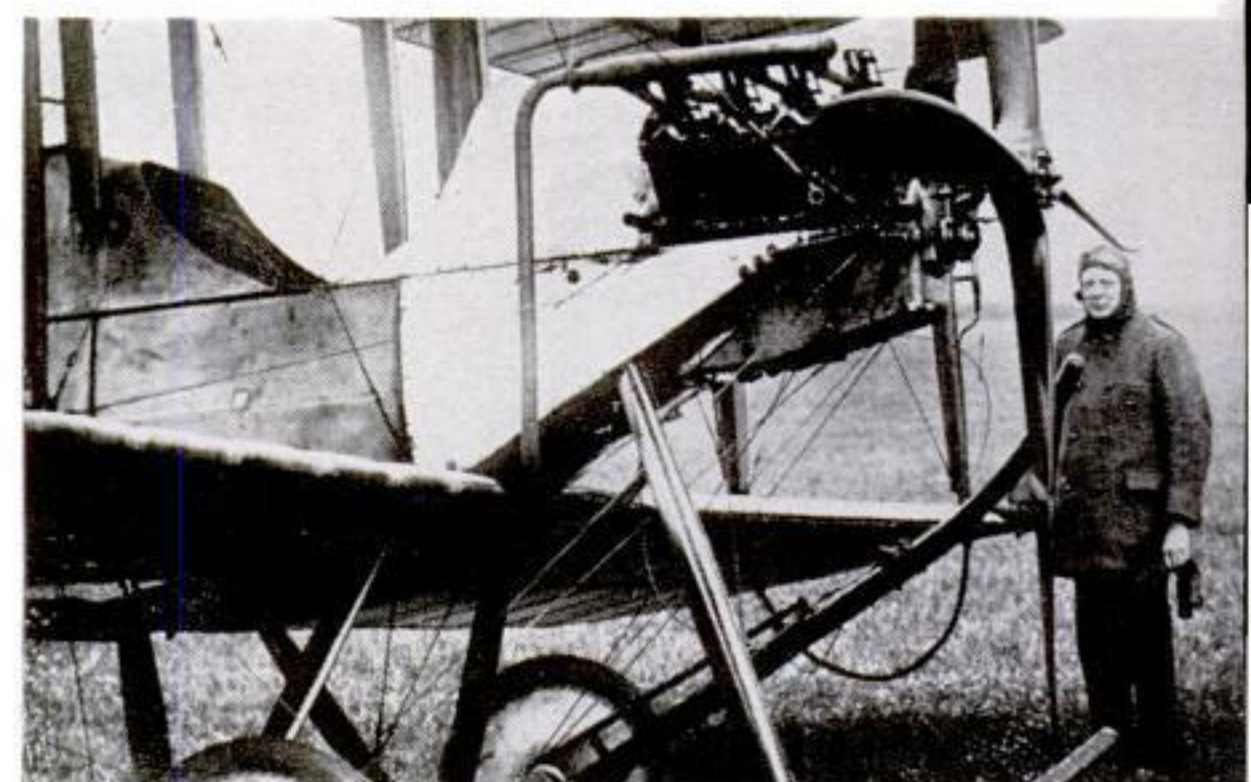
18 Chartwell, Winston Churchill's Elizabethan manor, is in Kent. He himself built brick wall fencing off the estate. Black swans were imported from Australia for artificial lakes. Hot-water pond was built for goldfish.



22 Captured by Boers during Boer War, when a British troop train on which he was traveling as a London war correspondent was derailed, Churchill (arrow) was taken to prison camp in Pretoria. He escaped alone over the prison wall.



23 As cavalry major, he attended the army war maneuvers of 1910 with Gen. Sir John French.



24 His enthusiasm for flying goes back to 1911. While at the Admiralty he developed the naval air arm. In 1912 he flew for the first time (above). He still travels by air but no longer pilots a plane.

HAVE ENLIVENED CHURCHILL'S STRENUOUS LIFE



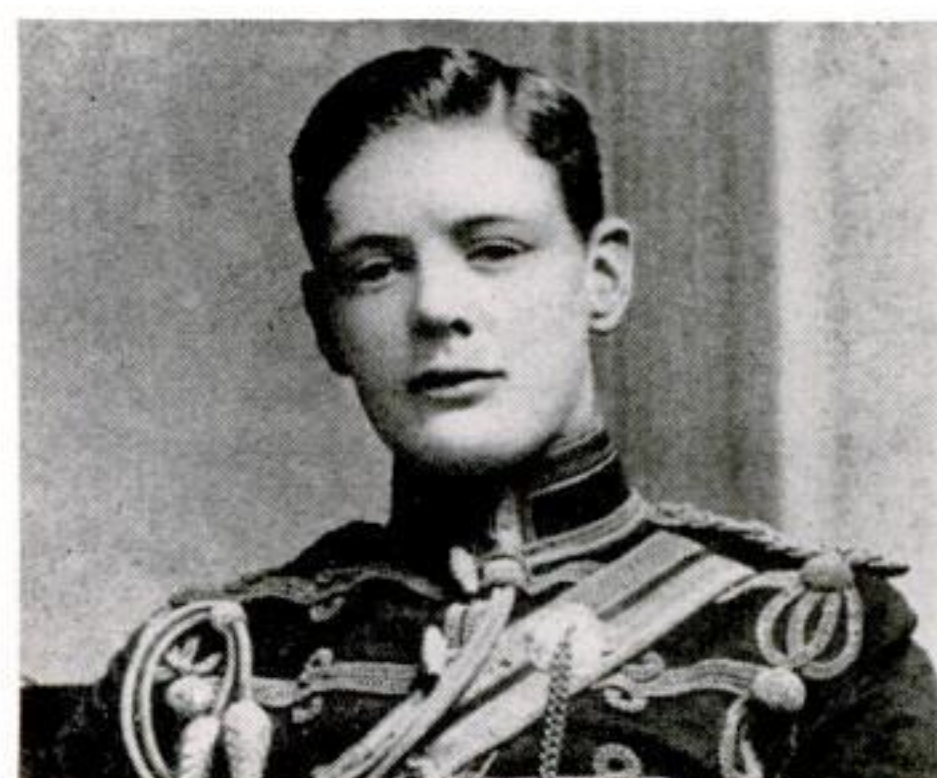
5 His mother, Jennie Jerome, American by birth, died in 1921. Edward VII and Queen Alexandra graced her dinner table.



6 Aged 2, in the earliest known photograph, Winnie was curly, red-haired. Although sickly, Winnie grew up to be champion fencer.



7 At 13 he wore formal clothes, was considered "naughtiest small boy in the world" by his dancing teacher.



8 At 21, fresh from Harrow and Sandhurst, Churchill was a handsome Hussar. In 1896 he was sent to India where he played polo, fought rebellious Pathan tribesmen.



12 Daughter Sarah (left) was presented at Court in 1933. Parents accompanied her to Buckingham Palace.



13 Sarah's marriage to popular Comedian Vic Oliver (right) was a sensation in 1936. She followed him to the U. S. and finally got her father's consent to marry him. He is now in wartime revue.



14 Son Randolph married Pamela Digby in military wedding month after war was declared.



15 Daughter Mary (center) is youngest, quietest of the Prime Minister's children. A brunette, she is now 18.



19 His paintings line the studio walls at Chartwell. Distinguished by their strong sense of color, several have been sold under the

pseudonym of "Charles Marin." Winston Churchill never painted until one day at the age of 40 he saw his children dabbling with their paintbox.



20 While painting at Chartwell, Churchill was in the habit of keeping a bottle of Scotch and seltzer handy (left, bottom).



21 Still life by Churchill includes bottles of Scotch and brandy, two of Prime Minister's favorite refreshments.



25 During World War he was a familiar sight driving about London in a small roadster. He was First Lord of the Admiralty, later Minister of Munitions. He also saw action at Antwerp, and as a major and later colonel of infantry on Somme.



26 During hunts in France in the 1920's, Churchill forgot about quarry long enough to down a snifter.



27 He played polo with the Prince of Wales (center) in 1924 but gave up the game a few years later. During the abdication crisis of 1936 he was the sole Elder Statesman to support Edward.

CAVALCADE OF HISTORY WINDS THROUGH HIS LIFE



28 With Lloyd George, in whose war cabinet he served, he walked to Parliament in sartorial splendor.



29 With Lord Birkenhead, Churchill fought over Irish question in 1921. Churchill helped found Eire.



30 With Sir Edward Carson, Ulster leader, Churchill sought a compromise settlement to Irish dispute.



31 Through Lord Halifax, Churchill had influence over foreign policy before the present war began.



32 Brendan Bracken (right), ex-financial editor, is now Churchill's confidential secretary.

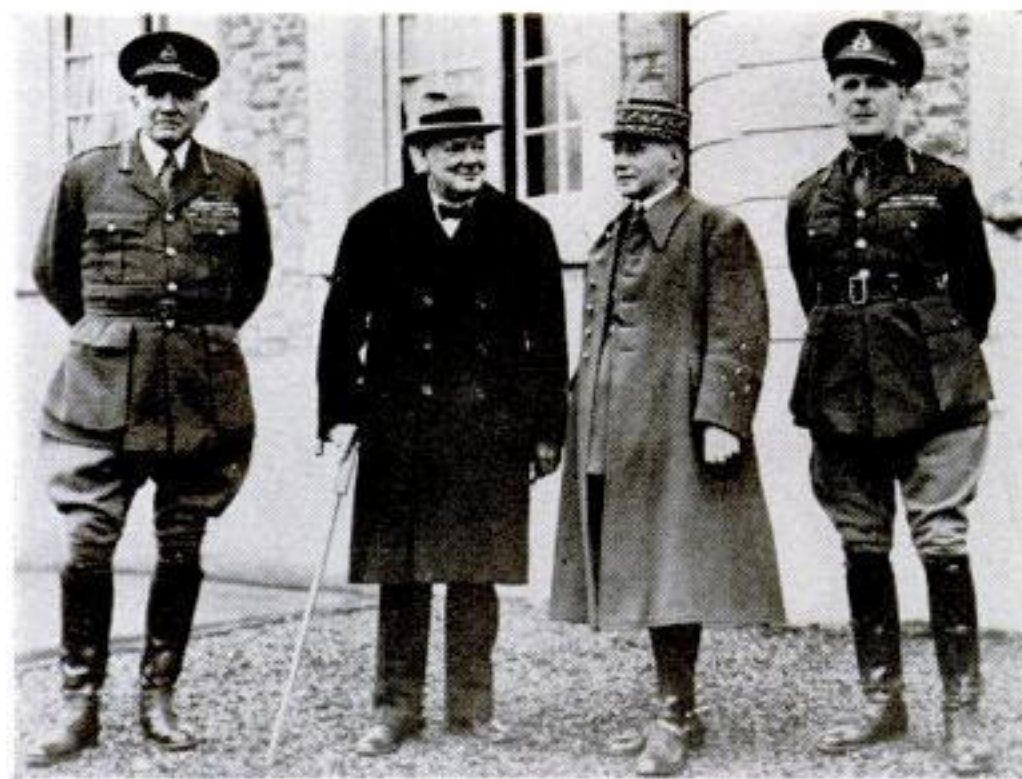


36 As First Lord of the Admiralty, Churchill (right) at the age of 40 guided Britain's war at sea in 1914 with elderly First Sea Lord Fisher (center). They disagreed violently over Gallipoli and when the venture failed Churchill resigned from office.

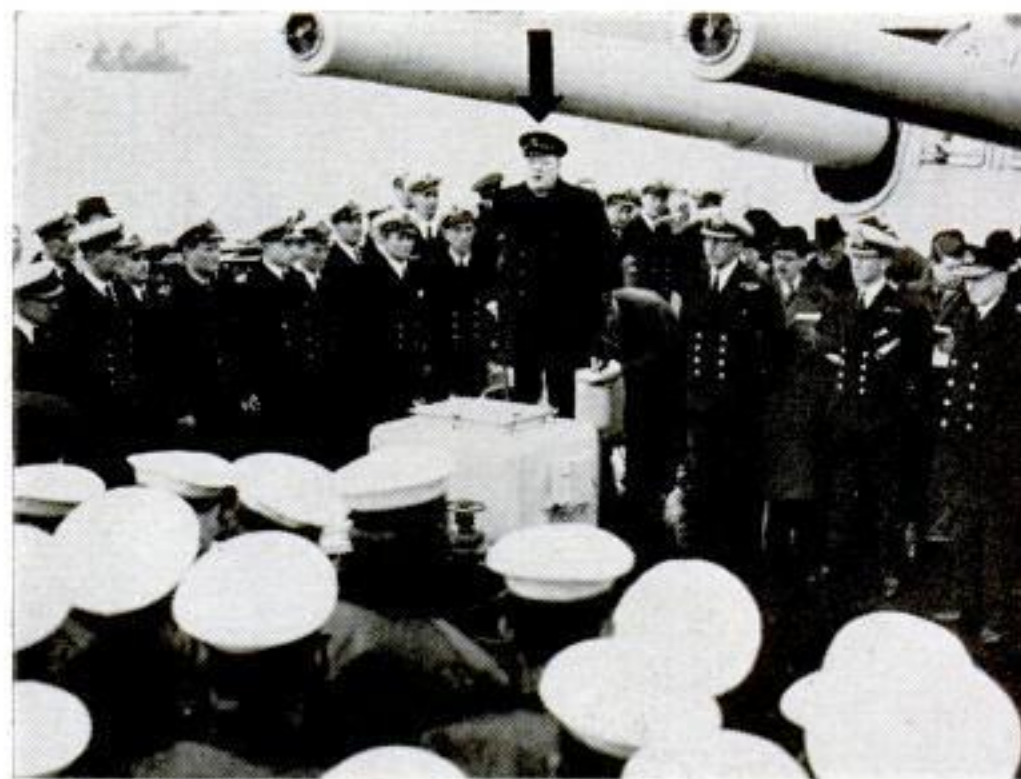


37 Britain's post-war leaders, including seven Prime Ministers, stood bareheaded at Cenotaph one Armistice Day. Left to right they were:

Churchill, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Balfour, Neville Chamberlain, Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin, Herbert Asquith and Lloyd George.



40 At the start of war Churchill was called back to his 1914 post at Admiralty. During winter stalemate of 1940 he visited Generals Ironsides, Gamelin, Gort in France (above).



41 On quarterdeck of H. M. S. "Exeter" when she returned to Plymouth last February after defeating *Graf Spee*, Churchill (arrow) stood on a chair, likened tars to Raleigh and Drake.



42 King, Queen, Churchill showed a united front after surveying Buckingham Palace damage from September raid. Churchill served under King's grandfather, father.



43 When invasion threatened last summer, Churchill as Britain's new hard-hitting Prime Minister rallied coastal troops with his presence and examined a "Tommy gun."



44 In the thick of the fight, Churchill puts on a helmet and smilingly sits out a Nazi raid over Dover (above), inspects damage after important raids, through his binoc-

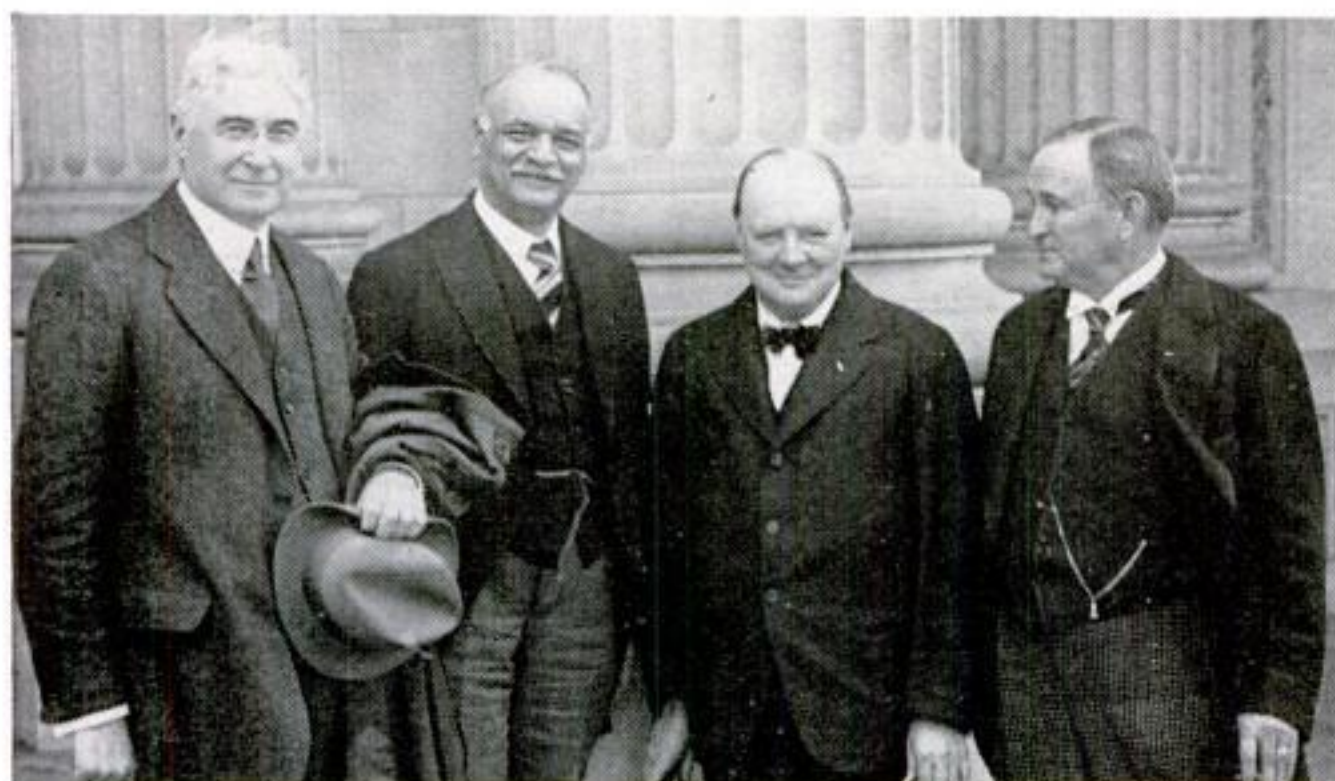


ulars watches Nazi fighters shot down over Channel, and in his latest picture puffs at his cigar and watches an anti-aircraft demonstration despite the freezing weather (above).

WHICH NOW REACHES ITS CLIMAX IN PRESENT WAR



33 With General Pershing he rode to war conferences in London in 1918. After the war Churchill was the only Englishman to receive U. S. Distinguished Service Medal.



34 He visited the U. S. in 1932 on a lecture tour, lunched with Bernard Baruch, Vice President Curtis and Senator Joseph Robinson at Capitol (above) and talked with Hoover. He was hit by taxi in New York, hospitalized for two weeks.



35 With Al Smith he went to top of Empire State Building. Smith had his derby, Churchill his cigar and cane.



38 In academic robe, he was installed as Chancellor of Bristol University in 1929. Present were Walter Runciman (second from left), with Sir Roger Keyes next to him, and Philip Snowden who had just succeeded Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer (right).



39 Beaming with fatherly pride, Churchill (arrow) appeared on platform to help Son Randolph (left) run for Parliament in 1935. The Duke of Westminster presided (center). Five years later, on fourth attempt, Randolph was elected to House. His maiden speech was a notable success.



45 At Lord Mayor's luncheon in London's Guildhall earlier this winter, Churchill (arrow), after dining off gold plate, lit cigar while Archbishop of Canterbury smoked

cigaret (right). Retiring Lord Mayor chatted with his successor at center of the table. The next time Churchill visited historic Guildhall, it was a tangled mass of ruins after Nazi

fire raid of Dec. 29 (see pp. 17-23). "They gave us something last night, didn't they, Winnie?" a man shouted. "And we'll give them something back!" answered the Prime Minister.

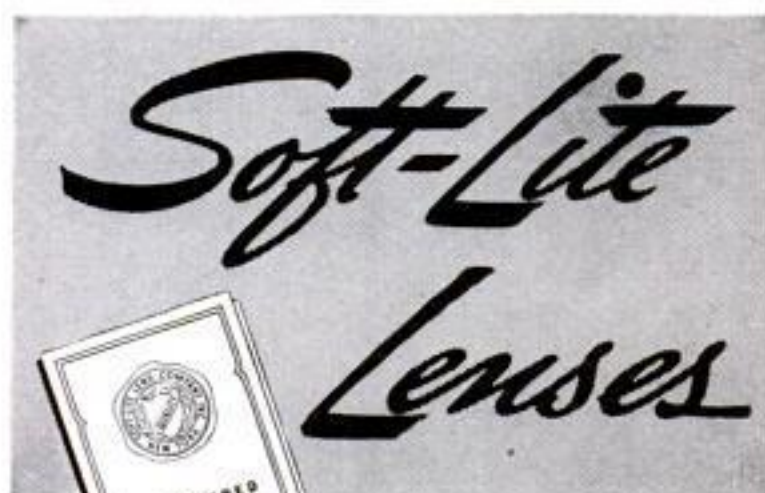


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CHURCHILL (continued)

"THERE WAS A MAN"

TRIBUTE TO THE "ROSY OLD WARRIOR"

WHO MADE A NATION KNOW ITS PERIL

by DOROTHY THOMPSON



The most discerning tribute paid to Winston Churchill by an American is a speech delivered last summer over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation by Dorothy Thompson. In it Miss Thompson addresses Hitler and Churchill as "the very symbols of the struggle going on in the world," the protagonists in "one of those heroic dramas which literature can never approximate." Herewith LIFE publishes the greater part of Miss Thompson's eloquent speech.

Hitler looked across at Britain, and was satisfied. Britain was ruled by businessmen and bureaucrats. They were cautious men. The businessmen thought in terms of good bargains; the bureaucrats thought in terms of conferences and negotiations. They were decorous and they were old. They were very sure of Britain. Nobody has ever beaten Britain, not for hundreds of years. Britain was safe. The Germans were annoying again. The Germans were perennially annoying. But Britain was not a tight little island. Britain was a world, a good world, a free world. As it had been, so it would remain—world without end. Amen. And so they closed their briefcases and went fishing or shooting on weekends. Nobody wanted war. War was unthinkable, really.

Yes, but in England there was a man.

Winston Churchill was no longer young. He was in his 60's. Yet there was something perennially youthful about him, as there is always something youthful about those who have done what they wanted to do and have been happy. He had had a good life, the best life any man can have: a life of action and a life of intellect. His father was the son of the Duke of Marlborough. His ancestors had served England and fought her wars and led her peace for as far back as one could remember. But he was the younger son of a younger son and therefore and fortunately, poor. What does a young man of spirit do, with quick blood in his veins, no money and a great tradition behind him? He goes to his country's wars. Young Winston was a soldier of fortune, a fighter on two continents, a war correspondent, his heart mettlesome, his eye keen, living in his times, living in them up to the hilt, preserving every impression on paper, and seeing everything against the colored tapestry of the great history of Britain. O, yes, he was in love with life. He had no complexes and no neuroses. Shakespeare has described his kind. He called them "this happy breed of men!"

And what did he stand for in the history of England? Light and generosity; Home Rule for Ireland; tolerance and equality for the defeated Boers, generosity to the defeated Germans—he was no lover of the Treaty of Versailles; social reform and the rights of labor, as President of the Board of Trade; Imperial preference for the Dominions, for Canada.

Lover of life and beauty

He was no ascetic. He loved good food, good wine, pretty and witty women, gifted men, action and pleasure, color and sound. He was the great life-affirmer. Life was not buying and selling; life was not this margin of profit here or that margin of loss there; life was not the accumulation of riches; life itself was riches—the lovely sight of ships—nothing more beautiful than a ship, nothing more English than a ship, the ships of explorers, of traders, of fighters. To be First Lord of the Admiralty was a job for a man who loves ships, and because he loves ships, loves both their harbors and the oceans of the world.

The lovely forms of landscapes! Home from war and out of responsible office, he took himself a palette and colors and began to paint—like you, Mr. Hitler—to paint the world he loved. He loved this world with the catholic appetite of the artist of life. For he was, and is, a soldier, a sailor, an artist and a poet. Is not a man rich if he is born with the English language in his mouth? What a language! A glorious and imperial mongrel, this great synthesis of the Teutonic and the French, the Latin and the Greek, this most hospitable of tongues, this raider of the world's

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ideas, full of words from the Arabic desert and the Roman forum and the lists of the Crusades. The English language fell from his tongue with that candid simplicity which is its genius, and with that grandeur which is its glory. But people said, "The trouble with Winston is he is too brilliant."

When a man is 60, and has lived life to the fullest, when he has loved life and treated it gallantly, he has the right to retire, and be quiet, and cultivate his garden among his old friends. That is what civilized men have always done and always will do: "leave action and responsibility now to the young ones." That's what he thought.

Ah, but what was wrong with the young ones? The trained eye cannot be closed. The quick mind moves and thinks even if the body lies upon its back watching the clouds move lazily across an English sky. The poet sees what the commercial trader and the common politician does not. And suddenly the soldier-poet leaps to his feet. Something is about to happen! That which he loves more than food and wine and color and sound and action and rest and his garden; something that he loves more than life—that which is his life: his blood, his soul—that which is ancestry and friendship, family and friends, that which is the future—all the great past, all the stumbling present, all the future, the great future, of a language, of a race, is threatened. There is a cloud creeping over the landscape, the shadow of the growing pyramid grows higher. And the old passion for his greatest love wells up in the man's heart—the passion of his childhood, of his adolescence, of his youth, of his maturity, to which never for an instant was he fickle. For England! For Britain! For the Britain of the English soil and the far-flung Navy! For the Britain of the world language and the world commonwealth. For the Britain with her deathless attachment to law and to freedom.

What is this world, he thinks, if Britain falls? What will become of the ever-expanding Commonwealth of Nations and the commonwealth of man?

It is too early to retire and cultivate one's garden. "If I forget thee, oh, Britain," he must have cried to himself, "let my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

So he puffed his way back to where the politicians were holding their conferences. Yes, he puffed his way. He was quite portly now, and not so young as he had been. But the tongue in his head was the old, great English tongue, and it had something to say.

"England, Awaken!"

Do you know what he said, Mr. Hitler? You once said something like that, too. You said, "Deutschland Erwache!" Germany Awaken! Churchill said, "England, Awaken!" You don't like Mr. Churchill, Herr Hitler. But you would have liked him, I think, if he had been a German.

Month in and month out, with nothing but one seat in Parliament, and with words, he rediscovered for Britain what Britain in her greatest moments is: the parent of the world citizen; the home of the chivalrous; the defender of the faith. The defender of what faith? Of faith in God and in man, in his common destiny, in his common right to citizenship on this planet.

Not in generations have such words of passionate love and measured indignation fallen from English lips as Churchill uttered in the series of speeches called "While England Slept."

And while he spoke to them, while he spoke mostly to unheeding ears, the shadow was lengthening and finally loomed so tall and menacing that all the world could see. And then, when it was over them with all the full darkness of its horror and destruction, the people of England, the common people of England, lifted Churchill on their hands, crying, "Speak and fight for us!"

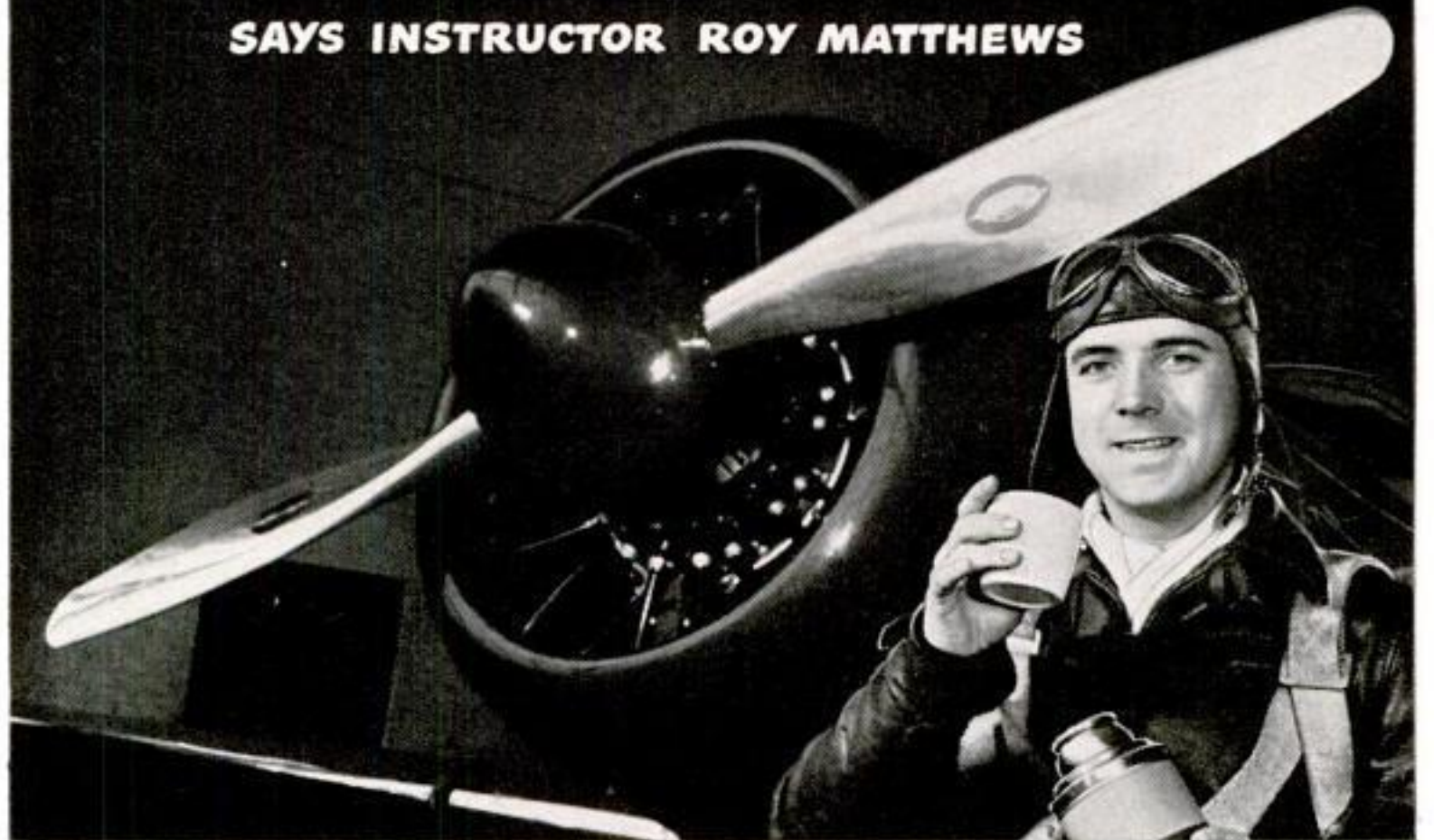
It was very, very late, when Churchill took up his last fight for Britain. He inherited an unholy mess. Let us tell the truth. He inherited all that the men of little faith, the money-grubbers, the windy pacifists, the ten-to-five o'clock bureaucrats had left undone. But he said no word against them. He did not do what you, Hitler, have done to your predecessors—hold them up to ridicule and contempt. No word of complaint crossed his lips. He is half a generation older than Hitler, but he took up the fight for the sceptered isle, that precious stone, set in a silver sea, he took up the fight for the worldwide commonwealth of men, held together by the most slender thread of common language and a common way of life—and he fights his last fight, for the ways and the speech of men who have never known a master.

Why don't you take your hat off to Churchill, Mr. Hitler, you who claim to love the leadership principle? Why don't you take your hat off to a member of that race you profess to serve, the race of fair and brave and gallant northern men? By what irony of history have those who oppose you become those very men of the north, the Dutch and the Norwegians, Frenchmen, and those half-German, half-Norman folk who call themselves Britons?

Who is the friend of the white race? You, who have ganged up with Japan to drive the white race out of Asia, or Churchill who believes in the

"TEST FLYING'S TOUGH — BUT I 'TUNE UP' WITH TEA!"

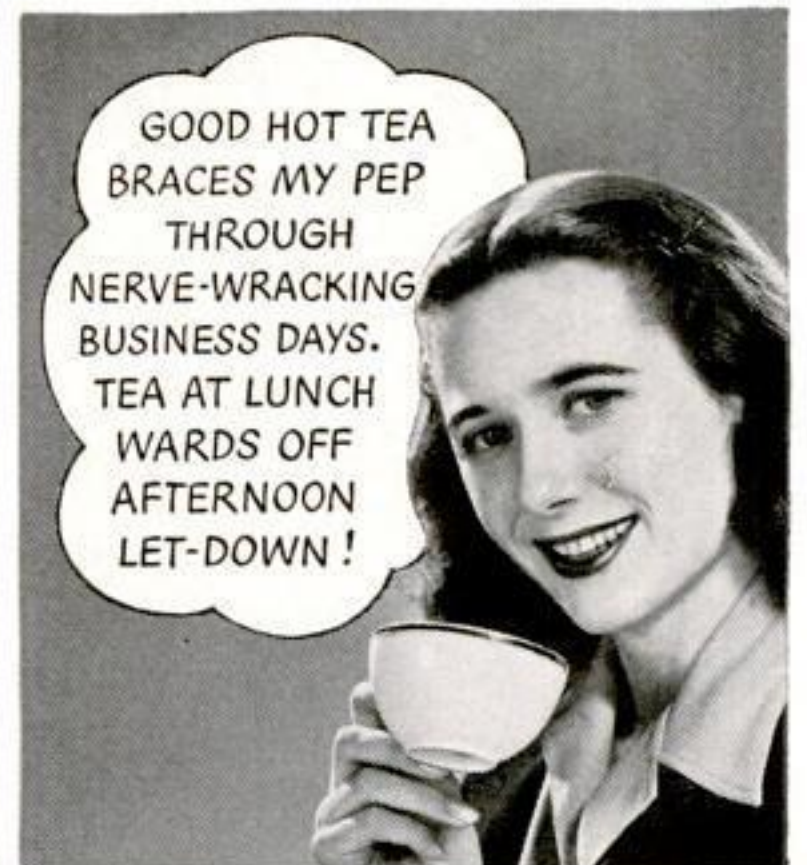
SAYS INSTRUCTOR ROY MATTHEWS



"DIVING A MODERN PLANE puts a big strain on pep!" says Roy Matthews, former test pilot, now an instructor in advance flying acrobatics. "Tea is a 'must' with me on strenuous flying days," Roy adds. "From dawn to dusk, it's the drink that bolsters resistance—helps nerves relax, too. Steaming hot tea has good, rich body, hit-the-spot flavor. I go for the real thing—black tea, fully brewed."



MEET MRS. LUCILE A. FROLEY, housewife, who says: "My family and I love tea for delicious, cheering flavor—a grand bracer! Household chores fly, thanks to stimulating tea—and naturally I have more pep left for social affairs!"



"POUNDING A TYPEWRITER, answering phones, taking fast dictation—I've got to watch my pep!" So secretary Mary Bidlecombe lauds tea. "A steaming cup of delicious tea fights slumps—especially in cold, devitalizing weather."

IT'S AS EASY AS A-B-C TO GET A REALLY GOOD CUP OF TEA

A—Always use bubbling boiling water and pour it on the TEA.

B—Use 1 teaspoonful per cup, plus one for the pot.

C—Steep to any strength you prefer. (Most people who use cream or milk choose a 5-minute brew.)

SIX GOOD TIMES TO ENJOY TEA

BREAKFAST—Tea gives you a quick pick-up and it's so easy to digest.

AT 11 A.M.—Tea helps you to work better, think faster.

LUNCHEON—For a good afternoon's work, let tea pep you up.

AT 4 P.M.—So refreshing—tea chases away 4 o'clock fatigue.

DINNER—Tea tastes swell and makes food taste better.

EVENING—Enjoy tea freely—tea lets you sleep.

GOOD TEA COMES FROM



THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE. FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT, BUY QUALITY TEA.

TEA

PEPS YOU UP!

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CHURCHILL (continued)

right of white men to live and work wherever they can hold their own on this planet?

You, who have waged war upon the white race, and attempted to divide it into superior white folks and inferior white folks, masters and slaves, or Churchill, who stands for the idea of commonwealth and equality?

Who is the prototype of the white man of the future, the world citizen, Churchill, or the world enemy? Why do you hate in Churchill that you would not love in a German man? Do you despise him because he is a soldier, and a writer, and an artist? What has become of your charges of English money-grubbers in the face of this rosy old warrior-artist?

And who today is the plutocrat, who is the have nation and who is the have-not nation?

Britain, the greatest have-not nation

The greatest have-not nation in the world today is the British Isles. Forty-two million people on an island, assailed from the coasts of violated Norway, from the coasts of violated Holland, from the coasts of violated Belgium, and from defeated France, without resources of food or raw materials except as she can buy them or obtain them from her Allies across the oceans of the world. Does not the heroism of this embattled and impoverished Isle impress you, Hitler, you who praise heroism? Would you have more respect for some lickspittle or some cheap imitation of yourself? Who is the plutocratic nation—Britain, in whose great houses live today the children of the London slums, or Nazi Germany, the great *nouveau riche* kidnapper of provinces, collector of ransoms, stuffed with the delicatessen of the Danes and the Czechs and the Dutch, heavy hands spread out upon huge knees, with a gun like a gangster's diamond on every finger!

The plutocratic England you attack is today a socialist state—a socialist state created without class war, created out of love and led by an aristocrat for whom England builds no eagle's nests or palaces out of the taxes of her people, a man who cares nothing for money, or ever has, but only for Britain, and for the coming world that a free and socialist British society will surely help to build if ever it is built.

The master of the dyke against world chaos is you, Churchill, you gallant, portly little warrior. I do not know what spirits surround Hitler. I do not hear the great harmonies of Beethoven, but only the music of Wagner, the music of chaos. I do not see the ghost of Goethe nor the ghost of Bismarck, the last great German who knew when to stop.

But around you, Winston Churchill, is a gallant company of ghosts. Elizabeth is there, and sweetest Shakespeare, the man who made the English Renaissance the world's renaissance. Drake is there, and Raleigh, and Wellington. Burke is there, and Walpole, and Pitt. Byron is there, and Wordsworth and Shelley. Yes, and I think Washington is there, and Hamilton, two men of English blood, whom gallant Englishmen defended in your Parliament. And Jefferson is there, who died again, the other day, in France. All the makers of a world of freedom and of law are there, and among them is the Shropshire lad, to whom his ghostly author calls again: "Get ye the men your fathers got, and God will save the Queen."

And when you speak, Churchill, brave men's hearts everywhere rush out to you. There are no neutral hearts, Winston Churchill, except those that have stopped beating. There are no neutral prayers. Our hearts and our prayers say, "God give you strength, God bless you. May you live to cultivate your garden, in a free world, liberated from terror, and persecution, war, and fear."



CHURCHILL SIGNALS "THUMBS UP" TO THE CREW OF A THAMES RIVER BOAT

HOW DID OUR
LANGUAGE
ORIGINATE?



Enchant

came from the witch's song

TO be *enchanted*, in the usual modern sense, is to be highly delighted or charmed—something very different from the original meaning. The word is ultimately descended from the Latin *cantare*, "to sing"; more immediately from its derivative *incantare*, "to chant or utter a magic formula over or against one," "to bewitch." This became Old French *enchanter*, which English borrowed as *enchant*. The first English meaning was still close to the original: "to act on by charms or sorcery." Today *enchant* is used figuratively to mean "to enrapture," as with music, beauty, or the like.

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 more entries than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. WARNING: The only genuine Webster is the Merriam-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Co., 621 Federal Street, Springfield, Mass.

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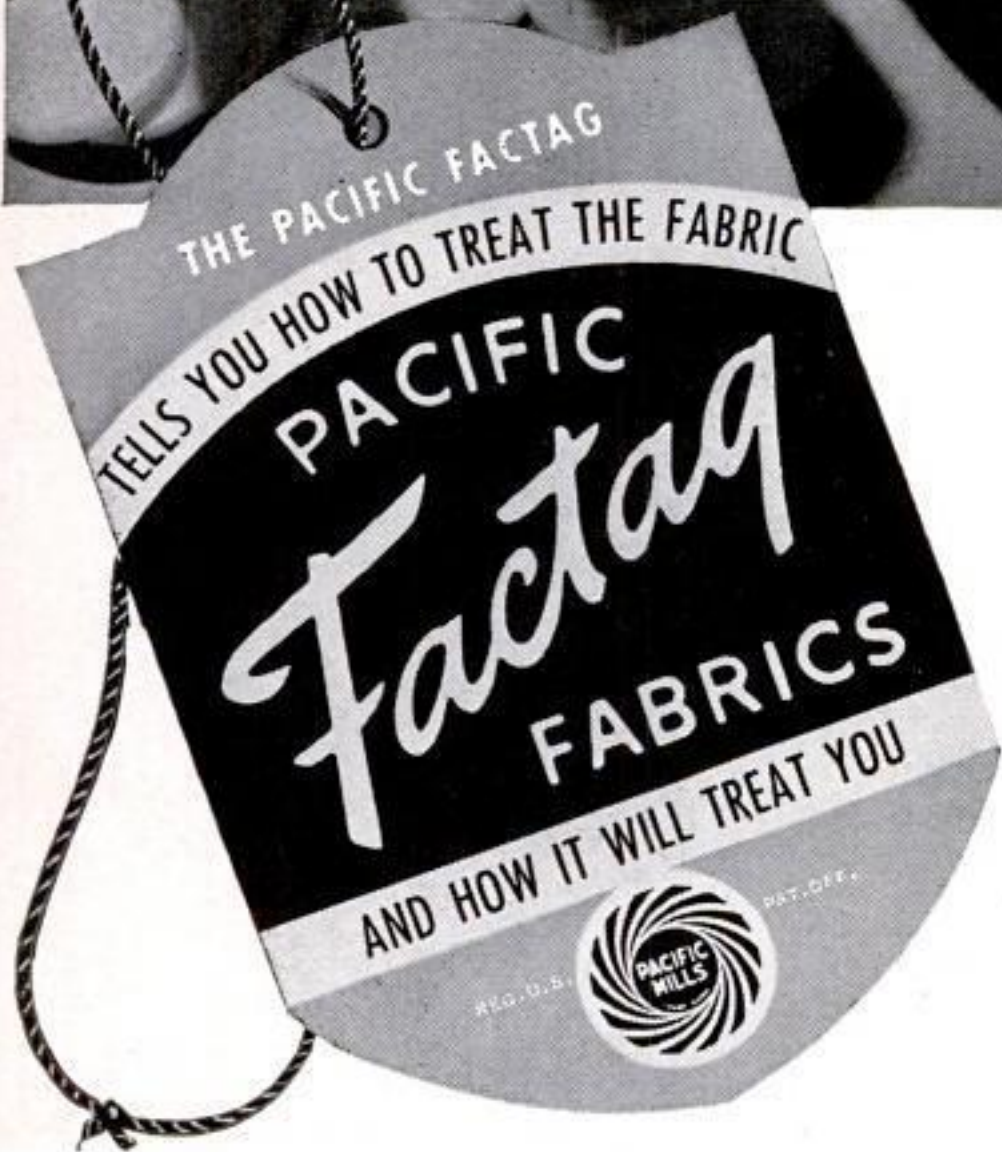
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calls attention to

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products.

So you're not a gambling woman?



Maybe you *don't* play the ponies. Maybe you *don't* know a flush from a full house—but every day, nevertheless, you do match your wits against the laws of chance. When you're shopping, for instance. The stores want to give you full and accurate information when you purchase a dress; but usually both you and they have to take a chance. You must gamble.

Those charming colors may be bright and clear after washing—and they may not. The dress may shrink, or it may fade in the sunlight. It may be subject to a hundred calamities that you could avoid if you only knew the actual facts about the fabric and how to treat it to get full satisfaction. And now you *can* know those facts.

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CURLING

OLD SCOTTISH ICE GAME IS PLAYED WITH BROOMS

Curling is a curious game. Its players dress like Scotsmen and play with "stones" and brooms. Introduced years ago into Canada and the U. S. from Scotland, curling has become a popular winter sport. At the curling rinks, in communities where the rink is as important as the bowling alley, players gather for tournaments which they call bonspiels. Since the game is as Scottish as Harry Lauder or plaid socks, the players wear tam-o'-shanters and Glengarry bonnets festooned with curling emblems,

and utter cries like "*Ca Canny*" (slowly, carefully) and "*Soop! Soop it up!*" (sweep! sweep it up!).

At first glance the game is simple, involving only the throwing of a heavy, round granite stone weighing about 40 lb. down a strip of ice toward a scoring circle. However, curling actually requires as much muscle control as big-league pitching and as much eye-and-arm co-ordination as lawn bowls.

A curling team is composed of four men. Their object is to place their stones in the circle, knock



their opponents' stones out. The captain, called the "skip," stands in the scoring circle during the play and does the thinking for his team. The skip must know the condition of the ice and the ability of the individual player so that he can direct each shot by placing his broom as a target. If his judgment is correct and the player throws the stone with just the right speed and twist, it will curl into the right spot.

As the stone slides along the ice, the skip hollers "Sooop." At this signal two teammates start furiously

sweeping the ice in front of the gliding stone to speed its flight, as shown in the picture on the opposite page. To many spectators the purpose of this sweeping is incomprehensible. It is confusing even to experts and there are some seven major theories about it. The sweeping theories, in order of their importance, are: 1) It melts the ice; 2) It cleans away small particles; 3) It creates a partial vacuum in front of the stone which pulls it along; 4) It leaves a microscopic ice powder on ice; 5) It

grooves the ice; 6) It keeps players warm; 7) It has no effect on the stone, but a great moral effect on a team by creating enthusiasm. However, curling skeptics claim sweeping originated when the game was played outdoors and the snow had to be cleared away.

The pictures were taken at the Seigniory Club in Province of Quebec which has complete curling layout with four rinks and a heated, glass-enclosed spectators' section. They show a bonspiel between a Canadian team and a U. S. team from Brookline, Mass.



LUCIUS HILL, SKIP, STUDIES CIRCLE BEFORE GIVING TEAM DIRECTIONS



CURLING STONES HAVE SPECIAL HANDLES FITTED ON THEM FOR THROWING



BROOKLINE CURLERS WAVE THEIR BROOMS IN THE AIR AFTER GOOD SHOT



NOVICES MORNA MACLEAN AND MRS. PETER DAWES LEARN TO "SOOP" THE STONE



JACK CAMPBELL, ICE TENDER, MEASURES CLOSE SHOTS WITH GAUGE



SIGNAL FOR DRINKS ALL AROUND IS TRADITIONAL STACKING OF BROOMS



LOCKWOOD SISTERS, POLLY (UPPER BERTH) AND JOYCE (LOWER LEFT), ENTERTAIN FRIENDS IN THEIR NEAT BEDROOM. SUBDEBS RARELY SPEND A DAYLIGHT HOUR ALONE
SEYBURN SISTERS, EDITH (LEFT, AT PHONOGRAPH) AND ISABEL (RIGHT REAR), HOLD RECORDED JAM SESSION. TO SUBDEBS SWING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN VITAMINS



SUBDEBS

THEY LIVE IN A JOLLY WORLD
OF GANGS, GAMES, GADDING,
MOVIES, MALTEDS & MUSIC

This is the season of the subdebutante. These are the days when in shrill perfumed coveys they flutter through the houses and clubhouses of America's big cities. When summer comes they will disperse to the leisure of lakes, beaches and mountains. But now the subdebutante is dynamic, gregarious and at the peak of her plumage. On these pages LIFE looks at subdebs in Detroit, a city peculiarly adapted to their development and growth by virtue of its wealth and its sense of social differentiation.

To purists, the title subdebutante defines a young lady tasting social experience in the season before her debut. By extension the word has now come to describe any socially uninitiated but acceptable maiden of 15 to 18 who gallivants around town with the right young people. She may have definite expectations of a debut—or she may not. Generally she must have joined a specific junior assembly or club at the approach of adolescence. In Detroit subdebs are made or broken at the age of 12 by the membership committees of two charity outfits called Tau Beta

and Sigma Gamma. Many a mother whose daughter has reached 13 without making either, abandons all hope for her child's social future.

Detroit subdebs are much like subdebs in any other prosperous inland city. They swoop in and out of parties in noisy, cohesive gangs. They love open houses where there are plenty of phonograph records, cigarets and "cokes." They never stay home on vacation nights. Their taste in male companionship runs less to steadfast devotion than to multiplicity of dates and quick turnover. The world at large means nothing to any of them; the microcosm of their gang is everything. They speak a curious lingo of their own (*see p. 78*), adore chocolate milkshakes and swing music, wear moccasins everywhere, collect quantities of quaint dolls and soft squishy animals, and drive like bats out of hell. Some expect to go to college. Most of them feel college would be wasting the best years of their lives. Below you see a half dozen of Detroit's 1941 subdeb crop. For pictures of them in action, turn the page.



Helen Stoepel, 17, is a freshman at Smith, plans to make her debut in June. Like most subdebs, she goes for dolls.



Barbara Bailey, 17, indulges the favorite vice of Detroit day-schoolers—huge milkshakes at Francois' restaurant.



Mary Lawrie, 18, a senior in day school, is deferring her debut until 1942 in order to come out with her friends.



Pat Schroeder, 15, is the youngest of Detroit's sub-glamor girls, made a terrific hit during holidays at school proms.



Harriet Williams, 16, attends school in East, is finishing the winter at Palm Beach, will come out in 1942 or 1943.



Maxine King sits in a sea of striped skirt at country-club dance. She is student at Mary Baldwin College in Virginia.

Subdebs (continued)



Dolls and stuffed animals, dear to subdebs, surround Nancy Bigelow and Nancy Ford (no kin to Henry) in cozy bedroom.



Horseplay is adored by subdebs, not yet ready to be treated tenderly. Here Dick Franzen gives Jane Killner a whirl.



Touch football has been converted by subdebs into a co-educational game. Above: Mary Lawrie kicks off after score.



Memory books are repositories of a subdeb's past successes and future hopes, of valentines, gardenia petals, ticket stubs.



Diaries are inscribed religiously by Edith and Isabel Seyburn. They keep them locked at school, unlocked at home.



The funny papers are subdebs' favorite reading. Other pet cultural media: *Vogue*, *LIFE*, movies and college musicals.



Ice-cream cones provide subdebs with quick energy. Schetler's drugstore is a favorite hangout of the day-school crowd.



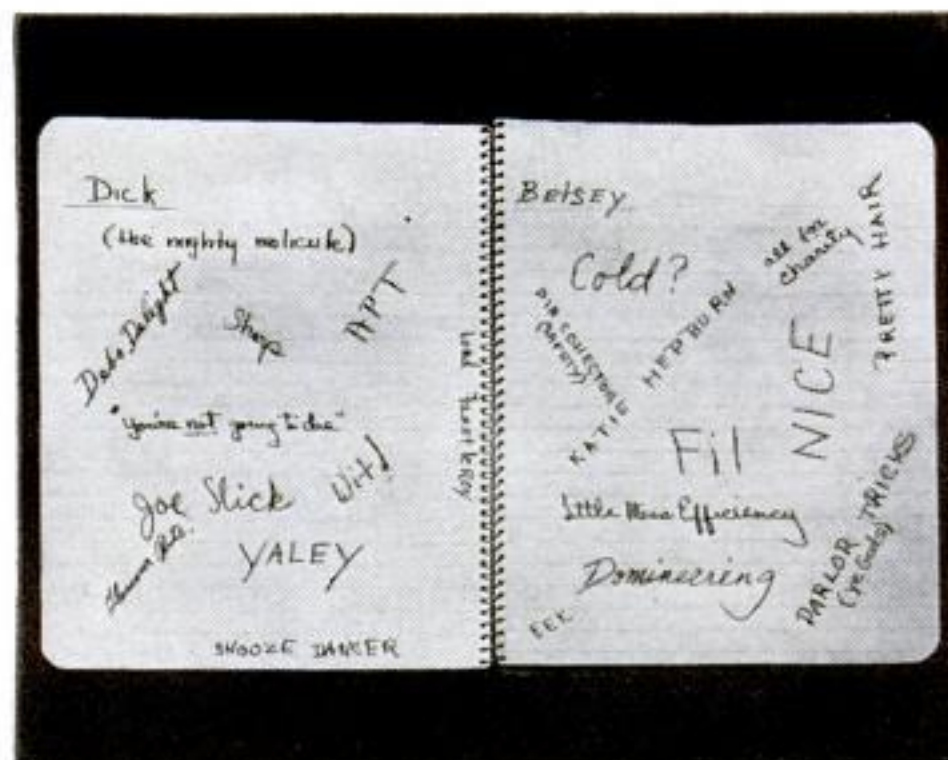
"Anesthesia," a Ford, is owned jointly by eight subdebs. They bought it for \$30, lost key, now have to push it around.



Juke box supplies swing at Francois' eat shop. Chocolate milkshake and hot music comprise subdeb's afternoon bliss.



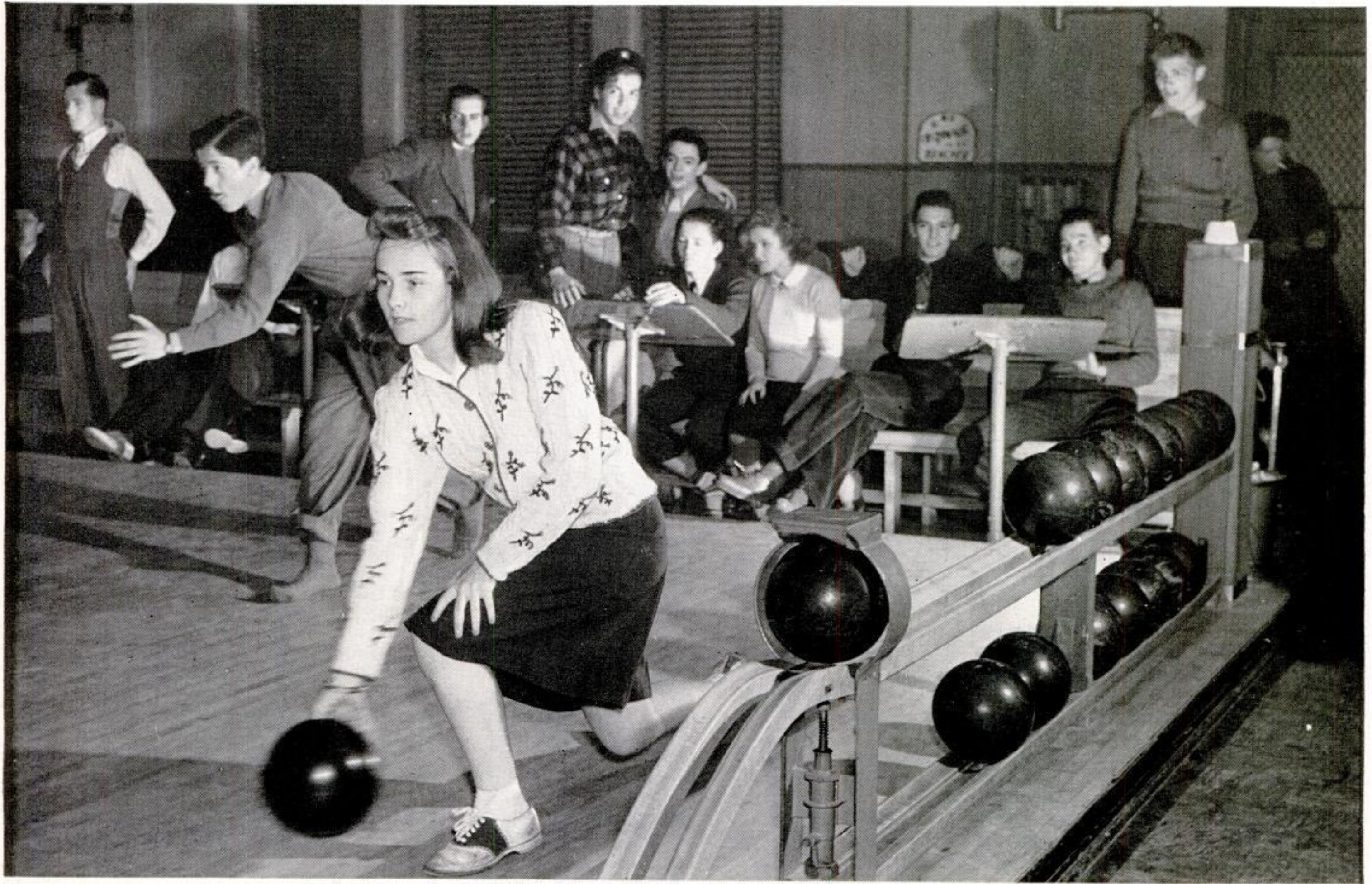
"The Game" fills in empty moments of daytime leisure. Here Dick Spencer acts out "For Whom the Bell Tolls."



Slam books contain a subdeb's frankest thoughts about her friends. They are circulated privately for feline amusement.



Parked purses denote a subdeb party. Subdebs worry less about make-up than debbs, hate to be encumbered at a dance.



ALICE ANNE RITCHIE, 16, SENDS ONE DOWN THE LANE. BOWLING IS NO. 1 DAYTIME SPORT OF DETROIT SUBDEBS WHO WILL DRIVE MILES TO TRY OUT A NEW ALLEY



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Subdebs (continued)

SUBDEBESE

AMERICA'S TEEN-AGE GIRLS SPEAK LANGUAGE
OF THEIR OWN THAT IS TOO DIVINELY SUPER

Lately an English visitor to the U. S. was confronted by the daughter of his hostess. "Let's put the show on the road, sugarpuss," she commanded. "We're going to a rat race." Although her remarks bore a certain resemblance to his native tongue, the Englishman was only able to deduce that he was being asked to assist in a traveling show whose main feature would be an athletic contest between rodents. This impression was false. In Subdebes, he was being invited to a dance.

Subdebes, or subdebutante slang, is an adroit and pungent manner of speech employed by young American girls just emerging from what was formerly known as the awkward age. Psychologically, it is used as a cover-up. It is a formula for sophistication, like a "line." With regional variations, it is a linguistic hodgepodge of the superlative, the vehement and the extravagant, culled from the comic strips, the movies, light doses of literature and books like the famous *Maudie* series by Graeme and Sarah Lorimer, lexicographers to the independent young American female.

Subdebs never merely like or dislike anything. They adore or they loathe. To make this indication more positive, they say *I'm mad for it* or conversely, *It curdles me*. And while they are still able to carry on half-hour telephone conversations purely in terms of *swell* and *okay* (sometimes okey-dokey), their language has lately been greatly refined.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE

Salutation among subdebs and friends is expressed variously as *Hello, bag*; *Hi there, playmate*; *Hey, devil, what say?* and *What are you featurin'?* (what's up). Strictly stock means nothing much is doing, but if the one questioned feels poorly, she says, *I feel like the walking dead*. In conversation, agreement is conveyed by *certainly has!* ("yes") or *That's no lie*, *That's no dream*, *You can say that again*, *I hear you talking*. To reinforce a statement, a subdeb says, *I ain't woofin'* or *I ain't hummin'*, which means "I'm not fooling." *Don't hand me any more of that jive* indicates that the hearer is fatigued with the conversation of the talker. *You Ferdinand!* implies that the speaker is throwing the bull and she is told to *put it on ice* (cease). *The hell you yell* signifies incredulity, *Oh nausea!* disgust.

Oolie droolie!, *Patch my pantywaist!*, *O Lord and butter!*, *Oh Bliss!*, *Holy Joe!* and many more are pure expletive, but amazement is conveyed by listeners with: *Well, cut off my leg and call me Shorty!*, *It's devastating!*, *Honestly!*, *I'm perfectly panic-stricken!*, *It's all too desperate!* To express amazement, past tense, a subdeb says, *I quietly fainted*. Becoming serious, a subdeb will say, *Let's face it*. Conversations are cut short with *Finesse it*, *Axe it*, *Let's rise above it*, *Let's not pursue it* and similar deft phrases. *Let's get organized*, *Let's blow*, *Let's get on the ball* all indicate a desire to leave, and if the reason is hunger, the subdeb says, *I'll eat anything that don't bite me first*.

BOYS, NICE

As a subject of absorbing interest to subdebs, boys are carefully classified. For example, nice ones are known in Seattle as *sugarpusses*, *glamor-pusses*, *loolooos* and *supermen*; in Indianapolis as *dolls*, in Philadelphia as *Casanovas*. In San Francisco such an object of affection is greeted with, *Hi, C₁₂H₂₂O₁₁!* (the formula for sugar). St. Louis girls call him their *he-pal*. He is likely to own a car, which will be referred to as a *tintype*, *meat grinder*, *puddlejumper*, or an *iron*. Slipping on her *wing-ding* (hat), the young *cookie*, or *dilly* (best girl) will leap in to go *jigging*, *shincracking*, or *booging*, all of which means dancing. An orchestra that *gives well* (or sends) is called *deadly*, by way of approval. Finally, as an invitation to the dance, the correct young Washington, D. C. escort will murmur, *Come on worm, squirm*.

BOYS, BAD

Since a number of boys do not meet with subdeb approval, they are lumped together under such terms as *droops*, *drools*, *goons*, *drones*, *loads*, *Joe Corns*, *pusses*, *sad apples*, *meatballs*, *hammerheads*, *trolls* (especially bores), *bags* (tired boys), *Joeys* or *Joe-boys* (male flappers) and *drips*. A *drizzle* is a *drip* who is going steady with one girl. Some of these terms are localized, like *barb* (from barbarian), a non-fraternity boy to Texas girls. If a girl gets stuck with such a one at a dance, she decides to *send up a flare* (a call for help). A *wolf* is widely known as a boy who snatches

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other boys' girls. In Atlanta it is the custom for other boys to shout "Timber!" when a wolf enters the room. In Atlanta, a *jellie* is a boy who comes to see a girl and stays in to raid her family's icebox, while a *B.T.O.* is a Big Time Operator who takes the girl out, even if it be only for *hash* (any kind of food), or a *shot of dope* (a coke). He might even offer her a *dream stick* (cigaret). In St. Louis, an ugly boy is greeted with *Hi, dogface* or *Some of Hitler's work, no doubt*, but some of the sting is removed from this by the fact that subdebs have a way of calling everybody, friend or foe, *you reprobate*, as everybody was once called *dear*. However, if a girl really detests a man, she says *He's my jewel*.

GENERAL APPROVAL

Subdebs use a great many adjectives, a difficult matter which they have simplified by giving them all the same meaning. The list merely begins with *smooth*, *priceless*, *divine*, *marvelous*, *snakey*, *cute*, *quaint*, *luscious*, *dreamy* and *super*. It is difficult to compare these adjectives grammatically because there is no comparative and most superlatives are expressed with prefixes like *simply*, *too perfectly*, and *too positively*; or suffixes like *but good* (e.g., A tasty steak *but good*!). Many subdebs use only one adjective; a current favorite is *genial*, applied to anything good from a soda to a limousine. *Adequate* is used the same way. In Minneapolis, excessive approval is conveyed by *potent stuff*! In Washington, by *It's the essence of peppermint*!

GENERAL DISAPPROVAL

When a subdeb says that something is *lousy*, she is not trying to be either literal or unladylike. What she means is that it is *stinky*, *vile*, or *repulsive*. For instance the experience of sitting through a grade-B movie would be described as *grim*, *revolting*, *deadly*, *dreadful*, *shattering*, *ghastly*, *stark*, *drear*, *icky*, *poisonous*, *foul* or merely *loathsome*. These terms would also apply, for example, to the bombing of London, which would be *definitely loathsome, actually*. Sometimes a situation is so hopeless that a subdeb *just can't cope with it* and she may decide that *there's no future in it*. For similar reasons, a New York subdeb explained that she couldn't afford to give up "the best four years of her life" to going to college, but preferred to dash about *like a mad thing* until she became a *war horse* (post-deb).

LOVE

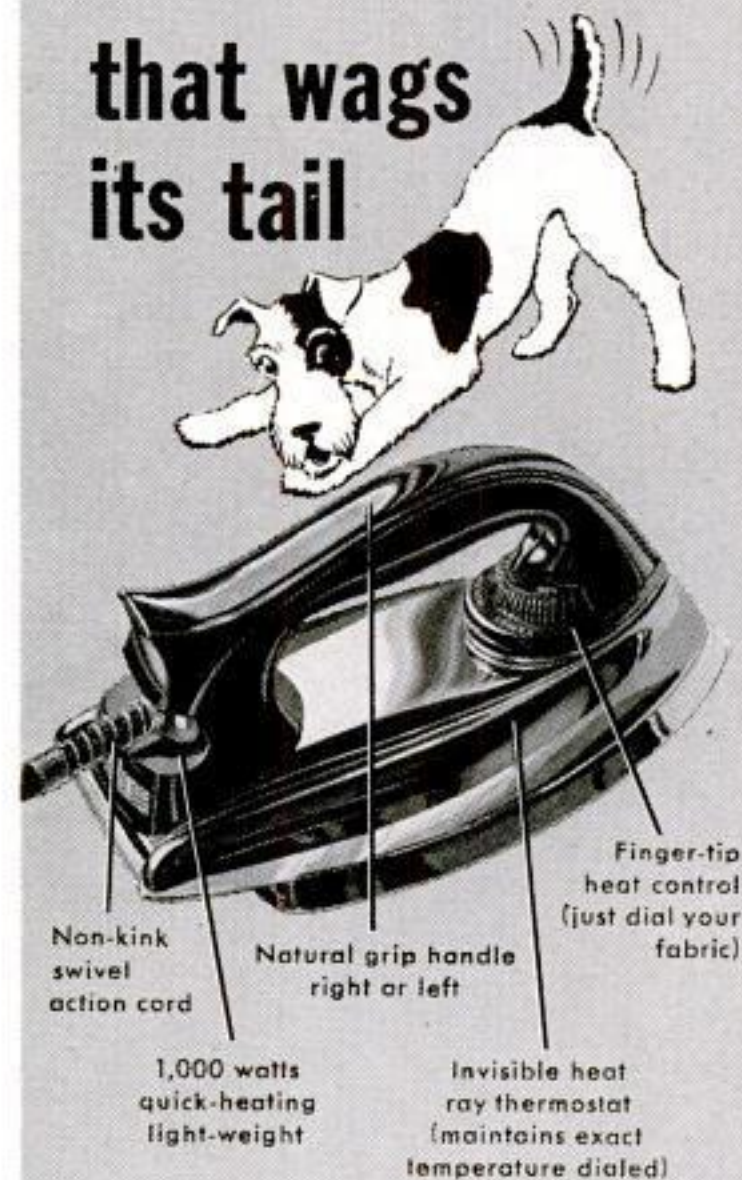
A great proportion of Subdebese has been coined to cover the situations arising out of the mutual urge for association between them and their male friends. At the bottom of all this is *B.U.*, or *biological urge*, which leads to *smooching*, *monking*, *catching the monk*, *mugging*, *gooing it*, *mousing*, *Hector's pecking*, *boodling*, *hacking* and other types of *crush parties*, all of which was once known in the 1920's as plain necking. In San Francisco, however, the modern swain would not employ so vulgar a term but would command, "*Sling the muggin' to me, chubbin'*." A girl who acquiesces in such activities is known as a *fever* or a *cuddlecat*. In San Antonio, a girl who repels advances in automobiles is called a *D.P.* (door pusher) and her opposite a *mugbug*. If boys like a girl, they will comment, *She's a good-looking frill*, or *that's solid*, which means practically the same thing. In Washington, where all girls are known as *witches*, boys will *pour on the roses* (pour flattery) on a popular girl. If she is *sparky* (wonderful), they will call her *goon child*, although *goon* by itself would brand her a *crow*, *black widow*, *poison pan* or *zombie* (unpopular girl). A *pink* in Atlanta is a girl who strings all the boys, a *Mona Lizard* a girl nobody likes, a *mealy* a girl with a "line." In Boston, the subdebs label their boys a *riot*, *doggy* (overdressed), *crumby* (a tightwad) or a *lame-brain*. In the very shadow of the State House they will also discuss going to a *dive*, *joint*, *hangout* or even a *brawl*.

JOKES

Conscious of the wit of their new lore, subdebs have stylized definitions and little linguistic jokes among themselves. A *photo-gin-ie* for example, is "a drunk getting his picture taken in a night club." (His condition is described as *gassed*, *tanked*, *ineebed*, hundreds of other adjectives.) Petting is defined as "a study of anatomy in braille." When meeting strangers, Washington, D. C.'s youngsters like to use this line: "My father and mother are cousins, but I'm all right." It is accompanied with horrible grimaces. Atlanta subdebs have a little *patois* somewhat like old Pig Latin which they call *Stinky Pinky*. It contains words like *Super-Snooper* (a G-Man), *Flyer-Higher* (an aviator), *Snooty-Beauty* (a debutante), *Hen-Pen* (a girls' school), *Jug-Mug* (a man in jail), and *Silly-Filly* (a young girl). All subdebs would call an innovation like this a *newey*.

Should, however, any older reader consider that this Atlanta practice is not *funny ha-ha*, let him look to San Antonio, Texas, where the local subdebs have evolved a new form of standardized joke. In one of these, a girl says to you: "I'm so happy for you!" "Why?" you ask. "Because you're so good-looking!" says the girl amid roars of laughter. In another, the girl announces: "Five Scotchmen got up and left the Broadway Theater last night." The victim again asks why. "Because the show was over!" You always ask why; if you don't you're a *droop*.

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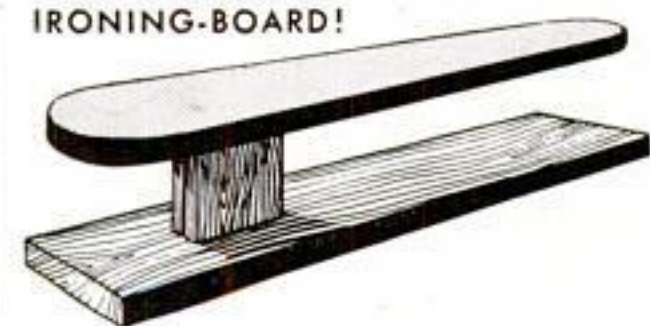
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Life Calls on the Viceroy of India

From his \$10,000,000 palace at New Delhi

Lord Linlithgow rules 350,000,000 subjects

The nearest thing to a King of Kings in the world is not the King of England but his representative, the Viceroy of India. He has personal power to make decisions for 350,000,000 people. The Viceroy is a large, shy, stubborn Scot, Victor Alexander John Hope, Marquess of Linlithgow. On these pages LIFE Photographer Wallace Kirkland calls on India's King of Kings at the viceregal palace at New Delhi.

Photographer Kirkland was especially struck by Lord Linlithgow's powerful lower jaw, which reminded him of President Roosevelt's, and by his quiet sense of his own huge responsibility. An occasional stiffness of the neck is the only visible result of an early paralysis. The Viceroy has the habit of cocking his head and staring over his glasses. An athlete and the father of two athletes, one of whom is now a prisoner in Germany, he plays a strong game of tennis and golf and rides every morning before breakfast. He works long and hard, often past midnight. He told Kirkland the story of his christening when the minister, forgetting that his name was Hope, gloomed, "The world is full of blasted hopes." The Hope crest in fact includes a cracked globe. The line of the crack is supposed to resemble the coastline of India. The gigantic Viceroy's palace cost \$10,000,000, has 6 miles of corridors but is not air-conditioned. Since the war began, Linlithgow has modified the old custom of moving the government to cool Simla in the killing summer months. Stone bells top the pillars. The architect, asked why bells, answered that they would all ring on the day the British leave India. And over a secretariat archway is inscribed the sound British advice: "Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty."

Kirkland's favorite find in the great palace was the tub holding the turtle Jonah, which Linlithgow found inside a fish he had caught. Posing feeding a worm to the turtle, the Viceroy facetiously asked Kirkland: "What would the S.P.C.A. think of this?" When Mahatma Gandhi last visited the Viceroy at the palace, he ended by asking to make one more request: to see Jonah. The Viceroy granted the request.



New Delhi society has a tea party in the garden of the Viceroy's palace. Here assemble Englishmen, Hin-

dus, Moslems, Indian Christians and Sikhs. The head table at upper right is placed on carpet. This climate



The Viceroy of India, Lord Linlithgow, has been a banker and farmer. He never gets angry, he tries to be just, but Indians know his stubborn chin.



Viceroy's study is a mess but slightly air-conditioned. He uses three calendars and three desk lamps, *Who's*

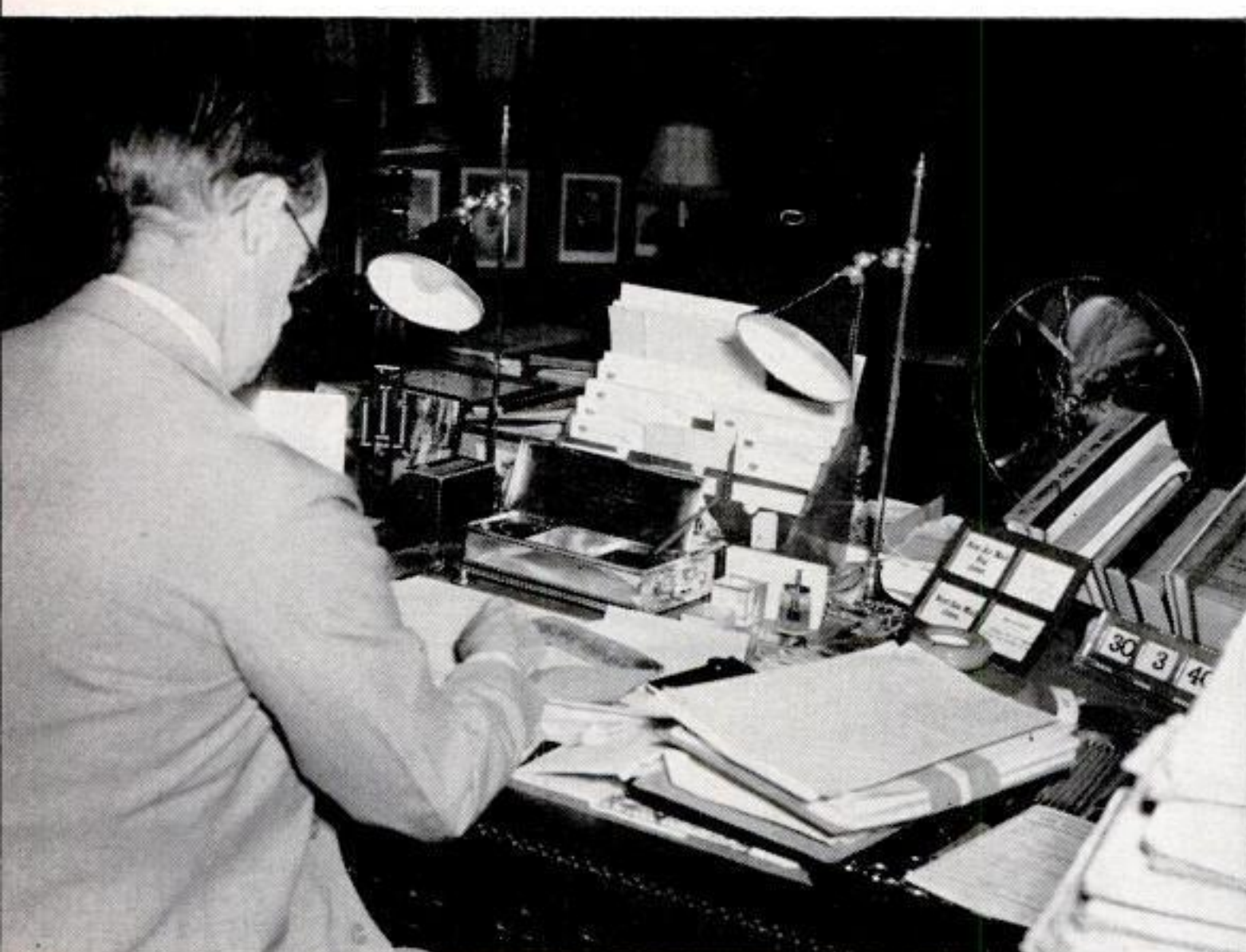
Who, Bartlett's *Quotations*, Whitaker's *Almanack*, Indian Civil List, masses of newspapers and electric fan.



enfeebles Englishmen eventually. They must be constantly replaced by fresh blood from Britain. But Britons in India out-dress and out-swank Britons at home. Best men's tailors are here.



The Golden Thrones in New Delhi await the arrival of King George VI and Queen after the war, but the Viceroy and Vicereine use them. Notice the King's coat of arms over the thrones.



Close-up of desk of the Viceroy shows air and sea mail dates, viceregal stationery, cards of the Delhi Hunt, gluepot, plush paperweights and an ink case inscribed from the Earl of Rosebery.



Viceroy's bodyguard of two Britons and 116 Indians is oldest unit (167 years) in the Indian Army. Men are 6-ft. Sikhs and Moslems from Punjab. Indian officers always get Thursdays off.

BOYS GET PLENTY OF FUN OUT OF SCOUTING...BUT ARE ALSO LIKELY TO GET PLENTY OF LITTLE NICKS AND CUTS. AFTER TREATING A MINOR INJURY PROPERLY....




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The Vicereine, Lady Linlithgow, takes her two cocker spaniels, Tatters and Torch, for a swim in the pools of the palace garden. Here she calls them out of the water.



Tatters, smaller of Lady Linlithgow's cocker spaniels, comes dripping out of the pool, as the Vicereine gets out of the way of his spray. Behind her is her aide-de-camp.



The two dogs do their one trick. Their chief sport is chasing tree rats among the cedars of the palace gardens. The Vicereine carries umbrella against the Indian sun.



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The first one is to *buy* your car, and not

just let someone *sell* you one. Look deep as you go, and look in your own time. Don't let anyone press or hurry you. Don't be afraid to ask questions. It is *your* money that you will spend. And the car that you will choose is to be *your* companion.

Look under the hood. That has always been a good idea. And look *behind* the prices you are given so that you *know* what they include.

Take a long and testing try-out run before you settle on any car.

Talk to owners of the makes you consider, and learn from their experience. Include owners of this year's cars, for things move fast in the world of motor cars, and yesterday can be a long, long time ago.

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BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows so increased all around that nearly four square feet of added glass goes into each '41 Ford Sedan.

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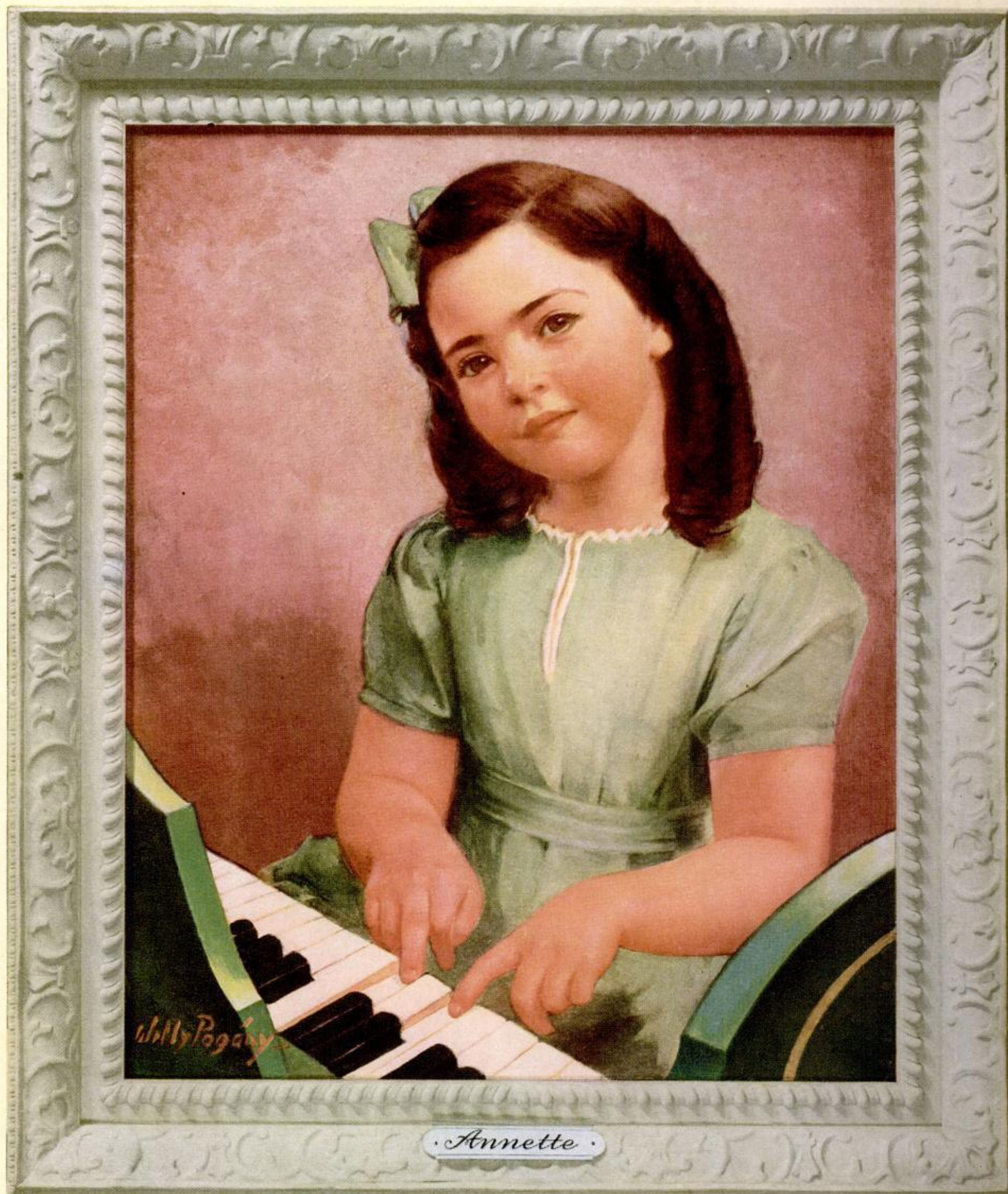
THIS is the 1st portrait of Annette ever painted from life! It is the 2nd portrait in a series of individual studies of the happy, healthy Dionne Quints. Yvonne was first. Now you see Annette. Soon will follow paintings of Marie, Emilie, Cecile. Watch for them! They're exquisite.

Willy Pogany, famous American artist, depicts the lovely personality of Annette. What an interesting little person she is! This most talented of the Quints expresses her many and varying moods in music. She can't read a note, but has an exceptional "musical ear" and can play almost any tune with two fingers.

Annette is straightforward, honest. She instantly commands admiration and respect. She's a good student, an excellent organizer, and lots of fun!

THE ARTIST SAYS:

"I thoroughly enjoyed painting the Quints for Kre-mel. They're delightful, intelligent companions. And they're fairly bursting with health and energy. No wonder every mother wants to know what foods are served the Quints!"



World Copyright 1940, King Features Syndicate



A CHORUS of millions join the Dionne Quintuplets in praise of rich, creamy-smooth Kre-mel Dessert! Mothers applaud its ease of preparation, its economy, the variety of delicious puddings, pies, frozen desserts which can be made with Kre-mel.

Naturally, you expect a dessert to be tempting, delicious, satisfying.

Kre-mel is all of these—and more! Kre-mel is good food, good for you. It's rich in pure Dextrose, food-energy sugar which helps us keep "on our toes" mentally and physically.

Kre-mel comes in six rich, true flavors. Companion desserts to the four popular flavors shown here are Kre-mel Caramel Flavor, and the

new, different, exciting Kre-mel PEPPERMINT CHOCOLATE Flavor!

Make a hit with your family tonight! Serve Kre-mel Dessert! Ask your grocer for the flavor you like best, or try all six. Once you've tried Kre-mel, your own taste will tell why it's the favorite dessert of the Quints... and it will be your favorite, too!



SATISFYING!



VANILLA
PARFAIT

Ice-creams, fruit moulds, "Tortoni" and dozens of frozen desserts are made with Kre-mel.



CREAMY-SMOOTH!



BUTTERSCOTCH
PUDDING

Milk, Kre-mel, a little cooking—presto! You have a glorious dessert! Use Kre-mel for pies, too!



SURE! EASY!



TANGY
LEMON PIE

Make it the sure, easy and economical way with Kre-mel... Perfect consistency, wonderful lemon flavor!



TRY THIS TONIGHT!



CHOCOLATE
SULTAN

A dream of a fruit and nut dessert, prepared in five minutes. Recipe on back of Kre-mel Chocolate Flavor package.

Copyrighted material



The Viceroy plays golf on his private ten-hole course. Ninety is his lowest score.



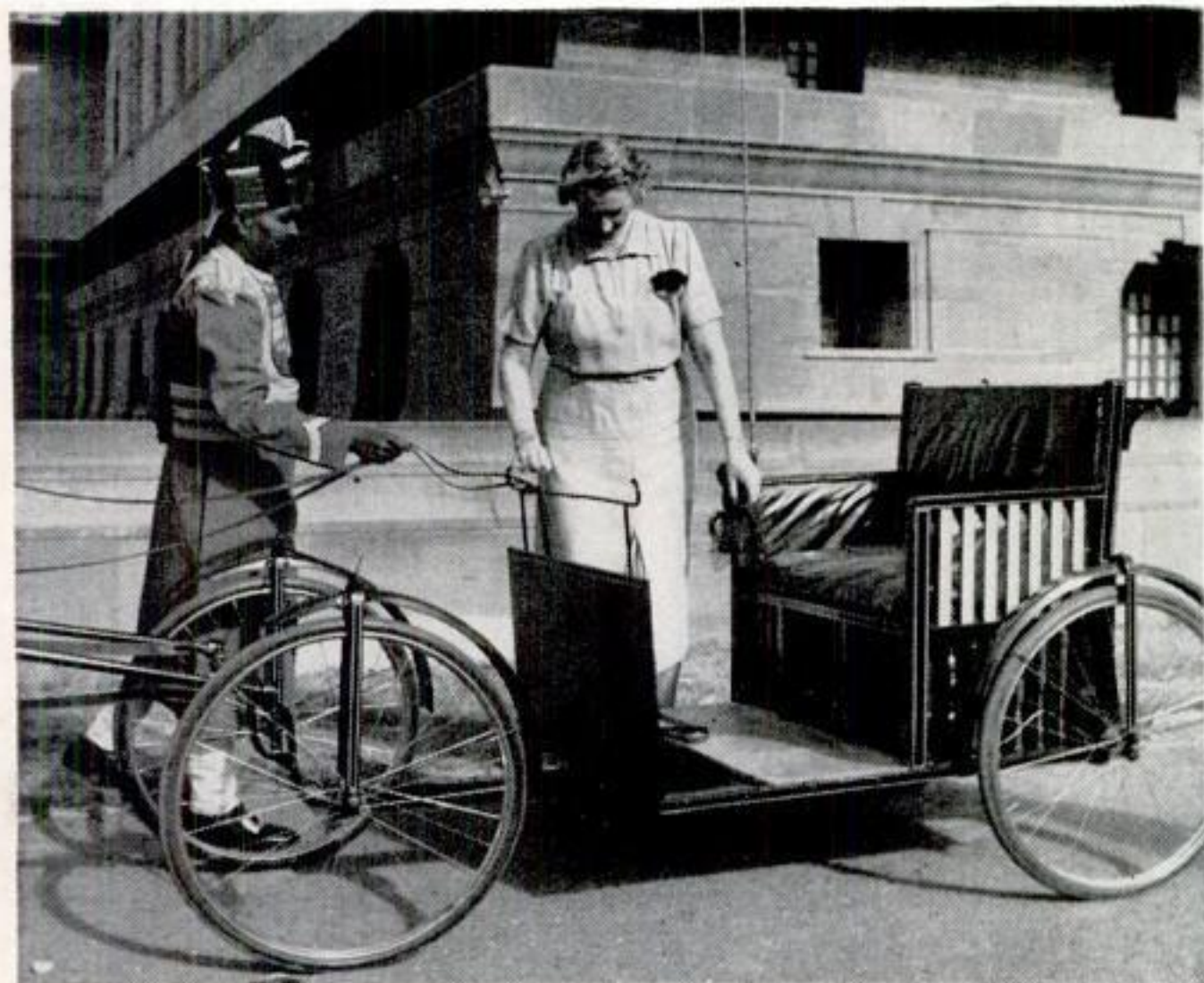
Viceroy's caddy ranks high among 250 servants. Bag holds ten clubs, umbrella.



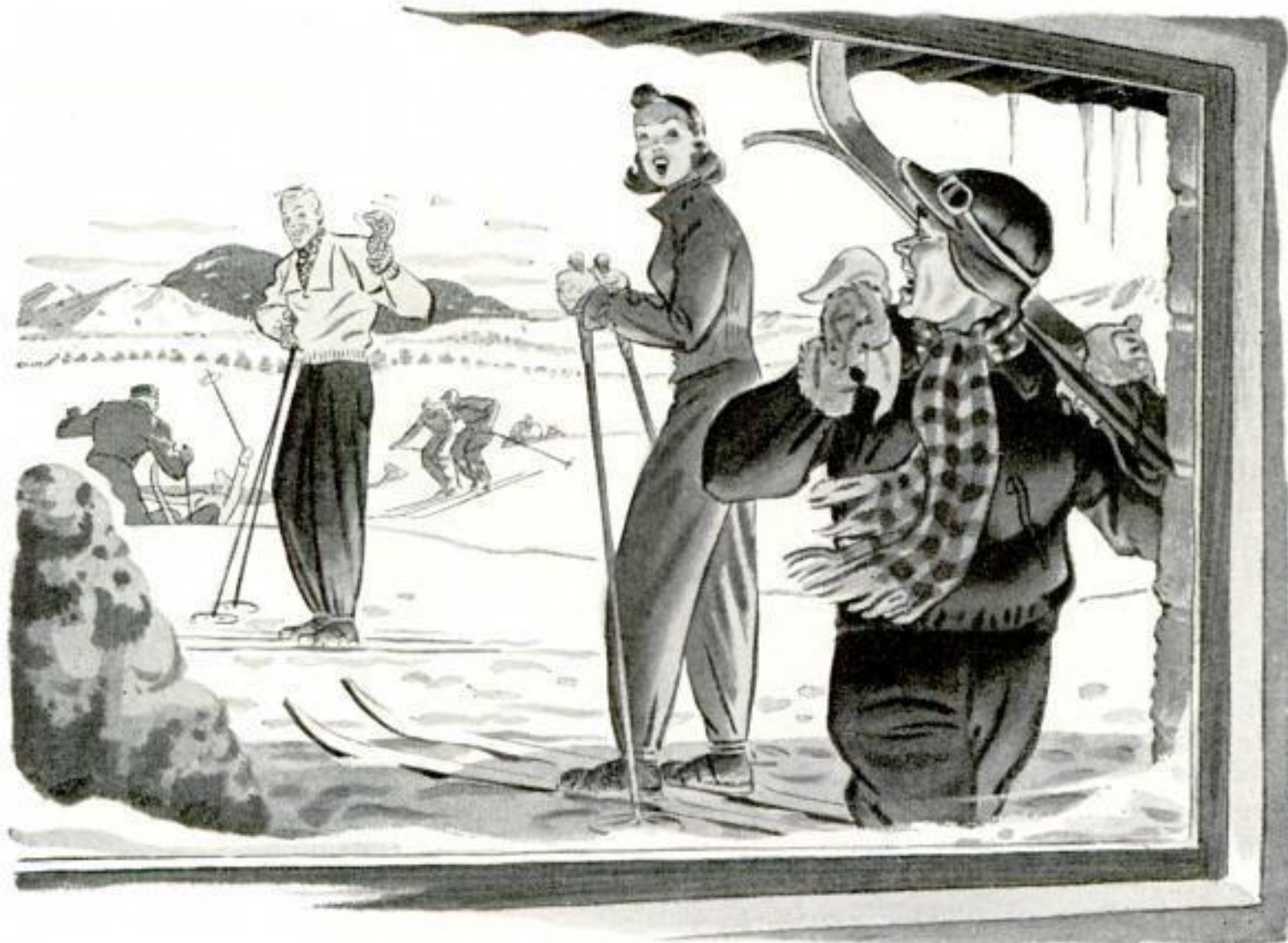
His pet turtle named Jonah, found inside fish, is here fed worms by Viceroy.



Tinsel lei is draped around the Viceroy by village elders on an inspection trip.



Vicereine steps into her pony cart and takes the reins from bodyguard. Six feet tall, she towers over most Indians. This is outside the Viceroy's palace at New Delhi.



Outdoor girl cuts boy friend dead
When he shows up with cold in head

Keep Up Your Resistance Wear Jockey Longs

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

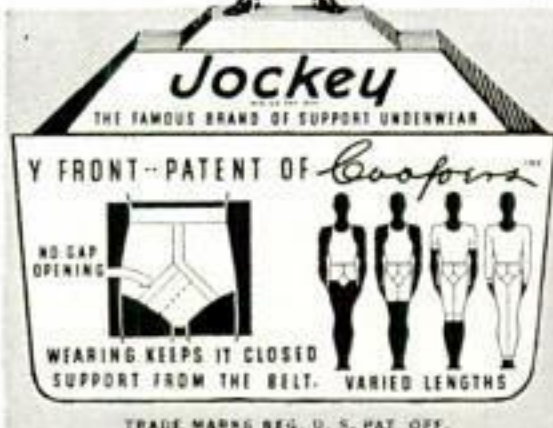
For all those occasions when you're outdoors this winter, Coopers created Jockey Longs. As warm as mittens, as smooth-fitting as your skin, as comfortable as your shooting jacket, Jockey Longs will help keep your legs (and your resistance) from going back on you. What's more, they'll do it the smart way! Sportsmen everywhere have O.K.'d them because the protection they offer is free from bulk, bind and buttons. Their patented Y-Front construction gives mild, restful support, eliminates squirming and provides a conveniently angled opening. In cotton and various wool mixtures, sizes down to six years, at your dealer's or write us. (Also available: Jockey Over-Knee—"long shorts" that lessen chills!)



Two-piece
75¢ and up, per garment

EASY TO REMEMBER Jockey

Insist on Jockey and look for the name on the garment. No other underwear can have the patented construction features which have made Jockey famous. Remember, it isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.



Coopers INC.
KENDOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1



Going South?

If you're going South to meet the sun, dress the part inside as well as out. You'll need Jockey Shorts for active sports, Jockey Midways for daily wear, and Jockey Bellin for dress-up occasions. The cost? Shorts and Midways, 50¢ up; Bellin, \$1.

"May ye LIVE
aw th' days
o' your life"



One of Life's good things, that adds much to gracious living, comes straight from bonnie Scotland. Yes, Teacher's Scotch; its quality as richly distinctive today as it was a hundred years ago...

Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

"It's the
flavour"



86
PROOF

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.,
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

DOUBLE FEATURE

Sirs:

This marquee shows what our local theater manager thinks of Hollywood's current output. The "two lousy features" were John Barrymore's *The Great Profile*

and *Dr. Christian Meets the Women*, with Jean Hersholt. Apparently the five free turkeys proved a good drawing card, for I understand the attendance was good.

NEWELL MORRIS

Avenal, Calif.



VALENTINE

Sirs:

I took this picture from my Washington hotel window last year on Valentine's Day. As I watched, a youth tramped out this informal valentine in the snow in the

little triangular park bounded by Pennsylvania Avenue and 18th Street. Possibly he was a jilted lover, for soon afterward he tramped back and obliterated his work.

HAROLD W. SNELL

Winnetka, Ill.



PLASTER PRIME MINISTER

Sirs:

A young toolmaker of Golders Green, who works nights in an aircraft factory, spends his free daylight hours turning out these plaster casts of Winston Church-

ill. He has already sold dozens of them. One of the first went to the Prime Minister himself, who wrote praising the lad's workmanship.

CHRISTOPHER INGLENOK

London, England



At the office, Mr. Snife leads a pretty hectic life. His nerves, before his desk is clear, are shot to (one word censored here). Is Snife downhearted? He is not! A cup of BOVRIL, piping hot, at a nearby soda-fountain, soon has Snife's spirits mountin'! When your nerves have had a lacing just remember — BOVRIL's bracing!



At Fountains • 10c a Cup • Hot

At food and drug stores, in jars and cubes, for home use. Adds extra toothsome goodness to gravies, soups, sauces and stews. BOVRIL of AMERICA, Inc., Camden, N. J.



Famous for its Beefy Flavor

WHERE PLEASURE REIGNS THE YEAR AROUND



SEE MARDI GRAS IN NEW ORLEANS

Join in the carefree fun of America's gayest carnival which reaches its colorful climax February 25th. Go Illinois Central to

NEW ORLEANS

Spend your entire vacation there, include it on any itinerary or with one of the many delightful winter vacations Illinois Central offer you. Look over this list. Consult your travel agent or fill in and mail coupon.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Free booklet on New Orleans | <input type="checkbox"/> California or Florida via New Orleans |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mardi Gras in New Orleans — Mid-winter Vacation Party (Feb. 21-27) | <input type="checkbox"/> New Orleans Spring Fiesta |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Free booklet on Avery Island, La. | <input type="checkbox"/> Southern Garden Tours |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hunting, Fishing | <input type="checkbox"/> Natchez, Miss., Pilgrimages, including famous plantation homes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cruises via New Orleans: | <input type="checkbox"/> Beautiful Talio-Crome reproduction of original etching of New Orleans in full color. Framing size 9 x 12. Send 10¢ to cover postage and packing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Caribbean | <input type="checkbox"/> Mexico via New Orleans |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gulf | <input type="checkbox"/> Travel on Credit—no down payment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vagabond | |

J. V. LANIGAN
Passenger Traffic Manager
Illinois Central System
501 V Central Station
Chicago, Ill.



Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Phone _____



HAIR-DO

Sirs:

This is how my 3-year-old daughter, Bette-Jane (above), looked the first time her hair was done up in curlers. She promised not to peek until the job was

finished, and when she finally saw herself (below) she cried, "How funny I am." Her mother and I don't think it's funny now, however, for she insists on "sausage curls" every day.

L. KROHN

Flushing, N. Y.



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"TELL ME ANOTHER" AND WIN \$500 says KLEENEX

We will pay \$5.00 for every Kleenex "True Confession" published. Mail to Kleenex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE COLD RUSH IS ON



THE WHOLE FAMILY CAUGHT COLDS, AND THE TRAFFIC AROUND THE KLEENEX WAS TERRIFIC. NOW WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN BOX, AND THERE ISN'T A SORE, RED NOSE BETWEEN US, THANKS TO SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES.

(from a letter by M. M., Bend, Ore.)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Tar

LOTS OF INSPECTIONS AT UNCLE SAM'S NAVAL ACADEMY ... BUT THANKS TO KLEENEX, SHOES AND VISORS ARE EASY TO POLISH.

(from a letter by Midshipman H. E., Annapolis, Md.)



THE NIPPER WAS A DRIPPER...

SMART MOTHER FEEDING BABY DAUGHTER, GOES ABOUT IT LIKE MOTHERS OUGHTER, TUCKS KLEENEX UNDER BABY'S CHIN, BABY SMILES AND DIGS RIGHT IN.

(from a letter by M. S., Silver Spring, Md.)



Don't put a Cold in your Pocket... use Kleenex

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

GRIN



You needn't grin and bear a cough due to a cold. Get Smith Bros. Cough Drops! Just 5¢!

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



NEW COFFEE CANDY

Miss Saylor's COFFEE-ETS

Coffee-ets give you the stimulating pleasure of a cup of morning coffee. These little nips of candy are made with pure coffee, fresh cream and butter. Each piece colorfully wrapped. Perfect for parties. Keep handy for quick pick up. If you smoke, you'll love 'em. Over 210 pieces to lb. If not yet at your dealer's order direct.

7 1/2 oz. tin 50c - 1 lb. tin \$1

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC. ENSINAL AVE., ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

NEW COFFEE CANDY

KNOW ALL PLANES 10¢

Now you can know at sight 60 of the latest airplane types you read about and see in movies! This amazing 64-page booklet gives pictures, with specification and performance charts, of U. S. Boeing, Curtiss, British Spitfire, German Stuka, Italian Breda, Russian ARK-3, Japanese Mitsubishi and other famous fighting, commercial and private planes. Send coupon with only 10c.

Shows Fighting Planes of All Nations

WINGS OF THE WORLD

National Aeronautics Council, Inc. Dept. 101A, 37 West 47th St., New York Yes, I want the illustrated booklet "WINGS OF THE WORLD." Send it, postpaid, without obligation on my part. I enclose a dime.

Name..... Address.....



I WAS AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! I got worms, from my Mother, before I was born! And the worms nearly got me—till the Master caught on and gave me Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES.



PUPPY CAPSULES LICKED THE WORMS all right—and I pulled through. "Next time," says the Master to my Mother, "We'll worm you *before* the pups come—with SURE SHOT CAPSULES."



DON'T LET WORMS GET A START in your pups or grown dogs. Beat them early with SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES. At drug or pet stores—and a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK, too!

• **FREE DOG BOOK**

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 52-AA, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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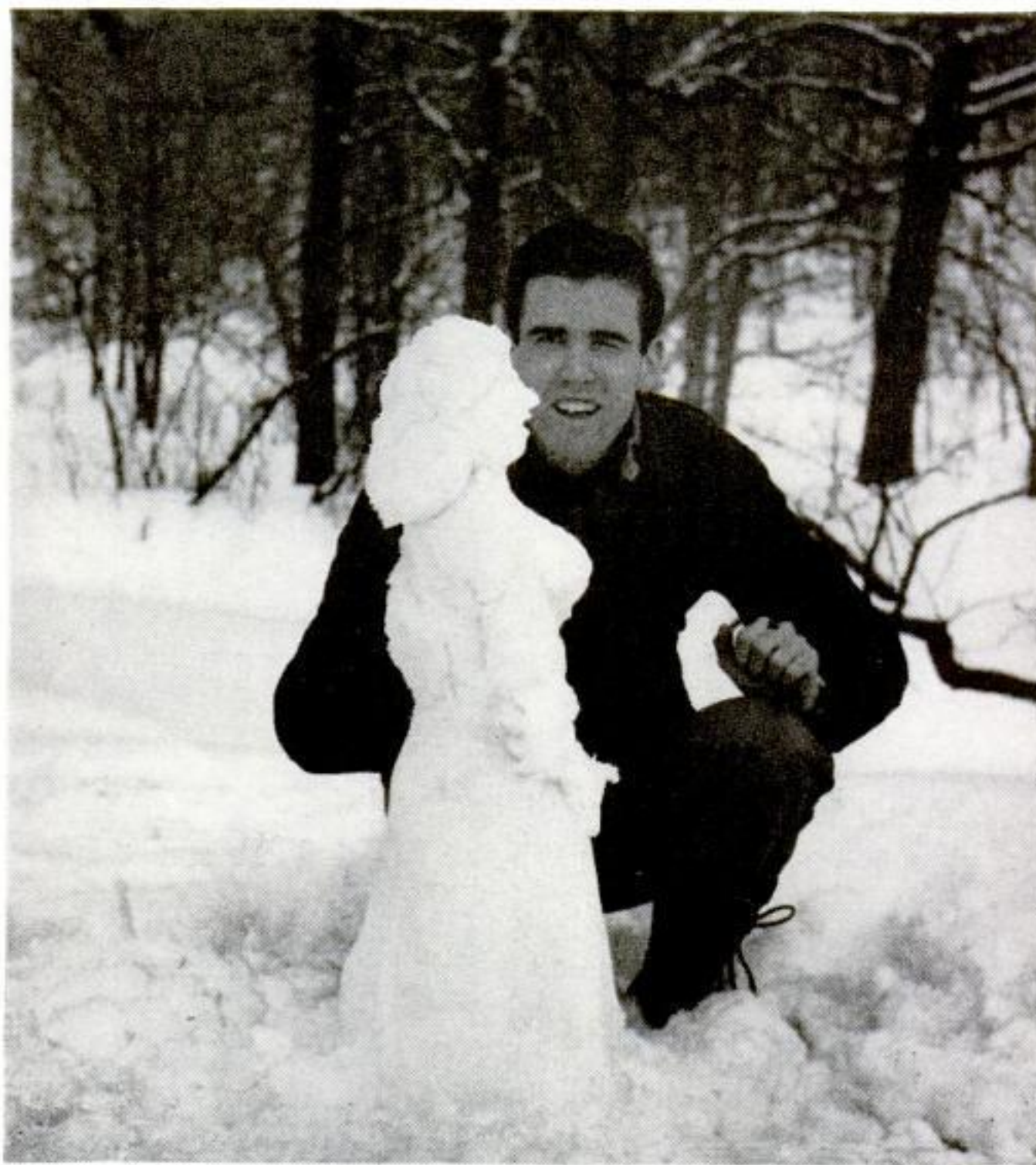
SNOW LADY

Sirs:

During the campaign you pictured young Robert Wallace, son of the new Vice President, but failed to note that he is an amateur snow-sculptor. These pho-

tographs, which I submit as evidence, were taken last spring at Iowa State College in Ames, where Bob is now following in the footsteps of his father who graduated in 1910.

R. WAYNE LEFFLER
Ames, Iowa



ROBERT WALLACE, VICE PRESIDENT'S SECOND SON, AT WORK IN SNOW



WALLACE'S PRIM SNOW LADY HOLDS PARASOL TO SHIELD HER FROM SUN

GOT A COLD?

Switch to KOOLS

Taste gone dead? Don't swear off smokes. Change off to KOOLS. That mild menthol makes your mouth feel cooler, leaves your throat feeling clearer. Get a pack today. And save those coupons, good in U.S.A. for premiums!

PRICE REDUCED

KOOLS now cost no more than other popular-priced brands



UNION
MADE

DRY COUGH?

Beware of
Hot
Dry Air!



Help Restore Natural Throat Moisture with Pertussin

Have you noticed how a cough due to a cold gets *worse* when you're in hot, dry rooms?

Pertussin combats this dry-air irritation. It stimulates the tiny moisture glands of the throat, helping them pour out their soothing natural moisture. Then you can easily raise that sticky phlegm—and your cough is quickly relieved!

For over 30 years, many physicians have prescribed this most effective remedy—**Pertussin**. Safe even for babies. Ask for **Pertussin** today!

A scientific product based on the therapeutic properties of Thyme.

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

FOR BETTER SIGHT USE BETTER LIGHT

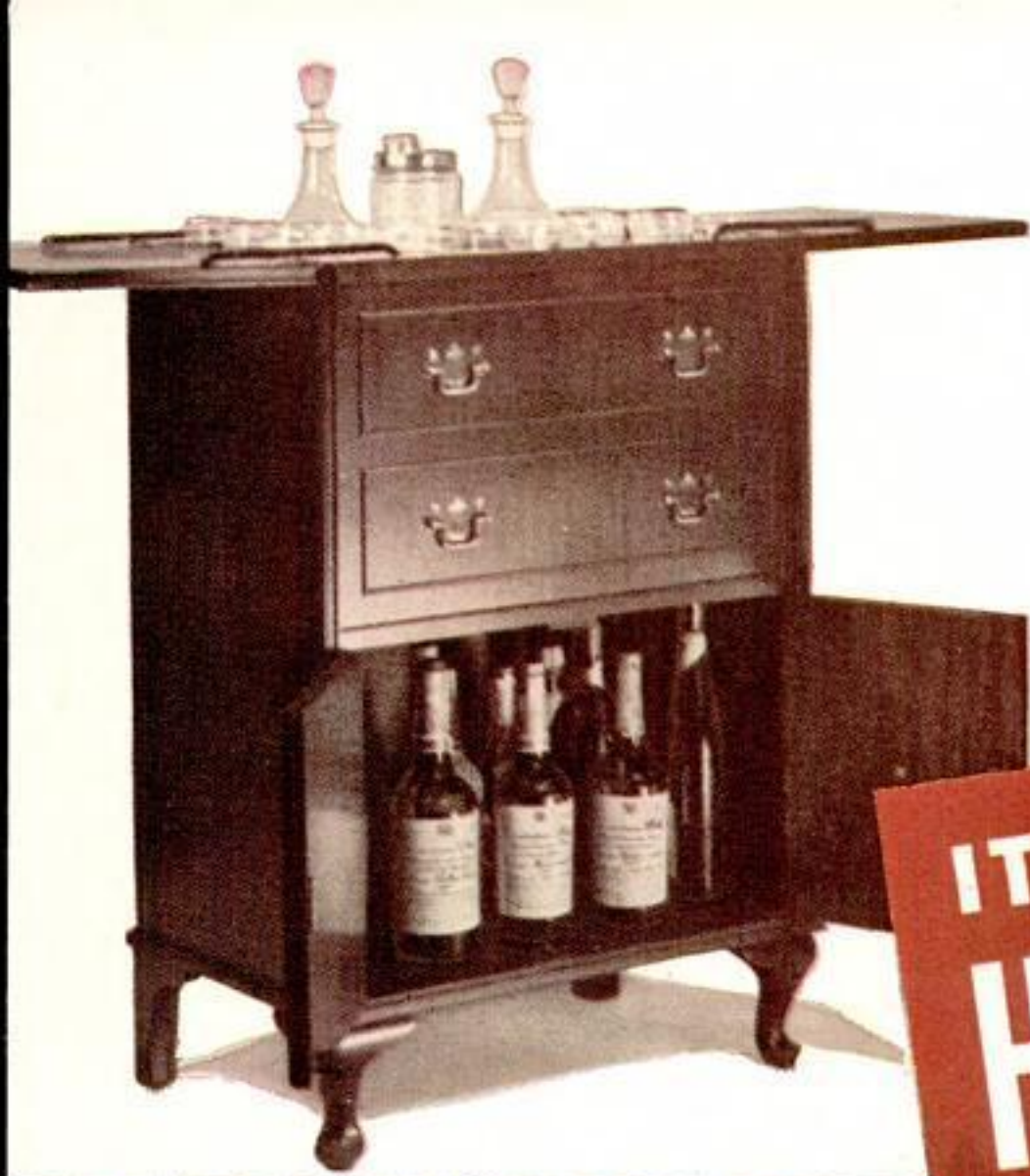


Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

any
mail
for
me?
to get a letter
...write a letter

use
Eaton's fine letter paper





1. "Do you like stories of struggle in the jungle?" inquires a recent letter. "Then listen to the history of my mahogany cellarette. I'd been down in Honduras visiting my father, who is a dealer in rare woods. It was Dad who introduced me to Canadian Club—I'd been a Scotch drinker previously."

IT HAPPENED IN HONDURAS



2. "I liked it so much that Dad gave me a bottle for the trip back. With Dad's foreman, some natives, and a shipment of mahogany logs, I started off for the railway. It was rainy season, and to get the logs through the jungle swamp we had to lay a *floating road*!"

3. "Halfway along, I made a false step, and suddenly found myself sinking shoulder-deep in treacherous ooze. For a second or two, I thought I was a goner; then the foreman managed to reach me, just as I was going under. Even so, it was a close call, and afterward?—well, there may be some who've enjoyed Canadian Club as much, but none who *appreciated* it more. The cellarette? I had it made from one of the mahogany logs that were responsible for my adventure. And—need I add?—it always holds Canadian Club!"



CHANGE TODAY, AS THOUSANDS HAVE

Taste for yourself why more Americans drink Canadian Club than any other Imported Whisky



WHY do *twice* as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did a few years ago? Why have they changed to this rare, imported whisky?

The answer is in Canadian Club's utterly *distinctive* flavor—its all-round agreeable nature—that surprises and delights *all* tastes. Men themselves say Canadian Club is "*light* as Scotch," "*rich* as rye," "*satisfying* as bour-

bon." Yet it has a delicious flavor all its own.

In Scotland, as in U. S. A., Canadian Club is the leading imported whisky. It is a favorite in 87 lands. Discover why, for yourself. Just try this unusual whisky in your usual drink, and taste the pleasing difference. Start to enjoy Canadian Club today! Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

*Canadian
Club*





THE SMOKES THE THING!

**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS —

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

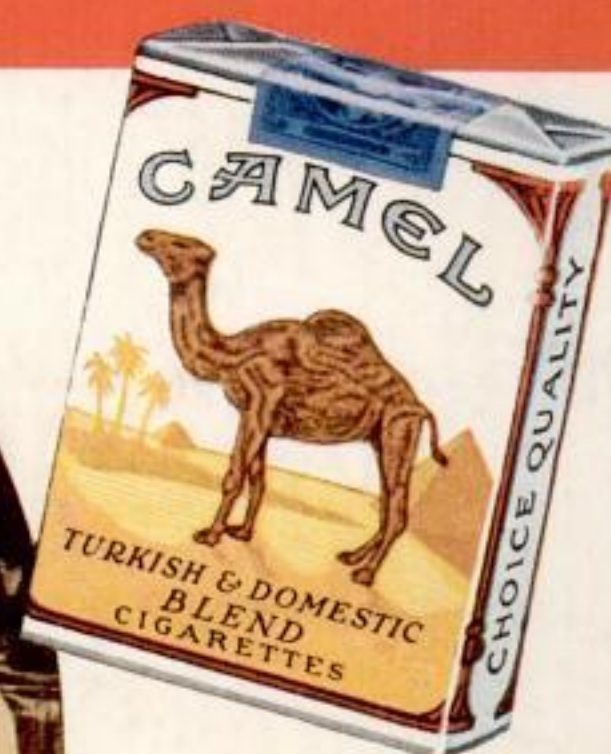
Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in *the smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in *the smoke!* Less than any of them—in *the smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Mark up another advantage for slow burning—and for you!

Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.



**By burning 25%
slower**

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —